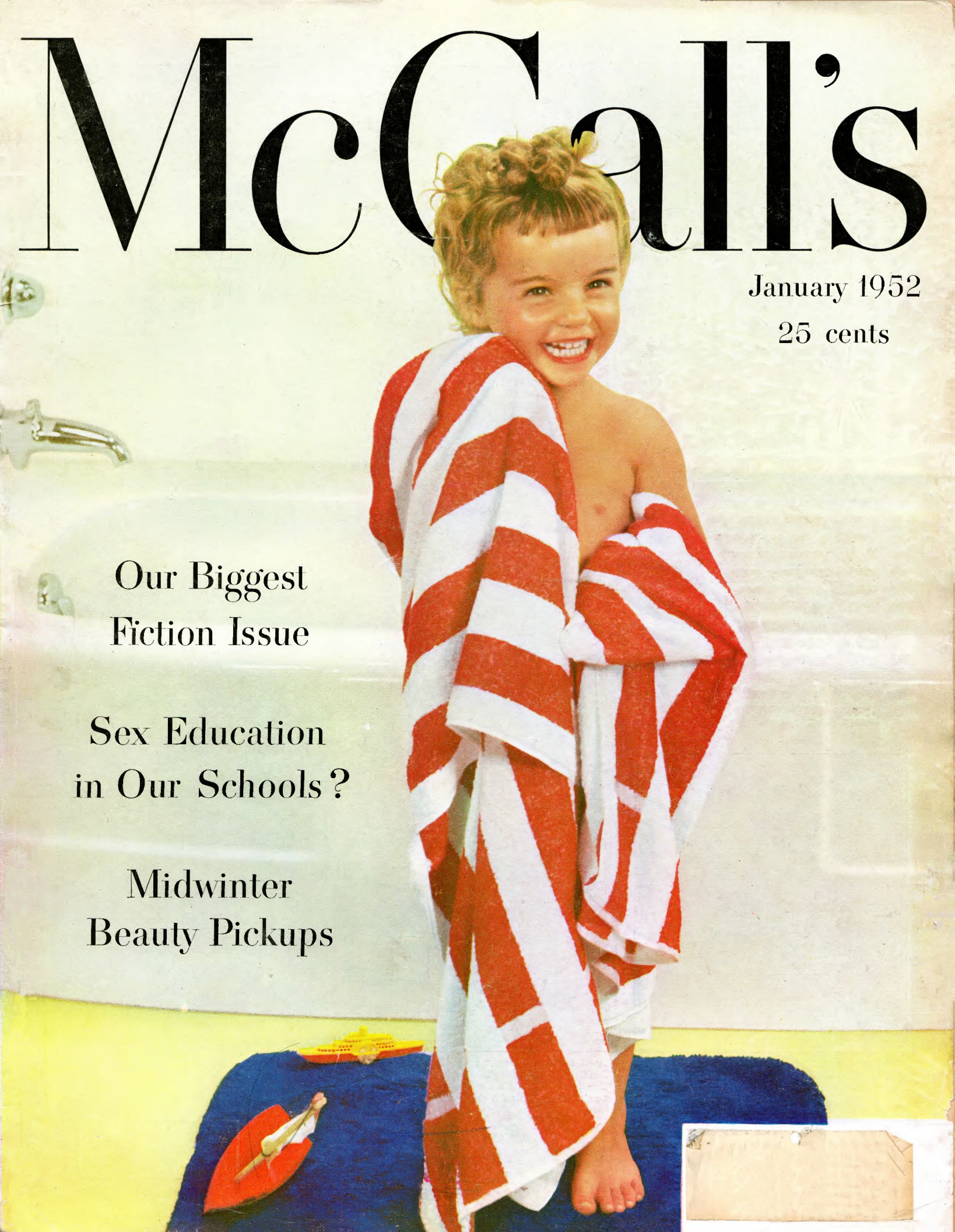
# McCall's

January 1952
25 cents

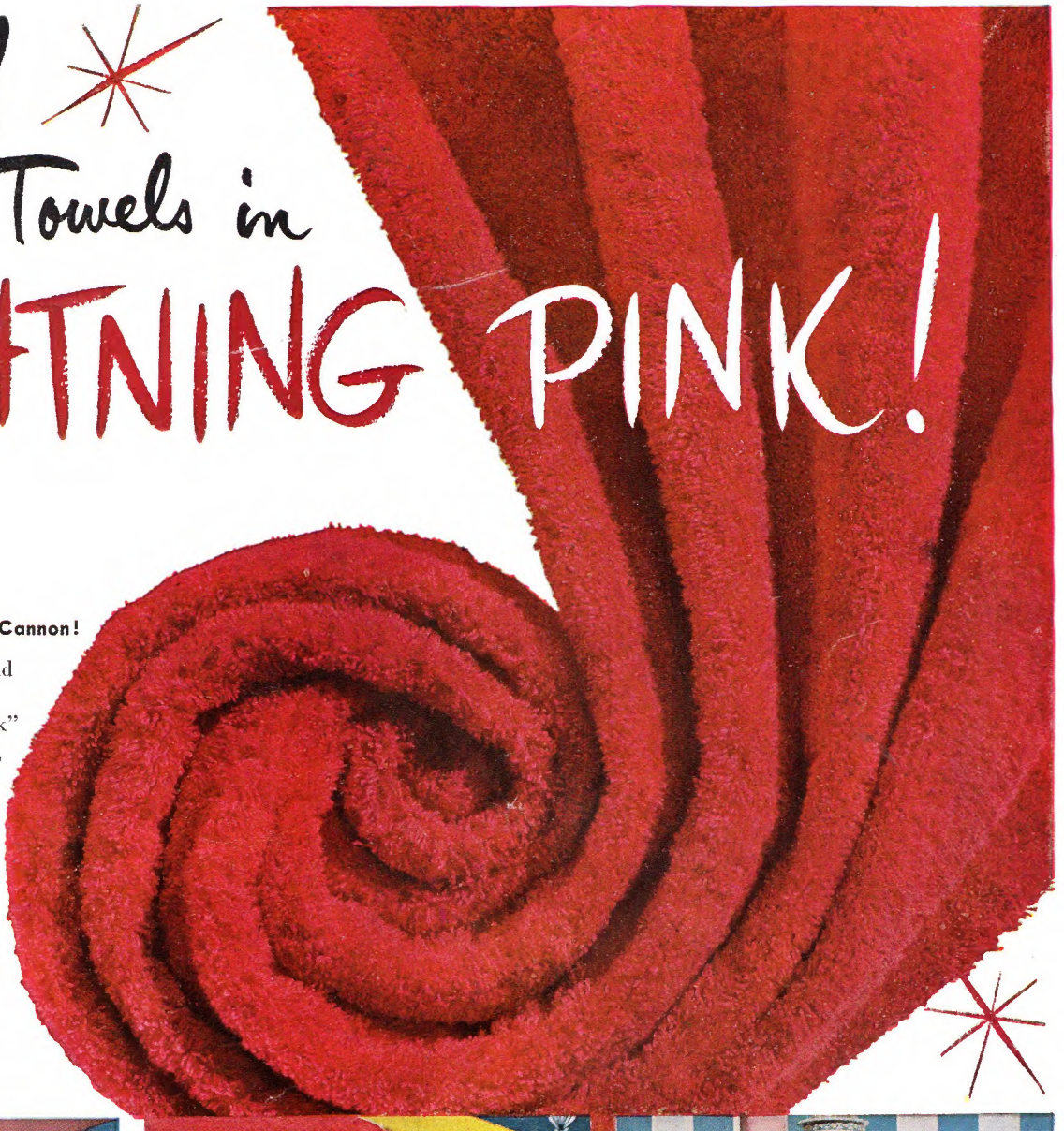


Our Biggest
Fiction Issue

Sex Education
in Our Schools?

Midwinter
Beauty Pickups

# Look! Cannon Towels in LIGHTNING PINK!



**Brand new towel color — only by Cannon!**

Bright as a bolt out of the blue — and ready to strike a new note in your bathroom! Cannon's "Lightning Pink" *glows* with life—gives a lift to pastels, lends a spark to darks! It's one of a whole constellation of Cannon "Brilliants"... each one enhanced with "Beauti-Fluff" — Cannon's own exclusive finish—for luxurious softness, *extra* thirstiness. They're color-fast, too, and wear practically forever! See "Brilliants" at stores now, among the exciting new collection of Cannon towels, priced from 39c to $2.95.

***Blend it with blues!*** Perfect foil for "Lightning Pink"—another of Cannon's "Brilliants"—"Rocket Blue"! Team these two with aqua—and have the whole lovely trio in Cannon's delightful "DuBarry" pattern!

***Try it with "Sun Gold," too!*** Here's "Countess" in "Sun Gold"—a big, foamy towel with the luxurious feel of "Beauti-Fluff," Cannon's marvelous thirsty finish. For a stunning scheme, pair this shade with "Lightning Pink"!

***Combine it with pastels!*** "Lightning Pink" is so pretty teamed with petal pink and aqua. Look for "Lightning Pink" at stores right now, and start making color magic with Cannon "Brilliants"—they're setting stores a-blaze!

## absorb more—wear longer—cost less!

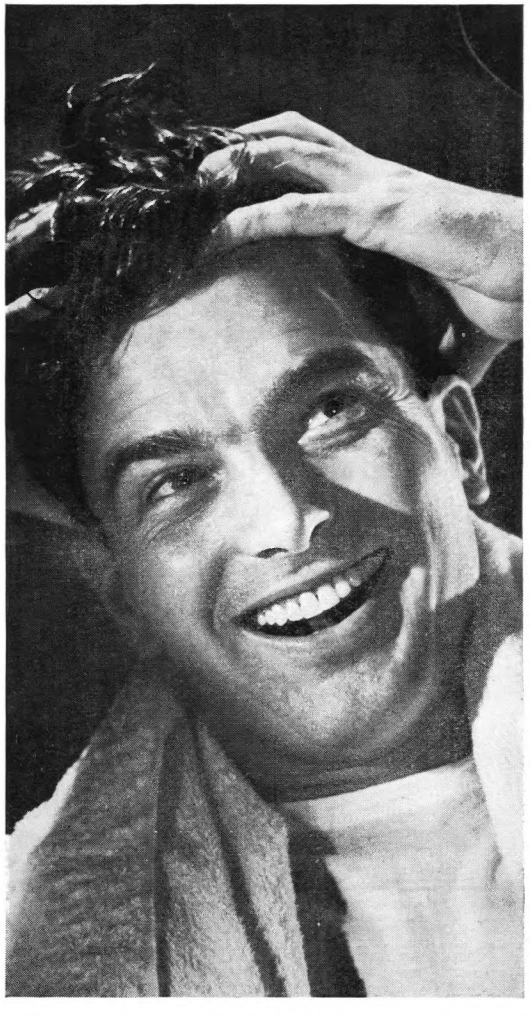
TRADE MARK MADE IN U.S.A. CANNON

Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City 13 • Towels • Sheets • Stockings • Blankets • Bedspreads

The "BOTTLE BACILLUS"
*(Pityrosporum Ovale)*

# INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF?

## Go after the germs with Listerine Antiseptic and Massage . . . Quick!



Those flakes and scales on coat shoulder—especially if they persist—may be symptoms of infectious dandruff and the millions of germs that go with it.

Don't delay or experiment with untested methods. Get started at once with Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice-a-day and keep it up. This is the tested way that has helped so many . . . may help you.

Listerine Antiseptic treats the infection as an infection should be treated . . . with quick germ-killing action.

### Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff, including the "Bottle Bacillus" (P. ovale). This is the stubborn invader that so many dermatologists call a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Don't expect results overnight. You must be persistent: use the treatment twice a day as long as necessary. You will be delighted to see how quickly flakes and scales begin to disappear...how itching is alleviated...how healthy your scalp feels.

Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

### When You Wash Hair

To guard against infection, get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every time you wash your hair. It's a wise precaution against infectious dandruff as well as a grand treatment. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

***THE TESTED TREATMENT***
***FOR***
***INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF***

See and Hear **THE SAMMY KAYE SHOW** ★ *"So You Want to Lead a Band"* ★ **CBS TELEVISION NETWORK**

# PICTURE of the month

Our eyes are filled with stardust; our pulses pound a mad tattoo; we have just seen "Pandora".

Filmed on the Mediterranean coast of Spain, "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" (to give this picture its full and proper title) is a torrential Technicolor spill of action and color, exoticism and emotion.

In the setting of bleached white sands and fierce blue surf pounding majestic cliffs, the Technicolor cameras have disclosed another Eden—and another Eve.

We mean, of course, Ava Gardner. Following her triumph as Julie in "Showboat", her role as "Pandora" should certainly establish the alluring Gardner girl as the screen's new love goddess.

Living the pleasure-seeking life of the wealthy international set on the Spanish Riviera, she is haunted by a need for love—a love that can consume her, as her beauty consumes the men about her.

Into her life enter an intense young writer, a rashly brave racing driver, and the darkly handsome matador, Mario Cabré. Finally, there is romantically mysterious James Mason, who has moored his strange yacht offshore for a brief allotted time. Mason has been driven down the seas of the world on a fearful and wonderful quest . . . and then he meets "Pandora".

The destiny of these men, the dramatic events that unfold, are motivated by the desperate rivalry for Pandora's love. There is a wild beach party that ends in scandal, a racing car wrapped in flames as it speeds against time and disaster, the bullfight with its fateful ending and, finally, Pandora's moonlight swim to the mystery yacht to seek the love that she is destined for.

The motion picture as a wonderful weaver of dreams has never filled its function so brilliantly as in "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman". It will haunt your dreams for many a day.


*M-G-M presents*

**JAMES MASON • AVA GARDNER**

in

**"PANDORA AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN"**

with

NIGEL PATRICK • SHEILA SIM
HAROLD WARRENDER
MARIO CABRÉ

COLOR BY **TECHNICOLOR**

Written and Directed by ALBERT LEWIN

Produced by
ALBERT LEWIN and JOSEPH KAUFMAN
(For Dorkay Productions, Inc.)



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Cover Photograph by Ruth Nichols


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Printed in U. S. A.

**"You'll see Nero** *and* the burning of Rome in 'Quo Vadis'. And if you know how steam heat parches *your* skin, you can imagine how mine felt after that scene. I was photographed *inches* away from live, crackling flames. After hours of retakes, my skin felt dry as paper!

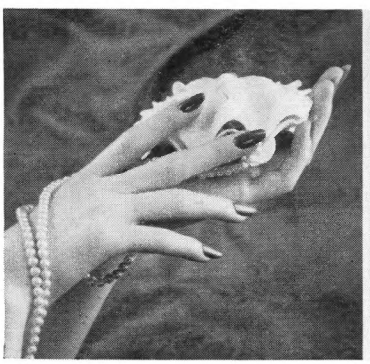
**Soaking in water** for this escape scene dried my skin again...

**And later,** 'my hands were tied', literally, with a harsh rope...

**So, between scenes** I used Jergens Lotion on my hands, arms and face...

**It kept them** lovely and smooth-as-silk for romantic close-ups.

**At home, too,** Jergens Lotion is my head-to-toe beauty secret"...

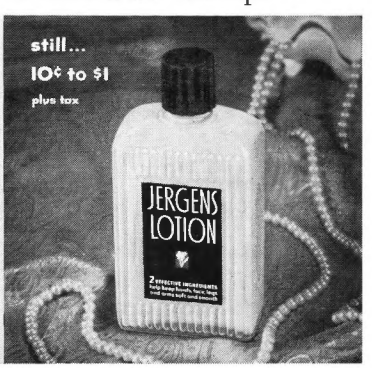


**Being liquid,** Jergens Lotion is quickly absorbed by thirsty skin...

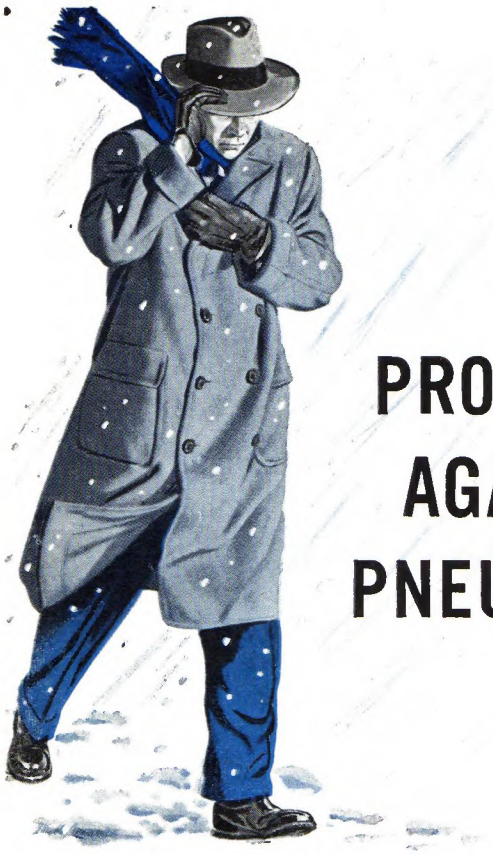
CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS "FILM TEST"?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be *absorbed* by the upper layers of the skin. Jergens Lotion contains *quickly-absorbed* ingredients doctors recommend—no heavy oils that merely coat *the skin.* Proof? Water won't "bead" on a hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion as on a hand coated with a lotion or cream that leaves a heavy, oily film.

**You can prove** it yourself with the simple test described above...




**You'll see why** Hollywood stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7-to-1.



# PROGRESS AGAINST PNEUMONIA

**One of the major achievements** of medical science is the progress that it has made against pneumonia. A recent study shows, for example, that for every person who now succumbs to pneumonia, three or four were claimed by it as recently as 15 years ago. This gain has been made possible by improved methods of treatment—including increasingly effective medicines.

Yet, pneumonia is still an important disease—especially among infants and elderly people. It takes an annual toll of about 50,000 lives. Doctors say that this toll could be reduced if the skills of medical science were used *promptly*—at the first signs of pneumonia. This is because the new antibiotic drugs work best when given in the early stages of this disease. So, during the winter everyone should be alert to these warning symptoms of pneumonia:

1. **A severe, shaking chill followed by fever.**
2. **Coughing occampanied by sharp pains in the chest.**
3. **The oppeoronce of rust-colared sputum.**
4. **Difficult ar lobored breathing.**

Certain types of pneumonia may occur without these symptoms. However, if they do appear, call a doctor promptly, go to bed, and remain quiet.

Remember, too, that a neglected cold—particularly if accompanied by fever only a degree or so above normal—may be a forerunner of pneumonia. Even if fever does not occur, it is always wise to take care of a cold, especially one that "hangs on." Stay home and rest if you can, eat lightly, and drink plenty of fruit juices and other liquids.

While medical science can assure recovery from respiratory infections in a vast majority of cases, *prevention* is still largely up to *you*. To guard against pneumonia—as well as colds, influenza, and other respiratory conditions—the following precautions are advisable:

**Try to build up yaur resistance:** get plenty of sleep, avoid excessive fatigue, and eat a well-balanced diet.

**Dress wormly when gaing out,** especially during cold, damp weather.

**Keep away fram people who cough or sneeze carelessly.**

The wisest precaution of all, however, is to keep in the best possible physical condition—for those with the most resistance and vigor have a definite advantage in avoiding pneumonia and other winter ailments.

Metropolitan's booklet,152M,"Respiratory Diseases," contains helpful information on many respiratory ailments. Simply fill in and mail the coupon for a copy.

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**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**

*(A MUTUAL COMPANY)*

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 152M, "Respiratory Diseases."

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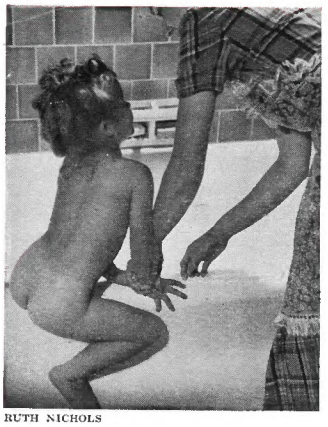
# BATH TIME for Cover Girl Cathy Collins



RUTH NICHOLS

*Like any normal 4-year-old, our cover girl, Cathy Collins, must often be coaxed into her bath. Mother is very patient—up to a point, that is*

*Once in the tub, Cathy is like a little chatterbox. She talks endlessly to her toys, soaps and washes them while she splashes about happily. After a time, Mother comes in to scrub, to rinse and towel her dry*

*Sometimes, however, it's just as hard to get a 4-year-old out of the tub. "Look, Mummy, I'm a fish," she says. "Yes," says Mother, "and a beautiful one too. But it's still bedtime for this little fish!"*

# Safest Possible Soap for Everything You Wash with Special Care

## by hand...or in your washing machine!

*Ivory-safe and granulated for efficiency* . . . the only soap in the world *both* Ivory-mild for safety to fabrics and colors, *and* granulated. The *perfect* combination for all "special care" washables—from the diapers, curtains, children's clothes you do by machine to the filmy lingerie and nylons you do by hand.

***Ideal for the Nice Things You Wash by Machine! So Safe—and So Efficient!***

Yes, women who've used Ivory Snow for lovely hand washables now find it's perfect for nice things they do by machine—all "special care" washables done separately from regular wash. Perfect because it's the only soap both Ivory-mild and granulated for efficiency.

***And Gentle Ivory Snow Keeps Lovely Hond Washobles Lovely Far Longer!***

Your daintiest lingerie, fluffy woolens, filmiest nylons all thrive on Ivory Snow's gentle care. No safer soap made—and it gives rich, instant suds, *even in cool water*. Just follow directions on the box to keep colors and fabrics lovely *longer!*

***Wonderful for Diopers ond Everything thot Touches Boby's Skin, Too!***

The safest possible soap, Ivory Snow is Ivory-mild, 99 44/100% pure! Nothing like it to help keep diapers and baby things so soft, sweet, and non-irritating. So safe—and its granulated form is so efficient when you wash diapers by machine!

# IVORY SNOW

*Nothing else like it . . . the only soap both Ivory-mild and granulated for efficiency!*

# No Wash, No Wipe Tonight!

**NEW DREFT DOES BOTH AND DISHES SHINE**

## . . . . . All YOU do is RINSE! Even pots and pans glisten!

***You don't wash . . .*** Instead of washing dishes just let them soak in warm Dreft suds for 2 minutes. Dreft floats grease and food particles away. Your hands barely touch the dishwater. All *you* have to do is rinse the dishes, giving a swish of the cloth where needed, and presto! They're done!

***You don't wipe . . .*** New Self-Washing Dreft leaves no dishwater film. It washes dishes and glasses so clean, they shine—even without wiping.

***You don't scour . . .*** Even pots and pans practically *soak* clean. Dreft's amazing "floataway" action gets *under* grease . . . lifts it off. Then grease *rinses* away . . . without hard scouring.

*It's magic . . . sheer magic . . . it's self-washing!*

**BEAUTY TIP!**
New Dreft is so mild, and your hands are in water so little, it leaves hands beautifully white and soft!


# National Newsletter

McCALL'S MAGAZINE JAN. '52

## LATE BULLETINS FROM OUR WASHINGTON BUREAU

TEN WOMEN PHONED ten other women to talk about living expenses in Washington, D.C. Those ten women called ten more, until finally there were "ten-by-ten" groups all over the country. The "ten-by-tenners" exchange ideas about buying and menus. They resist unreasonable prices and are pledged to cut their own living expenses at least ten per cent this year. If you want to participate or learn more about the group, write Housewives United, 2915 Foxhall Road N.W., Washington, D. C.

HARMLESS SLEEPING MEDICINE which does not cause addiction or permit suicide through overdosage has been developed by the Schering Corporation of Bloomfield, New Jersey. It is a liquid in a green capsule and is made of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen. Capsules contain none of the dangerous ingredients of present sleeping medicines, but will be sold on prescription only.

LIGHT UP YOUR CHILD with a disk reflector and he can ride his new Christmas bicycle in twilight or early evening without the danger of being overlooked by motorists. New plastic-covered reflective sheeting can be clipped onto lapel, pocket, belt or schoolbag. ("Scotchlite" Minnesota Mining and Mfg. Co., St. Paul 6, Minn.)

A WALK-IN BATHTUB for anyone who finds high stepping difficult has received a patent. There's a leakproof door in the side, and a float mechanism which prevents opening until the water is out. (Patent # 2,570,053)

MYSTERIOUS LITTLE BLACK BOXES are often concealed in packages shipped by truck, train or airplane these days. They give a play-by-play description of what happens to the package, recording any shocks, telling how severe they were, what time the bad jolts came and from what direction. Result, according to manufacturer: package handlers are more careful and fewer packages are broken. (Impact-O-Graph Corp., 1900 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio)

SNAP-IN PLEATS are available for your homemade draperies. Fasteners for the metal pleaters are built into strips of washable buckram tape, come off when the curtains need cleaning. (John S. Vance Co., 2323 Giddings Street, Chicago, Ill.)

*Continued on page 8*

# Any Three $2.00

## OF THESE GREAT NEW BOOKS (Value up to $12.85) for only

IF YOU JOIN THE LITERARY GUILD NOW

**THE CAINE MUTINY**
*By Herman Wouk*

You'll thrill to every word of this story of a young Ensign who found the meaning of love and the secret of manhood in a single desperate moment at sea. No. 1 on the nation's best-seller lists for months! Pub. edition, $3.95.

**SEWING MADE EASY**
*By Mary Lynch*

Now—cut, sew, finish, style and remodel clothes like a professional with this giant volume as your guide! Crammed with exciting new ideas; contains over 400 pages, 1,000 illustrations. Indispensable! Pub. edition, $3.95.

**Thorndike Barnhart DESK DICTIONARY**

NEARLY 1/3 MILLION COPIES IN PRINT!

The amazing new word guide that incorporates *all* the advances in dictionary-making achieved during the last century. Contains 80,000 entries, 700 illustrations, 900 pages. A *must* volume for the permanent home library!

**THE GREATEST BOOK EVER WRITTEN**
*By Fulton Oursler*

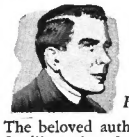
A reverent, faithful retelling of the Old Testament—the story of Adam, Eve, Moses, David and all the Biblical immortals in simple, beautifully-written narrative form. Pub. edition, $3.95.

**WITH ALL MY HEART**
*By Margaret Campbell Barnes*

England's King Charles was a powerful man, a superb intellect, a magnificent lover—but his bride had to learn he could not be faithful. Here's the big, exciting historical novel you've been waiting for! Pub. edition, $3.00.

**THE PRESIDENT'S LADY**
*By Irving Stone*

They called her "liar", "bigamist", "adulteress" — yet lovely young Rachel Robards married Andrew Jackson and led him straight into the White House! 625,000 copies of this smash-hit in print! Pub. edition, $3.50.



**LIFT UP YOUR HEART**
*By Bishop Fulton J. Sheen*

The beloved author of "Peace of Soul" and other inspirational works shows us how to grasp happiness in our hands and make it forever our own. For all who are troubled by this confusing modern world. Pub. edition, $3.00.

**COMPLETE STORIES OF THE GREAT OPERAS**
*By Milton Cross*

Contains every aria, all the action, the *complete stories* of 72 of the world's best-loved operas. 627 fact-filled pages of rewarding reading for the whole family! Orig. pub. edition, $3.75.

**CREATIVE HOME DECORATING**
*By the Rockows*

Work wonders in your home with this huge manual as your guide! Contains 500 illustrations; 41 full-color "show-how" rooms; charts, etc. Complete *step-by-step* methods. A book for real home lovers! Pub. edition, $4.95

**THE GOLD COOK BOOK**
*By Louis P. De Gouy*

"Here's *the* culinary classic!" says famous Clementine Paddleford. Features 2,468 recipes; 1,280 pages. The most fabulous cook book ever written—by the man known as the world's chef of chefs. Pub. edition, $3.95.

## A LITERARY GUILD BOOK CLUB OFFER THAT MAY NEVER BE MADE AGAIN

For 25 years the Literary Guild has been saving its members up to 50% of the retail prices of each year's best books. Almost without exception, Guild selections have been at or near the top of best-seller lists. Many, many of them have been made into great movies. In almost every instance they have been the most widely-read, most frequently discussed books of their day—the books *you* read, or were sorry to have missed!

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Nearly a million readers now belong to the Guild. We want *you* to know about its advantages—to discover *from experience* how convenient it is to get the books you want when you want them! We want you to realize how great your savings are—how you can get a $3.00, $3.50 and occasionally a $4.00 book for just $2.00 (plus few cents postage and handling charge). We want you to know about the superb Bonus Books members receive FREE. Above all, we want you to be assured of the quality of the books the Guild offers you—from which you select the ones *you want*.

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- ☐ The Greatest Book Ever Written
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- ☐ Lift Up Your Heart
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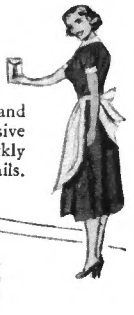

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# National Newsletter

*Continued from page 6*

HONEST TOWN: A Chester, Pennsylvania, bank leaves a fish bowl containing $20 in pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters in the lobby. It's for the convenience of customers who need change for parking meters, telephones, vending machines, etc. Patrons are requested to make their own change. So far the honor system has worked well.

NEW FROSTING PAINT gives you more privacy by masking skylights and bathroom and cellar windows. It's washable and permanent and can be tinted for color effects. There are also good new paints which will make your bathtub or your old sink look up-to-date. (National Paint, Varnish & Lacquer Assoc., 1500 Rhode Island Ave. N.W., Washington 5, D.C.)

IT'S HEALTHY TO SLUMP a bit, says a Texas doctor who maintains that backaches are more likely to come from stiff posture than from slumps. Walk as if you were climbing a hill, he says, and sit with the spine slightly curved.

CAR THEFTS are greater in cold weather and more numerous at all seasons than they used to be, says J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI. Although 90 per cent of all stolen cars are recovered, they rarely come back in as good shape as you left them.

YOUR OLD TIN CANS are not wanted for government scrap, nor are your pots and pans. They're too expensive to collect and process. Heavy industrial scrap iron and sizable old machinery from farms are wanted--and are needed badly to help expand steel production.

TEN CENTS A RUG is all it will cost for shampooing, says the manufacturer of a new sudser attachment for the blower side of your vacuum cleaner. It creates a dry, foamy suds from your favorite detergent and water. Brushing until suds no longer show, the attachment absorbs dirt and grime, and the next vacuuming picks up any remaining loose powder. (Thompson and Sons, Inc., 8130 W. 47 St., Lyons, Ill.)

MOTHERS OF SMALL BOYS soon may be able to buy suits with ready-made knee patches zipped or snapped on. When Johnny goes out to play he wears his patches, which come off easily and can be washed separately. (Kathryn E. Mitchell, 1116½ Fort St., Boise, Idaho)

SPARE PARTS FOR THE HUMAN BODY now include arteries. Doctors have learned how to cut out hardened ones and restore the flow of blood by replacing them with normal vessels. (University of Illinois and Hines Veterans Hospital)

***As we go to press this information hns been checked and is correct. It is subject only to changes caused by last-minute developments.***

## "Lux facials make my skin softer, smoother"— *says this charming Hollywood star*

**"Such easy beauty care,"** says Diana Lynn, "and it works wonders. I just smooth Lux Soap's *active* lather well into my skin." *Yes, Lux lather is active. It cleanses thoroughly but so very gently.*

**"A warm water rinse** and a dash of cold. That quick, my skin feels softer and smoother." *Nothing like daily Lux care to bring quick, new beauty. No wonder lovely screen stars depend on it!*

**"Lux care really works.** It makes my skin feel softer and smoother, look lovelier." *Why don't you try this beautifying care that Diana Lynn recommends . . . see how easy it is to be Lux-lovely.*

**9 out of 10 Screen Stars** use Lux Toilet Soap. They know its gentle care makes skin really lovelier—so soon! So try this satin-smooth, fragrant soap. Discover that life's lovely—when *you're Lux-lovely!*

Serve This Winter Favorite Tonight!

Tender, Mellow Heinz Beans Are Really Oven-Baked!

**Folks Who Hanker For True Home-Tasting, Old-Fashioned Beans Insist On Heinz!**

HEINZ CHEFS take no short cuts when they prepare your beans! They're baked until mellow through and through—ready to drink up Heinz spicy sauces! Your grocer has three kinds: in tomato sauce with pork; in tomato sauce without pork, vegetarian style; in molasses sauce with pork, Boston style. You know they're good because they're Heinz!

HEINZ
OVEN-BAKED 57
BEANS

● Famous HEINZ 57-SAUCE is a richly spiced favorite that lends a matchless tang to steaks, chops, fish and sea foods. Made to a prized old-time recipe, it's a thoroughly aged medley of 17 flavors blended into one great sauce!

JOSEPH LOW

BY JOSÉ SCHORR

***Kisses for hisses*** If an angry wife orders her husband out of the house, does that excuse him for not coming back? No, in such circumstances a husband should have recourse to "tricks to tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue [Shakespeare]," ruled the Maryland Court of Appeals.

***Overtime wife*** How many hours should a husband leave his wife home alone while he works late at the office? None, said the chivalrous Kentucky Court of Appeals. "There is no reason why a man cannot be industrious and at the same time considerate of his wife. If he is too busy to spend time with her at home, he should ask her to come down to the office with him while he works."

***Only for her husband*** Is a wife required to be pleasant to her husband's relatives? No, a wife is not required to be pleasant to anyone except her husband, declared the Superior Court of Pennsylvania.

***Talking wife*** Is it wrong for a husband to talk less to his wife than she talks to him? No, a wife naturally talks more, because of her "superior qualification in that sphere of human activity," said the Supreme Court of Iowa.

***Without a bed*** Should a wife be blamed for selling her husband's bed because he told the neighbors that she was a "cold proposition"? No, said the Maryland Court of Appeals. "Married couples should treat such turbulence of temper with patience, because the parties agreed to take each other for better, for worse, and, painful as the performance of this duty may often be, it must be attempted to be sweetened by the consciousness of being a duty of the first magnitude."

***Tough meat*** If a bride's broiled liver tastes like leather, is she entitled to slap her husband's face for saying so? Yes, because such remarks make life tougher without making the meat any tenderer, decided the Superior Court of Pennsylvania.

***This she loves to hear*** When a wife askes her husband if he loves her, does he have to answer? Yes, because "nothing destroys the happiness of a wife more than her husband's want of affection or lack of abiding interest for her welfare," ruled the Kentucky Court of Appeals.

***Sauce for the goose*** If a husband wears diamonds, should his wife have less? Of course not, said the Massachusetts Supreme Court. She is entitled to live as well as he does.

***Guest*** May a visiting mother-in-law be billed for her board? No, because "it would be a crime against nature and humanity to give to all the courtesies, favors and visits that are exchanged between parents and children the mercenary quality of dollars and cents," declared the Supreme Court of Vermont.

***No house*** If a husband puts his house in his wife's name, may she sell it when she runs away with his best friend? No, because "after bringing such disgrace upon herself and her husband, the court will not permit her to drive the poor man from his wrecked home," ruled the District of Columbia Court of Appeals.

# *Brightest thing under the stars . . .*

the play of light upon the silky softness of your hair . . . the gleam, the natural shine, the silken shimmer that's yours when you shampoo your hair with gentle Drene.

*( Sh! The secret: the cleansing agent in Drene—and only in Drene—that silkens your hair. )*

## *DRENE Shampoo*

**silkens your hair . . . as it cleanses !**

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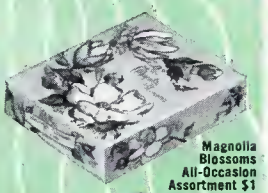
# $50

# TO YOU!

We furnish you with America's finest All-Occasion Greeting Card Assortments on approval. Show them in spare time. You make $50 easily by taking orders for 100 boxes. Make still more with FREE Stationery samples, other exciting personalized items. No experience needed. Send no money. Mail certificate now!



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YLLA

# THE ORPHAN CATS OF GREENWICH VILLAGE

*Want a pet kitten? Do you have one you can't keep? New York's Alice Manchester takes in 800 a year and finds them new homes*

These two youngsters want a kitten and know they can get one for nothing if they'll agree to take good care of it

The boy plays with one of the cats swarming over Miss Manchester, who is head of the Village Humane League. She always has about 40 cats on hand

the most desired of all permanents

Helene Curtis

PROFESSIONAL PERMANENT

For breath-taking loveliness, visit your beautician. Tell her you want a *Helene Curtis* Permanent.

# "Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!

*Not a soap, not an oily cream— Halo cannot leave dulling soap film!*

*Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!*

*Wonderfully mild and gentle —does not dry or irritate!*

*Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!*

*Leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights. Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it.*

**Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!**


# Live on wheels

**by Bob Gilmore**

● If you put your household on casters or wheels you'll save yourself a lot of lifting and pushing. Your work will roll along.

Anything too heavy to lift with one hand can be made rollable—beds, chairs, sofas, dining and utility tables, toy chests, hampers.

You'll save wear on your floors, too, because rolling feet are gentler than those that slide, and they don't make dents, scratches, grooves.

You can find an assortment of casters in hardware stores. For heavy articles, choose casters with wide, large-diameter wheels.

***A toy chest** on wheels will turn pick-up time into a game and your small child into a tidy angel when neatness isn't a chore or a bore*

TOM YEE

***Laundry baskets** that roll easily carry heavy loads on wash day, keep so busy the rest of the week that they are seldom folded and put away*

***A utility cart** is a necessity in preparing and serving meals, holds freshly ironed linens and delivers them to closet shelves in one trip*

***Furniture on casters** is a joy. Chairs shift to television position in a twinkling and beds, chests and tables can be moved for dusting, cleaning*

# DO YOU NEED MONEY?

## $40.00 IS YOURS

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*of exquisite floral designs*

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*—delicately scented, ribbon-tied*

**FREE SAMPLES**
PERSONALIZED STATIONERY and NAPKINS

**CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY,** Dept. E-8, White Plains, New York

**Mail This Coupon Today**

**CHEERFUL CARD CO.**
Dept. E-8, White Plains, New York

Please rush samples and full details of your money-making plan.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

# "Doctor,

*The best man to answer this question is, of course, your family physician. We suggest that you ask him the next time you pay him a visit.*

# I'd like to know...

## what is a NUTRITIONAL TIME BOMB?"

"Nutritional Time Bomb" is science's dramatic name for an equally dramatic discovery about diet . . . the discovery that injuries caused by mistakes in diet may not reveal themselves until years later.

Like actual time bombs, these injuries remain hidden and unrecognized, exploding into symptoms when it is too late to do anything about them. Thus, the dietary wrongs of childhood may be visited upon the adult.

Such scourges of later life as tooth decay, goiter, high blood pressure, heart disease, anemia and hardening of the arteries are not necessarily caused by present diet faults. They may be the delayed effects of earlier injury, where a dietary deficiency has existed too long.

A sound child body—the foundation of a sound adult body—must be built from the food that goes into it. The true effect of a mother's care during childhood has only begun to be understood. And, since eating habits are formed in childhood, the conscientious parent can do much to insure the child against later penalties of wrong eating.

The protective foods should be used generously in the daily diet. Important among these are bananas—long prescribed by doctors as one of the first solid foods for infants. Bananas have a well-rounded supply of vitamins and minerals, and are distinctly beneficent in their action upon the digestive tract. Because of the many appetizing ways in which bananas can be served, as well as because of their nutritional value, they are now being more widely used than ever.

FOR HEALTH, EAT AND ENJOY A PLENTIFUL VARIETY OF THE "RIGHT" FOODS

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

**No-Rinse chemicals hard on your hands? Join the women who say—**

# FOR WHITE WHITE WASHES WITHOUT RED HANDS

# "I'VE GONE BACK TO DUZ!"

## NOW! The Whitest Washes Possible With Any Soap!

**Yet DUZ gives you almost toilet-soap mildness for your hands!**

**ONLY DUZ**—of all leading washday products—gives you this combination of rich, real soap and two active detergents! And now Duz has more magic whitening power than ever—the most you can get in any soap made!

**THAT'S WHY DUZ** gives you the cleanest, whitest, brightest washes you can get with any soap on earth!

**THAT'S WHY DUZ** is milder, kinder to your hands than any other leading washday package soap sold anywhere!

## DUZ DOES EVERYTHING

***WORKS WONDERS IN EVERY TYPE WASHING MACHINE!***

**Says Mrs. Anne McMann** of Totowa Boro, N. J.: "I must admit I tried some of those no-rinse chemicals—until I saw what they were doing to my hands! Now I'm back to Duz again, because it does my *wash* the way I like it done—clean and fresh and sweet-smelling—and leaves my *hands* soft and smooth!"

**Says her neighbor,** Mrs. Claire Drown: "My experiments with no-rinse chemicals taught me just one thing: Never try to do without Duz! Now that I'm back to Duz, I find it gets my towels and sheets and pillow-cases even whiter than it did before—and it's still as mild and kind to hands as ever!"

GENEVIEVE NAYLOR

*Eleanor Roosevelt in the living room of her home at Hyde Park. Photographs at extreme left are of Bernard Baruch and Mrs. James Roosevelt, at extreme right, Amelia Earhart*

# if you ask me

by Eleanor Roosevelt

**Q** ***Marion Davies told the press recently that William Randolph Hearst was a great admirer of yours. Did you ever have any inkling of this?***

No, I never had any inkling that Mr. Hearst was an admirer of mine. I explain the statement by the fact that Marion Davies has always, when we have met, been extremely kind and she was probably trying to make it appear that Mr. Hearst's feelings were somewhat akin to hers.

**Q** ***My mother-in-law says that in her day it was not considered good etiquette to put intimate family photographs in the living room. I told her I'd abide by your decision in the matter, not hers, so I'd be grateful to know what you think.***

I am quite sure that your mother-in-law is correct, though my mother-in-law always had photographs of the family in her living room in New York City and in Hyde Park. I never gave it a thought as to whether it was etiquette or not. I like to have photographs of my family around in all of my rooms, and so I am afraid I have just gone ahead and put them there and never really thought that it was a question with which etiquette concerned itself.

**Q** ***What characteristics do you feel are most important in the First Lady of our country?***

I should say just the same characteristics that are important in anybody else—she should be herself, be kind, interested in the opportunities which the position affords her to help people and dispense White House hospitality with pleasure.

**Q** ***My husband says he has a right to have an affair with another woman when he's overseas. When I ask him if I have the same kind of rights he says no, I'm the mother of children and have to be respectable. It's not that I want an affair with another man, but I don't think his attitude is right. Do you?***

Of course what your husband is trying to guard against is the feeling of guilt which comes to any man who has been physically unfaithful to the woman whom he really loves and does not want to lose. The act of being physically unfaithful seems much less important to the average man, and he finds it hard to understand why the woman he loves looks upon it as all-important. Yet, as you prove by your question to him, if a woman tries to take the same point of view a husband is quite horrified and turns to the old code of respectability on the woman's part for the sake of the children. How about respectability on the man's part being of value to the children?

There is something more, however, that should be said on this whole question, since physical faithfulness is perhaps more difficult for men than for women. I imagine your husband, who apparently does love you, is trying to make sure that you will not turn away from him if anything of the kind should happen while he is overseas. You and he will have to decide what is the right attitude to take. Nobody else can decide it for you.

**Q** ***Do you feel that your opinions ever changed your husband's political decisions?***

Never.

**Q** ***On a television show recently Vice-President Barkley said that Dean Acheson was the most able Secretary of State we had ever had—with the possible exception of Charles Evons Hughes. What do you think of this statement?***

I think Vice-President Barkley may well be right. Secretary Acheson, I feel, has been one of the very best Secretaries of State we have had. It has taken honest, able thinking and diplomacy to come through this trying period of history. To do so under a constant barrage of criticism requires an amount of character which few men possess.

**Q** ***How do you decide where you are going to give speeches? My brother's school tried to get you and you couldn't come, but I know of other schools where you have spoken.***

I always try to cover a certain percentage of schools every year, and I take them as the invitations come in. I try not to go too often to the same area, and I try not to do only schools. I try also not to fill my calendar too full, because one must have some time for other things than speeches.

**Q** ***What kind of preparations have you or your family made for an atomic bombing?***

Neither my family nor I have made any particular or private preparations for an atomic bombing beyond reading all the directions sent out by the Civilian Defense officials and preparing to obey them.

**Q** ***My doctor tells me that every woman over sixty takes some kind of medicine. Is this true of you?***

From time to time I have had to take, for short periods, a small amount of thyroid, also at intervals some vitamin pills and pills containing garlic, which is supposed to be good for your memory.

---

*Address letters to Mrs. Roosevelt, in care of McCall's magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.*

You killed our son.
You killed him
as surely as if
you'd taken
a gun
and shot him

A COMPLETE NOVEL BY ALICE DOUGLAS KELLY

# NO HIDING PLACE

*Eve had always taken the easy way. She would take it now—and try to forget*

Eve Dyer looked smaller than ever in black. With her mop of lemon-colored curls, wide, bewildered brown eyes and sensitive kitten face she seemed far too young to be the mother of boys seven and nine years old.

Alan looked down at her compassionately as they walked up the garden path. His dark eyes were weary, his handsome face worn. "My poor darling," he said.

Eve didn't answer. She went into the house and upstairs. Alan went into the kitchen, where Abby Hale and Denny were sitting before an almost untouched meal. The little boy flung himself at Alan, who swung him off the floor and sat down with him at the table.

"Make one of your eggnogs for Eve, will you, Abby?" Alan asked. "She's eaten nothing."

Abby rose. She was of average height, but she had thickened with the years and appeared shorter than she was. Her thick, still-dark hair was brushed severely back from her face and tightly coiled. She had wide-set gray eyes, a short nose and a thin, disciplined mouth. But in spite of her uncompromising carriage there was nothing harsh about her; amusement if not laughter generally seemed near her. Today, though, she was pale and tired with grieving.

"I'll make her a good stiff one," she told Alan. "She can't count the eggs once they're beaten."

While Abby moved quickly about the kitchen, Alan and Denny looked silently out the window. It was a lovely July day. The boys' swing creaked in the light, clean wind and one of Dick's model planes fluttered in the tree where it had caught only a week before. Denny leaned back against his father.

"I miss Dick," he said in a small voice.

"We all do," Alan said levelly.

Denny frowned in puzzlement. "I don't believe he wanted to go to heaven; he *(Continued on page 117)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY

Joe Alemon

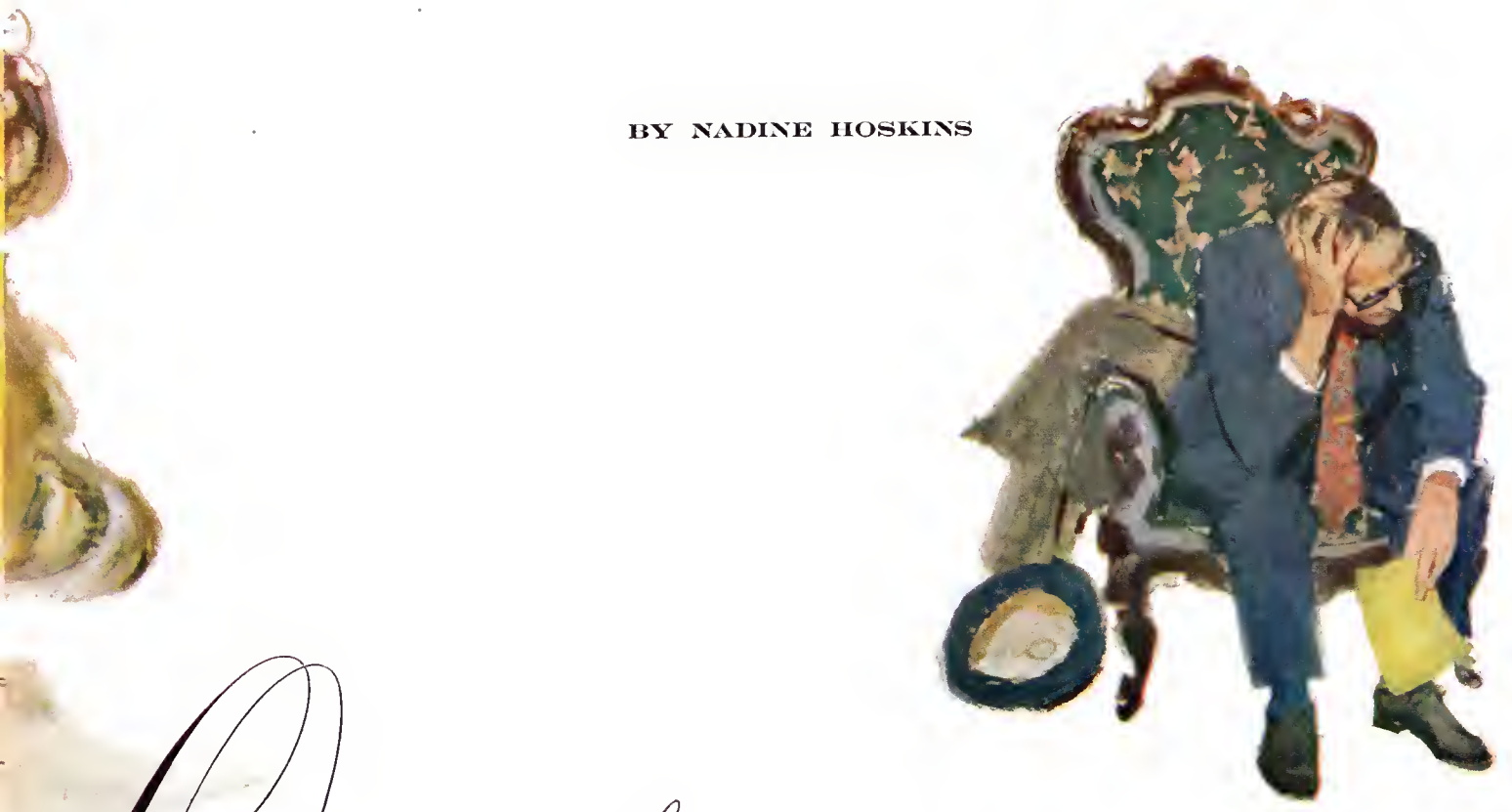
SHE WAS THE SORT OF GIRL

A MAN LIKE HENRY

ALWAYS LOOKS FOR—

AND RARELY FINDS

BY NADINE HOSKINS



# Once there was a girl

HENRY drove slowly. He wanted to prolong the feeling of anticipation from the first far sight of Ellen until he would pick her up. He liked the feeling of her waiting for him at the far end of the street. This was the nicest part of the whole day, he thought—maybe because it was the beginning. It gave him the feeling that all sorts of wonderful things could happen in that separate world that belonged to Ellen and himself—the office.

From the time Henry turned the corner of Gallatin Avenue and took the street that led to her house, it was like crossing a boundary line. Behind him were Alice and the early morning grayness of their apartment, gray because Henry always left Chestnut Manor before the morning sun found its way over the tops of the other buildings.

When he had moved into the new apartment building nine years ago, he had been bewitched by a vision of country living. But the same enterprising builder who had built Chestnut Manor liked the low cost of the outlying land. He had built Meadow Manor, Hickory Manor and a couple of others with equally pastoral names. Soon Henry and Alice had become inhabitants of a miniature city of high walls and sunless patios—an *almost* city with a main street of gasoline stations, drive-in restaurants and a fourth-rate movie house that changed features three times a week.

But while Henry, a man born and reared in the tradition of apartment life, yearned secretly for open spaces, Alice, his wife, with an equally restricted background, sighed with relief as the tall, concrete buildings mushroomed up around them. She had missed the comforting background of city noises and gratefully greeted the familiar heights of tall buildings and the clean gray valleys of hard pavement.

Soon all that was left of Henry's dream of country life was Sylvan Heights, a community of small white houses surrounded by uniform yards like green packages. Every day on his way to work he passed its quiet streets and thought of himself living there. He pictured the inside of his house flooded with sunshine and mellow with golden wood of a sort he didn't know the name of. For a long time Henry felt guilty that Alice did not inhabit this dream house. But, he told himself, it wasn't the type of life she liked.

In time, Sylvan Heights became more than a symbol of good living to Henry. Ellen Thayer came to work in the bank, and Ellen lived in Sylvan Heights. Since Henry passed there every day it was only *(Continued on page 66)*

# TODAY I FOUND MY LOVE

*There's cause for alarm when a girl like Julie takes it into her head to wake up the man of her choice*

JEFF HARLOW, a tall, thin, jumpy young man in a rumpled flannel suit, had chosen to walk through the park not because this was a fine spring day but because he was in a hurry and the park was a short cut. He was carrying a small electric alarm clock.

Had he awakened in a better mood he might have felt the spell of the weather. As it was, he noted merely that according to schedule the grass had turned green, trees were simpering in new leafage, and boy birds could be heard distinctly making biological noises at girl birds. In short, the one and only perfect mousetrap was all set.

But Jeff Harlow was no mouse. A man with his mind on his work, he strode out of the park with no thought more fanciful than that the clock he was carrying was a dud. When presently he came to the shop of M. Weitzner—"Watches, Clocks and Jewelry"—he plunked the clock down on the counter with a total disregard for the presence of another customer.

"The darned thing hums," he said.

The shopkeeper peered at him mildly and went on serving the other customer. She was a slim girl in a purple silk suit. She looked up at Jeff brightly and inquired, "What do you want it to do—croon?" *(Continued on page 72)*

**BY ELIZABETH TROY**

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

*"I've had my breakfast," Julie said blithely, "but I'll go with you anyway and you can brief me on your sleeping schedule"*

# DO YOU FAVOR sex education

*Irene Dunne, famous screen star, is also a prominent Catholic laywoman. In private life she is the wife of Dr. Francis Griffin. The Griffins have an adopted school-age daughter named Mary Frances*

## NO *says IRENE DUNNE*

Let's face it, sex is here to stay. But as for sex education in the public schools, I am opposed to it. Like charity, this education begins at home. I think that is where it should stay.

I feel very strongly that the initiation of a child into "the facts of life" is an extremely personal matter. It is, therefore, the personal obligation of his parents. The individual need for this instruction varies enormously with each child according to his physical, mental and emotional development. Who but his parents is close enough to him to judge the proper time and the right amount of information to be divulged? Surely there is grave danger in indiscriminate group instruction which must rely on a chronological timetable as its only guide.

The public schools do a splendid job within their academic limits, but they are not equipped to supply the spiritual training which I think should be taught along with sex education. That is my job, and I don't want or expect the public schools to do it for me.

In questioning other mothers on this subject (women from diversified groups whom I have met in charity work) I was astonished at the large percentage of women who had no opinion whatever on the matter. From my findings, I should *(Continued on page 90)*

### TEEN-AGERS VOTE FOR SEX INSTRUCTION IN SCHOOL

*How do teen-agers themselves feel about sex education in the schools? Most surveys ask the experts but neglect to find out the views of those who are most directly concerned.* McCALL'S *asked Gilbert Youth Research to find out what a cross-section of youth from 36 communities scattered across the United States had to say about the problem. Here are the results:*

***How did you first learn the facts of life?****

| | BOYS | GIRLS |
|---|---|---|
| Someone told me | 75.7% | 79.1 % |
| I read up on the subject | 18.2% | 12.7 % |
| A personal observation | 20.4% | 8.2 % |

***How old were you when you learned the facts of life?***

| | BOYS | GIRLS |
|---|---|---|
| 8 and under | 9.2% | 5.4 % |
| 9 to 12 | 55.4% | 68.8 % |
| 13 to 16 | 31.7% | 22.1 % |
| 17 and over | .9% | 2.3 % |
| Don't know | 2.8% | 1.4 % |

***At what age should young people be taught about sex?***

| | BOYS | GIRLS |
|---|---|---|
| 7 and under | 11.7% | .6% |
| 8 to 10 | 29.9% | 2.9% |
| 11 to 13 | 32.7% | 30.7% |
| 14 to 16 | 18.8% | 55.9% |
| 16 or over | 1.9% | 3.4% |

***Who first told you the facts of life?****

| | BOYS | GIRLS |
|---|---|---|
| Friends | 79.3% | 51.7 % |
| Parents | 17.3% | 54.5 % |
| Sister | .9% | 9.9 % |
| Brother | 5.6% | 1.9 % |
| Other relative | 4.7% | .8 % |
| Teacher | 6.0% | 5.5 % |
| Pastor | .3% | .01% |
| Family physician | .2% | 0 % |
| Don't know | 3.3% | 3.6 % |

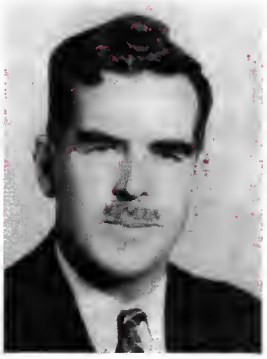
***Who should tell young people the facts of life?****

| | BOYS | GIRLS |
|---|---|---|
| Mother | 31.4% | 75.6 % |
| Father | 45.6% | 19.3 % |
| Teacher | 25.0% | 23.1 % |
| Sister | 6.1% | 19.9 % |
| Brother | 19.8% | 2.9 % |
| Other relative | 4.2% | 1.4 % |
| Pastor | 5.3% | 4.4 % |

***Do you favor sex education in our schools?***

| | Yes: | No: | Don't know: |
|---|---|---|---|
| BOYS | 69.7% | 16.8% | 13.5% |
| GIRLS | 83.3% | 8.5% | 8.2% |

# in our schools?



*Ernest Osborne of Teachers College, Columbia University, is a member of the National Council on Religion in Higher Education and is past president of the National Council on Family Relations*

## **YES** *says Professor ERNEST OSBORNE*

Before anyone opposes or defends sex education I think he should try to define it. I myself feel that sex education includes any information that helps boys and girls or men and women live more richly and fully together. Information which distorts human relationships or leads to unhealthy sexual emphasis I do not regard as education but *mis*education.

It seems to me, therefore, that the important question about sex education and the schools is not whether we *should* have it but whether we *do* have it. The answer to this question cannot be found in personal theorizing about spiritual values and parental prerogatives, it can be found only in the facts.

Investigation of sex-education courses in elementary schools indicates they *prevent* rather than encourage sex experimentation. Children of six or seven who engage in exploratory activity to see what one another is like do so because they don't know. When they are given the correct information the major reason for exploratory activity disappears.

A similar situation exists at the high-school level. In most schools where out-of-wedlock pregnancies have taken place we have found that the youngsters *(Continued on page 91)*

***Is your teacher equipped to give sex education?***

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| BOYS | Yes: 32.0% | No: 50.4% | Don't know: 17.6% |
| GIRLS | Yes: 53.4% | No: 38.9% | Don't know: 7.7% |

***Are you embarrassed when your teacher talks about sex?***

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| BOYS | Yes: 13.3% | No: 39.3% | Don't know: 47.4% |
| GIRLS | Yes: 18.4% | No: 69.5% | Don't know: 12.1% |

***Is your teacher embarrassed when talking about sex?***

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| BOYS | Yes: 23.1% | No: 53.7% | Don't know: 23.2% |
| GIRLS | Yes: 24.8% | No: 67.9% | Don't know: 7.3% |

***Would you be better equipped for life if sex education were given in your school?***

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| BOYS | Yes: 36.9% | No: 14.0% | Under certain conditions: 49.1% |
| GIRLS | Yes: 62.9% | No: 13.8% | Under certain conditions: 23.3% |

***Have you ever been in a situation where you felt clearly you should know more about sex?***

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| BOYS | Often: 69.1% | Seldom: 19.8% | Never: 11.2% |
| GIRLS | Often: 54.5% | Seldom: 29.7% | Never: 15.4% |

***Is there much sexual promiscuity among the young people you know?***

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| BOYS | Yes: 67.9% | No: 27.7% | Don't know: 4.4% |
| GIRLS | Yes: 14.4% | No: 74.8% | Don't know: 10.8% |

***How do you regard boys who've had sex relations and talk about it?****

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Admire | BOYS: 21.2% | GIRLS: 1.7% |
| Dislike | BOYS: 15.4% | GIRLS: 23.5% |
| With contempt | BOYS: 2.2% | GIRLS: 15.6% |
| Envy | BOYS: 17.6% | GIRLS: 1.7% |
| Ignore | BOYS: 33.3% | GIRLS: 48.9% |
| Don't know | BOYS: 11.5% | GIRLS: 10.9% |

***How is a girl regarded who has had sex relations?****

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Admired | BOYS: 25.5% | GIRLS: .3% |
| Disliked | BOYS: 14.2% | GIRLS: 20.8% |
| With contempt | BOYS: 15.9% | GIRLS: 38.0% |
| Envied | BOYS: 2.0% | GIRLS: .9% |
| Ignored | BOYS: 23.3% | GIRLS: 36.4% |
| Don't know | BOYS: 21.6% | GIRLS: 6.0% |

**Replies in excess of 100% due to multiple answers*

the
WHIPPING
by Felix Noland

# *All of us knew and loved her... None of us could quite believe that one day she would leave us*

WHEN I think of it now I can see how the outside world might have blamed us for what happened to Maity. But punishment is peculiar to its own time and place. We lived in Mississippi then, and on a street so different from the old part of town that it seemed a kind of beginning . . . All the houses around us were a glistening white, and pine trees sang in the wind. The lot on the corner was vacant still—and with Maity we ran back and forth, unmindful of my mother's half-hearted warnings. "Don't play in the vacant lot, children. You might step on something sharp."

My sister and I scarcely heard. With Maity beside us we were leaders that spring, for though she was black as an ebony sprite, all the children on our block knew and loved her. Even after the new house was begun, we draped her with chains made from the long-stemmed clover, which had not yet been mowed. We twisted wood shavings into bracelets for her wrists, and tried in every way we could to make her claim and praise us . . . "Look at yawl, standin' around," she would taunt from the middle of a rain-swollen ditch. "How come you scared?"

"We're not afraid of *drowning*," my sister said.

"You act like you is—you and Gage both."

"It's on account of Mother," I said. "She might spank us."

Maity's full, satiny eyelids dropped with scorn. Her knee-length skirts were pinned high in back, and beneath them you could see the hard little buttocks which she jerked in defiance when she walked. "I ain't scared of no spankin'," she said, grinning. "I your nurse."

We stared at her, both humiliated and enthralled.

"I tell you it's all right, then it *is* all right."

"Will you tell Mama?" Trudy asked.

She nodded. "I say we was fishin' for the ball. Throw it here to me, Gage."

She reached one limber hand ahead, and we closed our eyes and followed her . . .

Maity was more trouble than she was worth, the neighbors complained. She had worked for most of them in turn, being fired by one and hired by another. It did not matter. As long as the children were so close, a *(Continued on page 96)*

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY

# a place of our own

*they were so helpful, so very understanding about everything—except why her man had left her*

by Charles Mergendahl

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER SKOR

RITA stood up decisively on her rather short but well-shaped legs and smoothed out her skirt in the manner of a hostess informing her guests that it's time to leave. Norma, however, did not consider herself exactly a guest, since Rita was her own sister. Still, she did feel much like a guest—an unwanted guest—as she took Ralph's arm, gave it a tug and backed toward the door.

Rita followed, going on in the same indulgent, slightly superior but always firm tone of voice. "Of course we'd love you and Ralph to use the guesthouse until your own home is built and finished. But—well, you know how it is." And she shrugged her lovely shoulders. "One never knows when friends will pop in, does one?

*"He can't do this to you," her father fumed. "But then, Ralph never did act like an ordinary husband"*

And—well, I do understand your wanting to save money for the baby and the new house and all, but . . ." They were in the doorway then, and Norma detected a little smile on her sister's face. "Mother and Dad have an extra room, you know. You could give up the apartment and move in with them. I'm sure they'd love to have you."

"Sure," Ralph said. "I'm sure they would." He strode quickly down the walk to his old sedan, climbed in and started the engine. He looked up at Norma, still talking to Rita on the huge, white-columned porch. "You never know when someone will pop in," he muttered under his breath. "Sure, you never know. But you know whom you married, don't you? You knew Jerry had money when you married him. Oh, you knew, all right. But you never know who'll pop—" He jammed a palm against the horn and waited. When Norma slid in beside him, he drove off without waving goodbye.

Neither of them spoke for a full minute. Then Ralph snapped the words angrily toward the windshield. "You were so positive your sister'd let us rent her guesthouse for a few months. You were so positive that we even went and—"

"How did I know—"

"We went and told the landlord we were giving up the apartment. So he leased it to someone else. Beginning next week. And we've put a three-hundred-dollar deposit on the *(Continued on page 111)*

SEVEN WOMEN IN RADIO AND TV WIN

# the McCall's Mike

*Women are going places on the air—building hospitals, improving schools, changing the future for you and your children. At last they're winning the recognition they deserve*

Each winner will receive the McCall's Mike, shown in actual size. It was designed for McCALL'S by industrial designer Raymond Loewy

TOM YEE

THE first mental-health clinic in South Dakota will open its doors this month, and a woman radio broadcaster named Bee Baxter deserves most of the credit for it. Until she began a series of programs campaigning for a mental-health center there was not even one psychiatrist in private practice in the entire state.

In New York and New Jersey 10,000 underprivileged children in 74 hospitals received desperately needed winter clothing because of a woman radio executive.

A woman's program helped focus public attention on the problems of the old people of Cincinnati and pointed the path to a solution.

The accomplishments of these, and hundreds of other women in radio and television, are not extraordinary. Women have been doing this for a long time. Yet, curiously, the job they have done has never been given any widespread recognition. For this reason McCALL'S decided to bring home to its readers the importance of women's accomplishments in radio and TV by awarding for the first time the annual McCall's Mike, illustrated at the left. It is presented to the three broadcasters and three executives responsible for the best public-service programs in three categories: programs of general interest to the community, programs of interest primarily to women, programs of interest primarily to children. In addition a top award is made to the woman whose program, in the opinion of the judges, was the year's most valuable.

The response to our announcement of the award was almost unbelievably enthusiastic. Several hundred scripts and recordings were submitted, all of an extraordinarily high caliber. This led Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine, one of the judges, to comment: "The material was inspiring evidence of what women can do, and are doing, for our country and our people." Dr. Earl J. McGrath, U. S. Commissioner of Education, another judge, was *(Continued on page 52)*

## *Top Award*

*Elizabeth E. Marshall of Chicago received the top award in the contest for the greatest public service. She worked effectively to strengthen local P.T.A s as forces in education. Her programs, over WBEZ and WIND, served as classroom training in citizenship*

**The Judges**

DOROTHY DEEMER HOUGHTON
**President** of the General Federation of Women's Clubs

DR. EARL J. McGRATH
United States Commissioner of Education

HARRIET SABINE
**Director** at Large, American Women in Radio and Television

MARGARET CHASE SMITH
United States Senator from Maine

OTIS LEE WIESE
Editor and Publisher of McCALL'S

## *Executives*

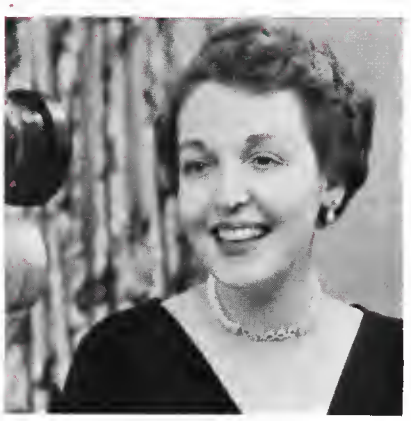
*Service to the community in general: Kit Fox of Station WLW, Cincinnati, dramatized the problems of the aged and suggested solutions in a series of programs, "The 13th Man"*

*Service primarily for women: Sister Mary St. Clara of Station WKBB, Dubuque, Iowa, promoted a new neighborliness among listeners through dignified homemaking programs*

*Service primarily for children: Edythe J. Meserand of WOR, New York, organized the station's Christmas fund, which brought clothing and gifts to 10,000 hospitalized children*

## *Broadcasters*

*Service to the community in general: Bee Baxter of Station KSOO, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, awakened community to need for a mental-health center, which opens this month*



*Service primarily for women: Helen Faith Keane of WABD, New York, and Du Mont network, brought viewers sound advice on personal problems with "For Your Information"*

*Service primarily for children: Dorothy Gordon of WQXR, New York, gave youngsters a better grasp of major problems of the day with "The New York Times Youth Forum"*

The minister's words were simple and to the point . . . "Owing to Miss Townsend's failure to appear— the ceremony is postponed"

# A WEDDING WAS ARRANGED

by Nona Coxhead

ALL his life Ward Tyson had hated to be what he called "pushed." He was close to forty now, though, and the sense of coercion that had driven him to every kind of independence when he was a boy had abated through the years. It had been, he saw at this moment, kept slumbering by the selfless strategy of Ruth, his wife, who had been killed three years ago in a car accident—the wife who, in about two hours, he would be replacing.

He found it strange and frightening to have that old closed-in feeling return like this, abruptly, without any warning and with such drastically increased force.

Driving home from the small toolmaking factory which he had built into the central industry of the quiet New England town, he passed the little church where he was to be married for the second time, and the sensation in his chest he could only describe as a shriveling or shrinking away. It was as if he were trying to retreat within the shell of his own body from a force that threatened to close in on him.

He tried to laugh at himself, but the effort lacked conviction. The sun itself seemed to be smiling at and confirming the satisfaction of the whole little town. Why was there no single negative element to jar the neat success of his friends' engineering that had matched him with Lila, no elusive aspect to temper the smug triumph of their plan?

He checked the direction of his thoughts. They were not just. First of all, Lila herself had been no part of it, had been quite as much a dupe of the plot as he. Secondly, she was wonderful and he couldn't deny it. The children loved her . . .

The children! At the thought of Bob's solemn young face when told that Lila would be his mother, Ward's throat worked in a slow, agonized swallow. Bob was waiting for him now, thrilled and ready to lend his thirteen-year-old assistance in any way that would aid the wondrous event. And Janie was too excited to talk coherently, except to have begun calling Lila "Mother" already and depending on her, instead of on Mrs. Johns, the housekeeper, for all the *(Continued on page 104)*

They might have had a chance if their friends hadn't tried so hard to bring them together.

"You *must* meet Lila," they'd insisted.

"You're perfect for each other"

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

# the clothes you love - and live in

JANUARY · FEBRUARY · MARCH · APRIL · MAY · JUNE · JULY · AUGUST · SEPTEMBER · OCT OBE

# silk prints

by Estelle Lane

**Polka dots** . . . closely clustered, in one bright color stressed with black and white. Of pure silk surah, simply tailored, but luxurious enough for a party. By Cadillac, in sizes 10 to 20. About $35 at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; Livingston Bros., San Francisco

**Old coins** . . . against a sparkling white background of pure silk crepe, fresh and pretty under a winter coat, charming under a Southern sun. By Donald Dress, in sizes 10 to 18. About $40 at Foley's, Houston; Stewart Dry Goods Co., Louisville

**Checks** . . . crisp as the silk paper taffeta they're printed on. The skirt is manipulated with triple folds, and it flares, not too widely, over its own crinoline underskirt. By Arnold & Fox, in sizes 10 to 16. About $50 at Joseph Magnin, San Francisco; Martin's, Brooklyn

**Scrolls** . . . printed in black on cocoa to give the effect of stars. Pure silk crepe with the new Empire line on the bodice. By International, in sizes 10 to 18. About $35 at Frost Bros., San Antonio; Lit Bros., Philadelphia

**Circles** . . . in two shades of pink on a background of black silk shantung. Chiffon handkerchiefs in the same tones come with the dress. By Gladdy Colleen, in sizes 10 to 18. About $35 at Gimbels, New York; Mandel Brothers, Chicago

**Dashes** . . . made up of tiny circles in black on a silk twill dress of sentimental pink, bound with black braid, belted with patent leather. By Henry Rosenfeld, in sizes 10 to 18. About $23 at D. H. Holmes Co. Ltd., New Orleans; The John Gerber Company, Memphis

LITTLE LADIES HATS BY LADDY NORTHRIDGE
GLOVES BY ALEXETTE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE BARKENTIN

A Short Short Story

# Very junior miss

AT SUNDAY breakfast Kilty Morrow became aware of the look of baffled disapproval on her mother's face. She sighed heavily and said, "What is it, Mother?"

"Your hair, child." Laura said.

"Here we go again," Walter Morrow muttered without looking up from the paper.

"Mother, my hair is as clean as can be," Kilty said.

"Kilty, you're going to be sixteen in three weeks, and look at you! You don't have any *pride.* You're a nice-looking girl, and for all you care . . ."

"How about Friday night, Mother? How about that?"

"Now don't start using that argumentative tone of voice with me, young lady. Friday night you looked lovely for about half an hour. It took me two full hours to coerce you into that condition. In two minutes you got a smudged face and a torn dress. When I was your age . . ."

Walter sighed so deeply that Laura turned and stared at him. "What's wrong with you?"

"For one moment, my dear, it sounded like a phrase I'd heard before."

"There's no need for sarcasm. She's your daughter too. Most of the time Kilty looks like a—like a coal-heaver."

"You keep saying that, Mother. What *is* a coal-heaver?"

"Someone who heaves coal," Walter said. "Look, kitten, we're going to the outdoor buffet at the club today. Very probably your mother's girlhood chum, one Marie Birch, will be there, complete with husband and daughter. Sandra Birch, whom your mother is about to mention as being younger than you, will look very chic, no doubt."

"Oh, *her!*" Kilty said with unlimited scorn. "Birchie isn't any fun any more. Boys, boys, boys. Enough to make you sick. Say, you know what she does at night? She told me. She has horrible mitten things and she fills them with glop to make her hands pretty and sleeps with them on. How about that?"

"Kilty Morrow, you are going with us to the club and you are going to do something about that hair and you are going to wear your green dress. Is that quite clear?"

"Mother, that's so pointless! I'll be in the pool most of the time. And for the Sunday buffet you can eat in your suit. All the other kids will. And Tommy has been helping me work on my jackknife. I wasn't getting high enough off the board, and—"

"The green dress, Kilty."

"Oh, all *right!*" Kilty said.

Walter gave her a meaningful stare. Kilty blushed and said, "I didn't mean to speak like that, Mother."

"All right, dear. Now go on upstairs and brush your hair. I'll be up in a few minutes and see what we can do with it."

Kilty slouched out of the breakfast room, her slim shoulders slumped with depression.

"Really, Walter, I don't get any more co-operation from you than I'd get from a graven image."

"Maybe I just don't think it's a serious problem, honey."

"How can you say that? I actually had less trouble with Andy when he was twelve, keeping him neat, than I'm having with Kilty."

"Someday Andy will bring a friend back from school with him and you'll see Kilty start to glow."

"I'm glad *you* think so. I don't want my daughter to turn out to be one of those big back-slapping women."

"When Kilty starts to become highly conscious of herself as a member of the female species, Laura, I'm going to feel a little sad. It will mean that both of our kids have turned into adults. And after all these years of wishing the process would go a little faster, I'm now beginning to wonder if we won't feel just a little bit lost."

Laura stood up. "Well, I'd better get up there before she forgets what she's supposed to be doing."

Walter took her hand, squeezed it lightly. "Don't worry so much, honey. She's got good long legs and lovely eyes. Your eyes, as a matter of fact."

"Silly old goat," Laura said. She leaned over and kissed him.

On the way to the club Kilty sat morosely in the back, staring at her green skirt. The other *(Continued on page 62)*

by John D. MacDonald

# the whole town's still talking about the day Kilty Morrow grew up...

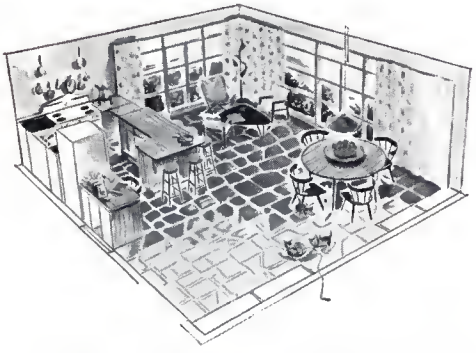
ILLUSTRATED BY GWEN FREMLIN

GRAY-O'REILLY

# We live

by Elizabeth Matthews

When company comes this efficient kitchen makes serving a meal an ABC operation. With a minimum of effort flapjacks, hamburgers or a fine dish of curry appear. The gas range has a convenient divided top and built-in light. The work moves briskly along from refrigerator to range with production-line smoothness



The 8-by-12-foot kitchen occupies about one-fourth of the room, leaving the rest for family use. Storage cabinets flank the archway to the entrance hall. A glass door in one window-wall opens onto the terrace

It's as modern as tomorrow. But there's a warm, friendly glow about it that's like a return to Grandmother's day when the kitchen was really the center of the home. The room works too—perhaps because the Frederickses lived in every corner of it on paper before they began the actual remodeling. Today, they pinch themselves to believe the change in their carriage house is real and no longer just a wishful dream

EQUIPMENT AND FURNISHINGS: **Refrigerator,** General Electric. **Range, sink, cabinets,** Murray Corp. **Lazy Suzan table,** Roland and Roland, Inc. **Coffee table,** Herman Miller. **Dining chairs,** Winchendon Furniture Co. **Plywood chairs,** Finsven, Inc. **Draperies,** Dan Cooper. **Accessories,** Bazar Francais

# *in the kitchen*

*In this 20-by-20-foot space there is not only a fully equipped kitchen corner but also a snack bar and dining table, lounge chairs, coffee table, books and a desk, plus the luxury of huge windows that bring in all outdoors*

The Pierce Frederickses are proud of their carriage-house home on Long Island. It has four bedrooms and a bath on the second floor, a big all-purpose room downstairs and another room not yet fixed up

1 *Indian Chicken Pie*

2 *Buckingham Beef Pie*

3 *Veal-and-Ham Pie*

4 *Canadian Pork Pies*

5 *Beef-and-Kidney Pies*

6 *Scotch Lamb Pies*

by Helen McCully

*

# Very cozy eating

TAKE a minimum of meat, combine with a maximum of imagination and what do you get? McCALL'S glorious (a word we don't *ever* use loosely) meat pies! Served with smiling tomatoes or a tossed salad, milk, bread and a compote of bright fruit, we can't think of a cozier way to end a cold January day.

## INDIAN CHICKEN PIE

1 4-lb fresh or frozen stewing chicken
1 tablespoon salt
3 peppercorns
1 bay leaf
3 stalks celery
4 medium potatoes
4 medium onions
¼ lb string beans (about 1 cup)
4 tablespoons chicken fat
4 tablespoons flour
3 cups chicken stock
½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
Salt and pepper
1 egg
1 7-oz can pimiento

FIRST, COOK YOUR CHICKEN LIKE THIS: Put the whole bird in enough cold water to almost cover, season with salt, peppercorns, bay leaf and 1 stalk of celery. Cook gently for several hours or until meat is tender when tested with a fork. Let chicken stand in its stock to cool. When cool, spoon off the fat and save, strain stock, save, and strip meat from bones in nice big pieces. Now, cut potatoes and onions in quarters, cut beans in half lengthwise, cut remaining celery in slices. Cook potatoes and onions in boiling, salted water about 10 minutes, add beans and celery and cook until vegetables are tender when pierced with a fork. Drain.

NEXT, MAKE UP THE CORN MEAL CRUST LIKE THIS:

1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
¼ cup corn meal
¼ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup shortening
4 tablespoons ice water

Mix flour, corn meal and salt. Work in the shortening with two knives or a pastry blender, sprinkle in water and stir lightly with a fork until pastry holds together. Roll pastry on a lightly floured board ¼" thick and line a 3-quart casserole neatly. Cut any leftover dough in circles, leaves or strips for top of pie if you like.

TO FINISH OFF THE PIE: Melt chicken fat in a pan, mix in flour until smooth, add chicken stock gradually, cook and stir until sauce is smooth and thick as rich cream. Season with monosodium glutamate and more salt and pepper. Beat egg slightly, stir in a dribble of gravy slowly so as not to curdle egg, then stir in remaining gravy and cook a minute or two longer. Don't boil! Pour gravy over chicken and cooked vegetables. Stir in chopped pimiento last. Spoon into your unbaked pastry shell and bake in a 400F or hot oven for 30 minutes or until crust is a handsome brown. Serves 6 deliciously.

*More cozy eating recipes page 52*

ANTON BRUEHL

*This is the center of Perryopolis, Pennsylvania. George Washington's plan to make it the nation's capital fell through, but an old woman's gift of $1,500,000 has brought it fame*

# Question: What to do with $1,500,000

*Life was calm in Perryopolis until a surprise bequest blew the lid off. Now the citizens are battling it out whether to spend the money or throw it in the river*

BY LAWRENCE LADER

THIRTY miles south of Pittsburgh, in the small town of Perryopolis, a woman was buried on August 6, 1943. The flower-draped casket was carried up the winding road to the cemetery, which looks out over the town. At the very peak of the hill there is a large granite mausoleum with a resplendent angel over its iron doors. Most of the town's 1,500 people knew whose casket was placed inside. Yet, strangely enough, except for a handful of the oldest citizens, no one in Perryopolis remembered Mrs. Mary Fuller Frazier, who had left her birthplace as a young woman and only returned for three brief visits in the last sixty-three years.

A week later, however, Mrs. Frazier's name was on the tongue of every man, woman and child in Perryopolis, blazoned in the headlines of newspapers and carried by the voices of radio announcers to every part of the country. The woman almost no one in Perryopolis remembered had not forgotten Perryopolis. She had willed the town almost her entire fortune.

The people of Perryopolis woke up to find they had become millionaires overnight. "Cinderella Town," the newspapers called it. A town that had been able to afford only one street light had suddenly been touched by a magic wand.

How does it feel to know that out of the thousands of towns in the country yours has suddenly become the hero of an impossible fairy tale?

"It was just like the whole town was pinching itself to find out if it was awake," said Ernest Farrah, proprietor of a men's clothing store. "There were crowds of people on the streets all day long. Everyone was talking at once and telling what they'd

do with the money. Some thought it ought to be divided so everyone would have a few thousand apiece. Some thought we ought to put up the best high school in the state, or hang so many lights on the streets it'd look like Broadway. It was real crazy the ideas that were going around. By the end of the day you'd think there'd be wine flowing through the streets."

Behind a small red house at the south end of town a man watched the sluggish pool of waste that oozed slowly toward the river a hundred yards away. "Now maybe they can afford to run the sewerage line down here," he said.

A woman in one of the stiff yellow houses built in uniform ugliness by the mining company twenty years back turned to her husband and said, "Sure, we can get a washing machine now. If they split that money up it'll mean at least a thousand for each of us."

As the news spread across the country, newspapermen and photographers hurried into Perryopolis. Then the telephone calls began. Howard Adams, vice-president of the Perryopolis National Bank, got calls from people—complete strangers—from as far away as Maryland, Ohio and Minnesota. They'd call to congratulate the town or tell him how the money ought to be spent. But mostly they just wanted to sit on the phone and feel close to the town which had seen the wheel of chance spin around and settle on its number.

Mrs. Zella Townsend, who takes in boarders at her trim white house on Liberty Street, was visiting her daughter in Seattle, Oregon, when the news broke. "There used to be plenty of folks thirty miles away from Perryopolis who never heard of the town," she said. "Here I was, three thousand miles away on Sunday morning, sitting next to a stranger at church. When she asked me where I was from and I said Perryopolis she got all excited and started telling me all about my own town. I swear it was more than I knew myself."

The first reports on how many millions Mrs. Mary Fuller Frazier had left the town were staggering. Harking back to

*"This money's almost driving us out of our wits," says Ralph Linderman, township supervisor. Then, indignantly: "If you ask me, it's just that five or six people want to get their hands on it and spend it their way, not the way the people want".*

LISA LARSEN

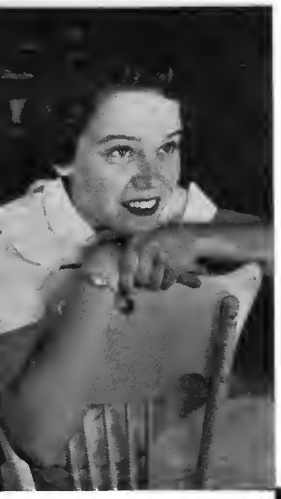
*Banker Howard Adams admits that Perryopolis needs better sewage disposal, water supply and streets, but is proud of the town as it is. He says, "This is a thriving residential community made up of homes that are neat, modern and typically American"*

*Alice Elwell and her brother Charles have lived in Perryopolis for more than 80 years. Both went to school with the woman who left her fortune to the town. Mr. Elwell, former school-board member, says, "I just hope some of that money goes toward better education for our youngsters"*

# What to do with $1,500,000

continued

*Lively, outspoken Mrs. Lela Hough says, "We've had enough arguing. Let's accept the majority decision and put that money to work. We need it"*



*Shirley Ann Hissom, dentist's assistant, has lived in Perryopolis only six months. "Among my friends there isn't much talk about the money"*

*Jack and Ann Morgan run town's busiest tavern, hear all arguments. "Maybe we should throw the money in the river," says Jack*

LISA LARSEN

young Daniel Fuller, the first of the family to settle in Perryopolis, the Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph* enthused: "The fortune that a fifteen-year-old Irish lad sailed across the Atlantic to seek in pre-Revolutionary America today put a 20-million-dollar smile on the face of every citizen in the tiny town of Perryopolis."

The next day, however, the smile was smaller. On August 18 the Pittsburgh *Press* gave its estimate of the estate as $10,000,000. Then the trustees made their accounting and the estate turned out to be worth a more conservative but still dazzling $2,025,000. Individual gifts, trustees' fees and other deductions finally brought the town's share to $1,500,000.

This was still a tremendous fortune for Perryopolis. Back in 1794, when General George Washington owned the land where it now sits, the town had been destined for a major role in history. Washington had planned to make it the capital of the United States, and had even drawn up specifications for the layout of the streets. But Washington's estate sold the land after his death, and history passed the town by. Once more, in the 1920s, Perryopolis was roused momentarily when Pittsburgh coal companies leased the rich deposits under its surface, most of them under farm lands owned by Mrs. Mary Fuller Frazier. Workers' cottages sprang up on the edge of town. Miners flocked in from other parts of the state. But the accessible deposits were exhausted *(Continued on page 92)*

*Mary Fuller Frazier's hilltop mausoleum overlooks Perryopolis. Her will stipulated that the tomb be watched for two years, and it was, by guards who lived beside it in a trailer*

# *When Cold Winds Blow . . .*

# Good Hot Soup *Makes Hearts Glow*

BY Anne Marshall

ANNE MARSHALL
*Director Home Economics*
*Campbell Soup Company*

LET THE CHILDREN come in from school or play, cold, wet and hungry, calling "Lunch ready?" Let your husband button up his overcoat and head for home. You're ready—come snow or rain . . . with big piping-hot bowls of soup to welcome them. Soup's so good . . . so easily digested . . . so soundly nourishing. It warms and cheers and invigorates—and where will you find a wintertime dish more ideal than that?

What an appetizing array of fine, rich, full-bodied soups you have to choose from these days—to set before your family—to stock up your kitchen soup shelf. You've a host of beef stock soups, of chicken stock soups, of vegetable stock soups, and a tempting clam chowder or bean with bacon—to name some others.

Here are three heart-warming menus to try. Each features soup. Remember: so far as the soups are concerned, you can enjoy a different one nearly every day for a month, and so vary your meals delightfully.

**GREEN PEA SOUP wafts a steaming welcome**

And a right nourishing soup it is! Choice green peas are made into a satin-smooth purée, with creamery butter, and lightly seasoned. Serve it in this menu and listen for the compliments:

**Green Pea Soup**
**Hearty Potato Salad** **Cheese Strips**
**Lemon Meringue Pie**

*A clever cook keeps a full soup shelf!*

**VEGETABLE SOUP—"almost a meal in itself"**

Luscious garden vegetables—14 different ones—are mingled in a good beef stock. With this soup you're ready for 'em, however hungry! For instance:

**Vegetable Soup** **Crackers**
**Rice Pudding**

**CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP—hot and hearty**

As American as "Yankee Doodle" is this old-time soup, made in the true Colonial tradition: a rich flavorful broth crowded with tender pieces of chicken and golden egg noodles. Here's a tempting menu:

**Chicken Noodle Soup**
**Festive Franks on Toasted Buns**
**Chocolate Brownies**

# That Ivory Look

## Young America has it...You can have it in 7 days!

### Baby beauties have it...so can you!

Let a baby be your guide to a lovelier complexion. For, you see, pure, mild Ivory helps keep little Londa's delicate skin soft and glowing. And that same purity and mildness can do so much for your complexion, too. In fact, more doctors and skin specialists advise Ivory for baby's skin, and yours, than all other brands of soap put together.

### Famous beauties have it...so can you!

Take your beauty recipe from a girl whose face is her fortune—lovely magazine cover girl, Maggi McNamara. She'll tell you: "If you want a clear, smooth skin, there's no substitute for purity and mildness in your complexion soap." No wonder successful models depend on pure, mild Ivory!

*99 44/100% Pure...it floats*

***More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap***

### You can have That Ivory Look... a week from today!

If you'd like a lovelier complexion by this time next week, be sure to do this: Change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory Soap. Seven days from now, you'll see . . . *and so will your friends!* Your complexion will be softer, smoother, younger-looking. You'll have That Ivory Look!

# Raise your boy to be a soldier

*You may be the key to his success in the service, and to a happy and useful career later. Here are the most important Dos and Don'ts for every mother who dreads the draft*

**BY ANDRÉ FONTAINE**

WHETHER you like it or not, the chances are overwhelming that your boy is going to be a soldier, sailor or airman. Universal Military Training is an accomplished fact. You can hate it until the cows come home, but you can't escape it. Once you accept it, however, you'll find there are many things you can do to make your son's inevitable hitch in the service easier and more productive.

Basically there are two things, one psychological and one vocational, that you can do. First, by your handling of your boy from childhood up you can make the psychological adjustment from civilian to military life much easier. It is a job worth doing anyway, of course, since many of the adjustments he will have to make to military training are similar to adjustments he will be making all through life. Second, by learning how to take advantage of educational opportunities the services offer, you can get your boy invaluable training—free—for the job he'll come back to. Since your son is going to have to serve anyway, you'll be helping him if you emphasize the positive, constructive things he can get out of his military training instead of allowing him to feel that the service is the end of everything for him.

First off, keep your son in school. Training and personnel officers in all three services with whom I have talked emphasize that the more education a youth has the better the job he'll get in the armed forces. But it may not be easy to convince your boy of this. For the past year high-school teachers have reported that thousands of teen-agers have quit studying. "What's the use?" they ask. "I'll be in the Army soon." They see the service as a dark and limitless jungle from which no one returns. It's your job to combat this vast despair.

The armed services are helping with "stay in school" campaigns. Last year, for instance, students in St. Paul, Minnesota, high schools started a panicky rush from classroom to *(Continued on page 84)*

TOM YEE

## McCALL'S MIKE

*Continued from page 34*

impressed by the "ingenuity and resourcefulness" of the entries. A third judge, Mrs. Dorothy Deemer Houghton, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, complimented McCALL'S for "basing the awards on service rather than on presentation, voice and such similar talents."

The fine quality of the programs submitted for the first annual McCall's Mike was no surprise to the editors of McCALL'S, the judges or The American Women in Radio and Television, Inc., which cooperated in this competition. Selection of the winners was extremely difficult. We hope that the many good contestants who submitted scripts this year will enter the contest again next year.

Here are the 1951 winners:

**Outstanding woman in radio and TV for 1951:** Elizabeth E. Marshall, for her work in making radio an important medium of education in the Chicago area. and for organizing radio facilities throughout Illinois in behalf of parent-teacher groups. Mrs. Marshall. who is assistant director of radio and television for the Chicago Board of Education, and state radio chairman of the Illinois Congress of Parents and Teachers. runs a story-telling program called "Lady Make-Believe." designed to give children in classrooms training in good citizenship, human relations, vocabulary enrichment and creative expression. The programs, heard over Stations WBEZ and WIND, are used by the schools as the basis for classroom projects in art, vocabulary building, social studies.

As P.T.A. chairman. Mrs. Marshall, with her project, "Radio Serves the State of Illinois," provides P.T.A. groups with material for meetings and broadcasts. She brought commercial radio techniques to her public-service projects, and pooled the strength of educators, P.T.A. members, industry and service organizations to make radio and television a vital means of communication between all persons interested in education in her state.

**Executive, service to community in general:** Kit Fox, for her dramatic documentary series, "The 13th Man," over Station WLW, Cincinnati, Ohio. Miss Fox is director of special broadcast services for the Crosley Broadcasting Corporation. The objective of the program—successfully achieved—was, first. to analyze the role in society of people over sixty-five and point to ways in which they can serve society usefully. The second purpose was to indicate how people approaching sixty-five can adjust themselves to the problem of growing old. The programs were so successful that Miss Fox received innumerable requests for permission to rebroadcast them in other communities. The judges were especially impressed by the nine months of intensive research that went into them, and the efforts of Station WLW to insure the largest possible audience.

**Executive, service of primary importance to women:** Sister Mary St. Clara, B.V.M., for her program, "The Clarke College Radio Kitchen." broadcast over Stations WKBB and WDBQ-FM, Dubuque, Iowa. As chairman of the department of home economics at Clarke College, and director of "The Clarke College Radio Kitchen," Sister Mary St. Clara taught the women of Dubuque that homemaking is a career with great dignity, requiring one's best spiritual. mental and physical efforts. Using the college's Kitchen of Tomorrow as her studio, she has helped Iowa housewives plan good, nutritious, low-budget meals. and has promoted among these housewives a new sociability and neighborliness.

**Executive, service of primary importance to children:** Edythe J. Meserand, for her WOR (New York City) Annual Children's Christmas Fund. As assistant director of news and special features for Stations WOR and WOR-TV, she organized the stations' programs behind a fund-raising campaign to provide clothes and occupational toys for children hospitalized in New York, New Jersey and Westchester County. She personally made a survey of each of seventy-four hospitals to determine what each child needed. Gifts were individually wrapped, and no two children in a ward received the same things. Special attention was given in psychiatric wards to provide toys individually needed. More than 11.000 WOR listeners contributed to the fund, and 10,000 children received presents. Miss Meserand was one of the organizers and is first national president of The American Women in Radio and Television, Inc.

**Broadcaster, service to community in general:** Bee Baxter, for her solid contributions to the establishment of the first mental-health clinic in South Dakota. Through her program, "Toward Mental Health," over Station KSOO, Sioux Falls. South Dakota, Miss Baxter hammered home to her listeners the appalling lack of mental-health facilities in her state. At the time, there was not even one psychiatrist with a private practice in South Dakota. In addition to promoting the mental-health center over the air, she served as publicity chairman for the group working for the center, enlisted the aid of newspapers and other radio stations. and lobbied for funds at the state capital. This month, largely through her efforts, the Minnehaha Health Center becomes a reality.

**Broadcaster, service of primary importance to women:** Helen Faith Keane, for her television program, "For Your Information," broadcast over Station WABD, New York, and the Du Mont network. Miss Keane invited her viewers to write her about their personal problems, which she then submitted for analysis and solution to experts in the fields of health, children, social problems, family relations, home care, home furnishing, fashion and beauty. Miss Keane extracted from individual problems the broad principles that made them apply in some part to every woman. Thus viewers became full-fledged participants in the program and "For Your Information" paralleled on a public level the personal-conference technique.

**Broadcaster, service of primary importance to children:** Dorothy Gordon, for her work as moderator of "The New York Times Youth Forum," broadcast over Station WQXR and WQXR-FM. In this program schoolchildren are brought face to face weekly with important figures in international affairs, national politics, labor, the arts, the military and other fields. Here they have an opportunity to learn about world issues, as well as problems which may affect them more immediately. By invitation Miss Gordon conducted some of the forums in cities outside of New York during 1951, at youth conventions and at such meetings as the White House Conference in Washington, D. C. She also widened the horizon of the program last year to include opportunities for American youngsters to talk things over, by transatlantic hookup, with the youth of Germany, England and Scandinavia. THE END

## VERY COZY EATING

*Continued from page 45*

### BUCKINGHAM BEEF PIE

1 beef heort
2 onions
3 toblespoons shortening
1 cup woter
1 No. 2½ con tomotoes
1½ teospoons solt
1 teospoon mono-sodium glutomote
⅛ teospoon pepper
3 stolks celery
1 lorge green pepper
2 toblespoons flour
¼ cup water
Salt ond pepper
2 cups moshed pototoes

After peeling off any outer layers of fat around heart, split it down the middle and remove all tubes and tough membranes. Soak in salt water for half an hour or longer, then drain and cut into 1" cubes.

Slice onions and cook several minutes in melted fat.

Now lift out onion slices and brown heart cubes on all sides. When brown, add water, tomatoes, salt, monosodium glutamate, pepper and onions. Cover tightly and cook over a medium heat for 1 hour. Give it an occasional stir.

While this cooks, cut celery and green pepper into thin strips, mix flour and water into a smootb paste and cook up the mashed potatoes. Add sliced vegetables and flour mixture to heart mixture and cook over low heat 15 to 20 minutes longer. Now taste to see if seasonings are O.K.

Pour meat-vegetable mixture into a 2-quart casserole, pile little mashed-potato mounds over top and bake in a 425F or hot oven for 20 minutes or until potato topping is golden.

Wonderful for 6.

### VEAL-AND-HAM PIE

1 lb veol
1 lb cooked ham
Pastry for 2-crust pie
½ lb fresh mushrooms or 1 6-oz con mushrooms
Salt ond pepper
Dosh of nutmeg
2 toblespoons butter or morgorine
1 chicken bouillon cube
1 cup boiling woter
1 egg

When you buy your veal ask your butcher to slice off a nice lean piece of stew meat. As for the ham you can, of course, use leftover cooked ham. Otherwise, buy a pound slice of precooked ham.

With the meat in the house. make up enough pastry for a two-crust pie. Use your own favorite recipe, a mix or turn to the good frozen pastries right in your market. Once your pastry is rolled out ¼" thick, fit the lower crust into a 9-inch pie plate and chill well in your refrigerator.*

Next, slice the veal very thin, then pound as flat as you possibly can. At the same time slice the ham and tbe mushrooms iu thin slices. Place half the sliced veal into the chilled unbaked pie crust and season with salt, pepper and nutmeg (nice flavor addition, this!). Cover tbe veal slices with a layer of mushrooms, dot with pieces of butter or margarine, add another layer of veal and mushrooms, and top the whole business off with the thin, thin slices of ham.

Right here is the moment to start your oven at 300F or slow.

Now, madam, dissolve the bouillon cube in 1 cup of *boiling* water. Stir up the egg with a fork, then add the hot bouillon. *a very little at a time,* stirring constantly. Pour this mixture over the ham, top with the second crust and prick crust with a fork to allow steam to escape. Bake 2 hours. Then serve piping hot immediately to 6 people you know appreciate real meat pie!

** If you want your pie to look extra special, cut half your pastry into long strips and make braids with which to adorn the top of your pie. See our pretty picture.*

### CANADIAN PORK PIE

1½ lb boneless butt end of pork loin
1 medium onion
3 or 4 celery tops
2 sprigs parsley
1 teaspoon solt
⅛ teospoon pepper
1 9-oz pkg postry mix or your own 2-cup recipe

Ask your butcher to cut pork into little chunks. Then cook pork, quartered onion, celery tops, parsley, salt and pepper in enough water to almost cover until meat is very tender when tested with a fork. Now remove from heat, lift out parsley, celery, and onion. Cool. You should have about a cupful of stock with meat at this point.

While pork cools, line a 9" piepan with pastry, then fill unbaked pastry shell with meat and stock, cover with top crust, press edges of pastry tightly to seal and bake in a 425F or hot oven for 15 minutes, reduce oven heat to 350F or moderate and bake about 30 minutes longer or until crust is a tempting gold.

Cut in wedges and serve hot or cold to 4. If you are a traditionalist and full of energy, bake individual pork pies in muffin pans. These little pies make a tremendous hit with lunch-box carriers or, come summer, they're wonderful on picnics.

### BEEF-AND-KIDNEY PIE

1 smoll beef kidney
1 lb leon beef chuck
3 medium onions
3 medium pototoes
6 sprigs parsley
2 teospoons solt
¼ teospoon pepper
1 cup postry or ½ 9-oz pkg pastry mix
1 tablespoon flour

Soak kidney in salt water about 30 minutes, then cut kidney and beef into cubes. Start your oven at 350F or moderate.

Bake meats with chopped onions, cubed potatoes, chopped parsley, salt, pepper and enough cold water to cover for about 2 to 2½ hours or until meats are tender when tested with a fork.

Make up pastry and roll ¼" thick. Slash in several places so steam can escape.

When meats are tender, add more water if mixture looks dry and sprinkle top with flour. Cover with pastry and bake in a 450F or hot oven for about 15 minutes or until crust is golden. Enough for 6. Served with crisp green salad and a favorite dessert, we're hard pressed to think of a better dinner.

### SCOTCH LAMB PIE

1½ lb lomb stew meot
1 smoll onion
1 clove garlic
4 toblespoons shortening
2 stolks celery
4 medium corrots
1 cup peos
Salt ond pepper
1 cup postry or ½ 9-oz pkg postry mix
½ cup uncooked rice
1½ teospoons curry powder
4 toblespoons flour

Cut lamb in sizable chunks and dust with flour, salt and pepper mixture. Cook sliced onion and chopped garlic in heated fat for a minute or two, then add lamb and brown on all sides. Pour in a cup of water, cover tightly and cook over a low heat about 1 hour or until lamb is tender when tested with a fork. During the last 25 minutes of cooking, toss in sliced celery and carrots. During last 10 minutes add the peas, taste and add more salt and pepper if necessary.

While the stew simmers away, start your oven at 425F or hot. Make up the pastry and line a 9" shallow baking dish. Bake 15 minutes or until crust is a lovely brown. Cook rice according to directions on the package and drain. Season with curry powder and keep hot over boiling water until pie is assembled.

Now back to the stew. Mix flour with ½ cup of cold water until smooth, stir into the lamb-vegetable mixture and cook about 5 minutes longer or until gravy is smooth and slightly thick. Pour into hot pastry shell. pile hot rice around the edge and rush to the table set for 6.

# The Marchioness of Milford Haven

**LADY MILFORD HAVEN'S beautiful face gives the world a quick insight to the striking distinction of her Inner Self... her subtle glamour, her perfect taste, her quiet poise and fine intelligence. You *see* her and you sense at once the special charm that gives her so much magnetism.**

***Lady Milford Haven***—American wife of the great-great-grandson of Queen Victoria. A noted beauty, she says, "Every time I use Pond's Cold Cream I know my skin will look lovelier."

# That special beauty—your own inner self

## —can charm the world and make it yours

A poisonous feeling, "doubt of self," has a sad way of smothering the loveliness of countless women.

Yet you—every woman—can show the world a *special, new self!* A power within you can help you. This springs from the working-together of your Outer Self and Inner Self—the way you *look*, the way you *feel*.

This power sets your face sparkling with happy confidence when you know you are charming to look at. But—show the world a less attractive you—right away you begin to feel drab, dissatisfied. That's why you really *need* the daily beauty helps that keep you *looking* extra charming, *feeling* quite at ease.

### "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

You'll find a quick way to encourage your face to speak beautifully about you is this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. It leaves your skin immaculate—and feeling silky-soft. And, being *cream* cleansing, it's *never* drying. Give your face this Pond's care *always* at bedtime (for day face-cleansings, too). *This is the way:*

***Hot Stimulation***—give face a good splashing with hot water.

***Cream Cleanse***—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

***Cream Rinse***—do another soft Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt. Tissue off—*lightly*.

***Cold Stimulation***—give face a tonic cold water splash.

This Pond's face treatment works on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—a brisk circling of Pond's Cold Cream softens, sweeps away skin-dulling dirt. *From the Inside*—every step of this Pond's treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation.

*The Marchioness of Milford Haven says:* "This Pond's treatment gives lovely results."

It is not vanity to encourage the beauty of your face. Look lovely, and you gain a new, attractive confidence that speeds happily out from your face to others—brings them closer to the real Inner You.

*You hear it everywhere—*
"She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!"

# Time for Ideas—*a timely service from the meat industry*

## PORK CROP'S IN

More pork than we've had in years is on its way to market.

More good buys in pork than you've seen in months are waiting for you now.

And pork, as always, gives you and your family a whole lot more than a lot of mighty good eating.

- —pork leads all foods as a source of thiamine (vitamin $B_1$).
- —pork is an abundant source of the vitamins riboflavin ($B_2$), niacin and the important newly discovered vitamin $B_{12}$.
- —pork is rich in *complete*, high-quality protein, the body's number-one building and repair material.
- —pork is 96 to 98% digestible—*one of the highest ratings given any food.*

You knew pork was *good* . . . but did you know it was *that good?*

# Nourishing Meat—a yardstick of Protein foods

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

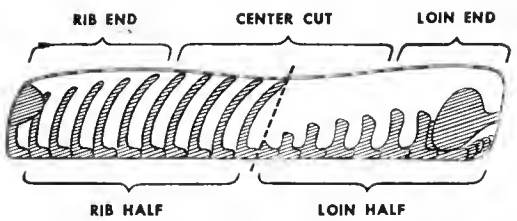
*This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.*

Mrs. Donald F. Burns
East 14th Street
New York, New York

*"The more I learn about meat the easier it is to give my family the kind of meals they like," says Mrs. Burns. Here are the kinds of "idea starters" she looks for to help with her planning, buying and cooking.*

# Ideas with Pork Roasts-

When you're deciding which cut to select for a pork loin roast, it's good to remember that every loin has *two* end cuts but only *one* center cut. That's one reason an end cut is usually the thriftier buy. But when you're serving several people or planning for left-




over meals, a *half* loin gives greater value because it gives you more of the center-chop portion. This X-ray view of a whole pork loin clears up any mystery of how much bone there is in each cut—and may help the carver by showing where they are.

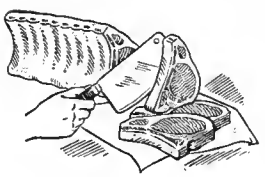
## Good Picks in Pork Roasts

**a Rib-End Pork Roast**
Usually 2½ to 4 lbs. Has somewhat more fat than the loin end but is more easily carved and has an excellent flavor. Whichever one you select, have meat-man saw through the ribs at the backbone so slices can be easily removed at the table.

**b Loin-End Pork Roast**
Usually 3 to 4 lbs. Has a large section of the tenderloin. The thicker end has a section of the hip bone so that only about half the roast (the chop section) can be sliced at the table.

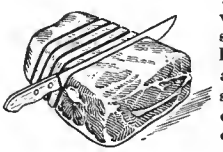
**c Boston Butt Pork Roast**
This is a chunky, meaty cut from the shoulder. It has only one thin, flat bone, which can easily be removed to make a pocket for stuffing and for easier carving. Whole butts weigh 4 to 7 lbs. You can also buy them by the half.

### Idea with a Half Pork Loin



When you buy a larger cut, ask your meat-man to cut off a few chops. Then, instead of cooking the entire piece all at one time, you will have meat for an extra fresh-cooked meal.

### Idea with a Boston Butt

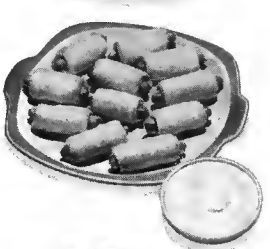


This cut can easily be divided into two halves as shown. One half is boneless and can be easily sliced at home to make pork steaks for braising and cubes of boneless pork for chop suey or casserole dishes.

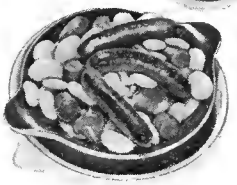
## Ideas with Pork Sausage

**Morning—Old-fashioned Farm Breakfast**
Sizzling pork sausage links flanking slices of crusty fried mush, served with plenty of applesauce or maple syrup.

**Noon—Pigs in Blankets**
Roll out biscuit dough and cut into 3-inch squares. Roll a cooked pork sausage link in each piece. Pinch edges together and bake at 425° F. for 12 minutes. Serve with mustard or horse-radish sauce.



**Night—Ozark Dinner, Links and Limas**
An easy busy-day dish. Cook dried lima beans in salted water until tender. Season with onion, tomato and pieces of browned sausage links. Top with cooked sausage links and bake in greased individual casseroles for 30 minutes at 350° F.



## Meal Planning Ideas with Pork

It's easy to plan exciting meals with pork because there are so many things that go with it. Here are a few go-with foods to really perk up your pork platter: tart fruits, served hot or cold—applesauce, baked apples, cinnamon apples, cranberries, currant jelly, broiled or spiced peaches, apricots, minted pears, glazed pineapple rings. For the vegetable partner, choose white or sweet potatoes, squash, sauerkraut, cabbage, tomatoes.

***More than 100 ideas with meat*** *yours for only* **15¢**

48 pages, over 85 illustrations, 50 kitchen-tested meat recipes that are sure to become family favorites. Lots of ideas on buying, cooking and serving meat that will help you serve the kind of attractive and appetizing meals your family likes to eat. Just send 15¢ in coin to American Meat Institute, Dept. M12, Box 1133, Chicago 77, Illinois.

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# HOW TO MAKE McCALL'S

# Perfect Spice Cake

by Vilya Y. Steck and Marjorie Griffiths

***In 1949 McCall's published a perfect Chocolate Cake. In 1950, a perfect White Cake. Now with considerable pride we present to you the third of the trio, a perfect Spice Cake:***

**2¼ cups sifted cake flour**
**1 teaspoon baking powder**
**¾ teaspoon baking soda**
**1 teaspoon salt**
**¾ teaspoon cloves**
**¾ teaspoon cinnamon**
**Pinch of black pepper***
**¾ cup shortening, butter or margarine**
**¾ cup firmly packed brown sugar**
**1 cup granulated sugar**
**1 teaspoon vanilla extract**
**3 eggs**
**1 cup buttermilk or sour milk**

Before you take a step, read this recipe through. Then get out all necessary equipment and ingredients. Now measure all ingredients accurately using *standard measuring utensils.* We can't overemphasize how important accurate measuring is.

Start your oven at 350F or moderate.

Next, heavily grease bottoms and sides of three 8" cake pans with shortening *(do not use any salted fat).* Then coat pans with flour by sifting a little into each pan and shaking vigorously so there is a film of flour over bottoms and sides. Dump out any surplus. This device helps baked cakes to drop from pans easily.

Sift flour. Then spoon lightly into a *standard measuring cup* and cut off excess to make a level cupful. *Do not shake flour down into cup.* Sift flour again, this time with the baking powder, baking soda, salt, cloves, cinnamon and pepper. Right here, if your brown sugar is lumpy, sift or roll it. Now, with your nice clean hands, work or cream the shortening, butter or margarine with a beating motion until it looks like whipped cream. At this point, begin to work in the brown sugar *a little at a time,* next the granulated sugar. Then add vanilla extract. Continue creaming until mixture is very fluffy and the grains of sugar almost disappear. This is a bit of a chore, but it's the trick that makes a wonderful texture.

When sugar is all in, add the eggs, *unbeaten, one at a time,* beating hard after each addition. From here on, work fast. Don't fool around!

Now you begin to add the flour mixture. Sift about ⅓ into the batter and stir it in. *Do not beat.* Then add about ½ of the buttermilk or sour milk and stir it in. Repeat these operations, ending with flour.

Pour batter into greased pans, dividing it evenly. Bake 30 to 35 minutes or until cake edges leave sides of pans. Remove from oven, allow to cool about 5 minutes before turning out on a cake rack to cool thoroughly.

To frost, see page 64 for our perfect Sea Foam Frosting.

***This is an old-fashioned trick that does something very special for Spice Cake.**

**1** ***Grease bottoms and sides of pans.*** *Then sift a little flour into each and shake hard so pans are well floured. Dump out surplus. This helps cakes drop from pans easily*

**2** ***Measure flour carefully.*** *Sift first, then spoon* ***lightly*** *into standard measuring cup. Cut off excess to make level cup. Sift with remaining dry ingredients, then sift again*

**3** ***Cream thoroughly.*** *Work or cream shortening, butter or margarine until soft and light. Then work in brown sugar* ***gradually,*** *next granulated, until mixture is very fluffy*

**4** ***Add eggs, unbeaten, one at a time*** *to sugar mixture, beating very, very hard after each egg has been added. Beating is important here to put air into your Spice Cake*

**5** ***Add flour and milk alternately*** *(important for a creamy batter). Start with ⅓ flour.* ***Stir only until mixed.*** *Then stir in ½ buttermilk or sour milk. Repeat, ending with flour*

**6** ***Divide batter in pans.*** *Then bang pans once sharply on table top to distribute air equally through cakes and to prevent air tunnels. Don't be afraid of this trick, it really works*



HI WILLIAMS

*Many for chili is the way Jerre entertains, and no matter how much she cooks up, there's never a bean left over. Too bad, too, since Jerre loves cold chili*

# BORN *to be a best* COOK

**by Helen Bishop**

IF YOU ask charming 17-year-old Jerre Sass of Georgetown, D.C., when she first became interested in cooking, she'll answer, "Ever since my kid sister Gail and I graduated from making mud pies!" Then one eyebrow lifts characteristically and she laughs. "Gail's always been a fiend for making fancy pastry, and since I didn't want to barge in on her territory, I began on solid, substantial food. Once I started I simply loved it. There's really nothing like knowing how to cook to make a girl feel competent."

Jerre ought to know, because she's a real competent girl. Last year when she was a senior at St. Agnes Episcopal School for Girls in Alexandria, she scheduled a full scholastic program plus multiple extracurricular activities, such as singing in the choir, Senior librarian of the school library and house chairman of the Boarding Department, to which she was elected by the girls themselves. More than that, she

*Onion and garlic are chopped together, then cooked to a proper turn in the Sasses' heavy iron skillet*

*Great one for waxed paper is Jerre. One sheet holds all her mixed seasonings. Result: no dirty dishes*

HI WILLIAMS STUDIO

*There are more recipes for chili around these days than you can shake a stick at, but when we tasted Jerre Sass's uncomplicated, beautifully seasoned chili, we straight off gave her A for Appetite Appeal*

found time to work several hours a week in Alexandria Hospital as a volunteer nurses' aide and took additional work in the hopital's nurses' school. This year she's carrying on in the same fashion at the University of Oklahoma. All this along with sketching beautifully, writing fine short stories and poems, taking voice and piano lessons, stitching up many of her own pretty clothes and knitting a tricky cable-stitch.

But when Jerre comes home on vacation to her mother's lovely house, filled with shining mahogany and polished silver, she forgets about work and "just has fun." She loves to go out dancing, "devours concerts," and rides her own horse—a fine red roan mare.

*It takes a sizable kettle to hold all the chili Jerre usually makes*

Perhaps nicest of all are the evenings after a football game when she and her friends, with their beaux (they're still beaux in the South, remember) meet at Jerre's home to dance, play bridge and sit down to bowl after bowl of her marvelous Chili Con Carne.

Even though Jerre still works hard at her music and dancing lessons, she admits she hasn't the slightest intention of entering the professional field. Very honestly and sweetly she says, "To tell the truth, Ma'am (she has the lovely Southern manner of using "Ma'am" and "Sir" to older people), I want to marry and have a family." And with her arm around her mother's shoulders she adds, "And bring my children up the way Mother brought up Gail and me."

**JERRE SASS'S CHILI CON CARNE**

**2 tablespaans bacan fat**
**¾ cup chapped anian**
**1 or 2 claves garlic**
**1 lb graund beef, raund ar chuck**
**1 tablespaan flaur**
**½ teospoon salt**
**⅛ teaspaan pepper**
**2 or 3 tablespaans chili**
**1 Na. 2 can kidney beans**
**1 Na. 2½ can tamataes**
**1 6½ ax can tamata purée**

Heat bacon fat in a large, deep skillet. Chop up onions and garlic fine (Jerre chops them together on a sheet of waxed paper. "This diffuses the flavor and nobody bites into a chunk of garlic.") Cook this mixture in the hot fat until it turns slightly yellow, then add the meat, sprinkle with a combination of flour, salt, pepper and chili powder and cook over a medium heat until all the meat is browned. (This is the place to change from skillet to large kettle if you're going in for quantity cookery as Jerre so frequently does.)

Now drain kidney beans and add them, tomatoes and tomato purée to the meat. Cover, turn the heat down low and let your chili simmer away gently for about an hour.

Makes a fine meal for 4 to 6 on chilly winter nights, served with salad and Roquefort dressing, crusty bread and lemon sherbet.

IANNELLI/SCOPE

*Most fun of all is after a football game when Jerre and her friends get together at the Sass home to dance a little. play a little bridge and eat bowl after bowl of lovely Chili Con Carne*




# Perfect Tuna Casserole!

**A REAL TASTE FAVORITE!**

It's smooth. It's crunchy. It's absolutely delicious. And isn't it nice to find a fast, easy-to-make dish you can be sure will be popular!

**1 can (1¼ cups) Campbell's Cream af Mushraam Saup**
**½ cup milk**
**1 7-ounce can (1 cup) tuna, drained and caarsely flaked**
**1¼ cups crushed patata chips**
**1 cup caaked green peas, drained.**

Empty soup into a small casserole; add milk and mix thoroughly. Add tuna, 1 cup potato chips and peas to soup; stir well. Sprinkle top with remaining ¼ cup potato chips. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 20 minutes. 4 servings.

## Make it with Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup ...the perfect mushroom cream sauce!

"Tuna Casserole" is only one of many dishes which Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup "lifts" into the *very special* class.

For mushrooms go magically with fish, fowl, meats and vegetables. And Campbell's luxurious Cream of Mushroom Soup, mixed with milk and heated, becomes a dreamy mushroom cream sauce, adding (for very little) an inviting mushroom taste to dishes.

Why fuss over making "white sauce"? Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup is vastly superior as a sauce because it's made of cultivated mushrooms, real whipping cream, and is always velvety-smooth!

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by Eleanor Haughton Noderer

# orange desserts

## YOU'LL SIMPLY ADORE

### ORANGE-UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

2 large aranges
Grated rind af ½ lemon
1 cup sugar
½ cup water
1 pkg white-cake mix

Cut thin slices of peel from one orange and sliver into fine pieces. Grate rind from second orange and from the lemon. Now cut oranges into membrane-free sections and arrange in a 13"x9"x2" baking pan. Sprinkle grated orange and lemon rind over orange sections.

Start your oven at 375F or moderate.

Cook orange slivers in ½ cup sugar and water until syrupy (about 8 minutes) over a medium heat and pour over orange sections. Sprinkle with remaining sugar.

While syrup cooks, mix up cake according to directions on package, pour over oranges and bake 25 to 30 minutes or until cake starts to pull away from sides of cake pan. While still warm, cut into squares and serve with whipped cream to 8.

### ORANGE-COCONUT PUDDING

Rind of 1 arange
½ cup arange juice (1 large orange)
2 tablespaans lemon juice
1½ cups hat water
3 eggs
1½ cups sugar
¼ teaspaon salt
3 tablespaans carnstorch
2 tablespoons butter ar morgarine
½ cup shredded caconut

Grate rind from orange, then strain orange juice, mix with orange rind, lemon juice and hot water in saucepan or top of double boiler. Next mix egg yolks, 1 cup sugar, salt and cornstarch until smooth and pour into liquid. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until thick as mayonnaise—about 20 minutes. Now add butter or margarine and, when cool, stir in coconut.

Beat the egg whites until foamy and add remaining sugar gradually, beating hard until mixture is satiny smooth and holds its shape.

Spoon pudding into custard cups or medium baking dish, top with smooth meringue and sprinkle with a little more coconut. Put under broiler unit for a minute or so to brown the topping delicately. Enough for 4.

### ORANGE SURPRISE

6 oranges
½ cup walnuts
½ cup macaroons
1 cup heavy creom
1 tablespaan confectianers' sugar
2 tablespoans orange juice
Grated orange rind

Slice tops off oranges, deep enough to scoop out easily the fruit remaining in bottom part of orange. Save top slices.

Now pull out all the fruit with your fingers, remove any seeds or white membrane and cut fruit into small chunks. Chop walnuts fine, crush macaroons with a rolling pin and whip cream until it stands in peaks. Mix gently or fold confectioners' sugar, pieces of orange, nuts, macaroons, orange juice (drained from orange pieces) and a little orange rind into the whipped cream.

Pile this creamy filling into orange shells, perch top slice of orange over filling and chill in your refrigerator for about an hour. If you have a few candied cherries hanging around, chop them fine and stir into this good dessert.

### ORANGE TAPIOCA

3 cups aronge juice (abaut 6 aronges) ar 1 6-az can frazen cancentrated juice
⅓ cup quick-cooking tapioca
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspaan salt
Grated rind af ½ lemon
1 egg, separated

Cook orange juice (if frozen juice is used dilute with 3 cans of water) in a saucepan or top of double boiler until it *almost* boils. Then take it off the range. Mix tapioca, sugar, salt and lemon rind together, stir into the hot orange juice gradually and cook over *boiling water*, stirring constantly, for about 10 to 12 minutes or until mixture is thick as mayonnaise. Now beat up the egg yolk slightly, stir in a little of the hot pudding, then stir into pudding. (This prevents egg from curdling.) Remove from heat and let stand for 20 minutes.

Now beat egg white until it stands in points, beat in 1 tablespoon sugar gradually and fold or mix gently into the pudding. Chill and serve with whipped cream to 6. Tastes wonderful!

GEORGE LAZARNICK

Serve this soon—they'll want it often!

## CRISCO'S BUTTERSCOTCH CHIFFON PIE

**(Makes one 9" pie)**

For sure success, just follow Crisco's sure-fire pastry method below. You'll have flaky, tender, *digestible* pie crust every time!

**CRISCO PASTRY**

**1½ cups sifted flour** — **½ cup Crisco**
**½ teaspoon salt** — **3 tablespoons water**

*All Measurements Level.* Mix flour with salt in bowl. Remove ¼ cup flour. Cut Crisco into remaining flour until pieces are the size of small peas. Mix water with the ¼ cup flour to form a paste, and add to Crisco-flour mixture. Mix and shape into a ball. On a floured pastry canvas lightly roll circle of dough 12" in diameter and ⅛" thick. Line pie plate; fold edge under, flute with fingers. Prick closely. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 12-15 minutes, or until lightly browned.

**BUTTERSCOTCH FILLING:** Soften *1 tbsp. gelatin* in *2 tbsps. cold water*. In top of double boiler mix together: *2 egg yolks* (save whites), *1⅓ cups milk*, *¼ tsp. salt*, *1 tbsp. molasses* and *¾ cup brown sugar*. Cook over hot water until mixture thickens slightly (about 15 mins.), stirring constantly. Remove. Add *softened gelatin*, *2 tbsps. butter* and *1 tsp. vanilla*. Chill until mixture *begins* to thicken.

Beat the *2 egg whites* till stiff, beat in *3 tbsps. sugar*, fold into butterscotch mixture. Pile into baked shell. Chill until set. For topping combine *2 tsps. melted butter with 2 tbsps. brown sugar and 2 tbsps. chopped nuts*. Decorate pie with puffs of whipped cream sprinkled with nut topping.

**BIGGER, BETTER CRISCO COOK BOOK** has 112 pages exciting new recipes, lots of full-color pictures. Send 25¢ in coin and a Crisco label, any size, for *New Recipes for Good Eating*. Mail to Crisco, Dept. M. Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Offer good in Continental U. S. and Hawaii.

***Crisco-The One and Only-discovered this sure way to Perfect Pie Crust***

# *It's flaky! It's tender! It's made with Crisco!*

**Oh my,** what a pie—what a come-back-for-more combination! The butterscotch filling is chiffon-light—the crust is the flaky, tender kind folks rave about! Naturally! That's the kind of crust you *always* get when you bake the Crisco way.

**And how easy** that is! For Crisco is now creamier than other vegetable shortenings—blends thoroughly with the least handling. And with pure, all-vegetable Crisco and the sure-fire Crisco pastry method given above, even a *beginner* can make tender, flaky pie crust every single time. Yes, and *digestible* pie crust, too.

**So enjoy** the thrill of making perfect pie crust that's all *your own*. Just be sure to use Crisco. For shortening is the most important ingredient in pie crust, and Crisco is the finest shortening money can buy. No wonder more women cook with Crisco than with any other brand of shortening!

*For Cakes and Pies and Tasty Fries—* **use Crisco**

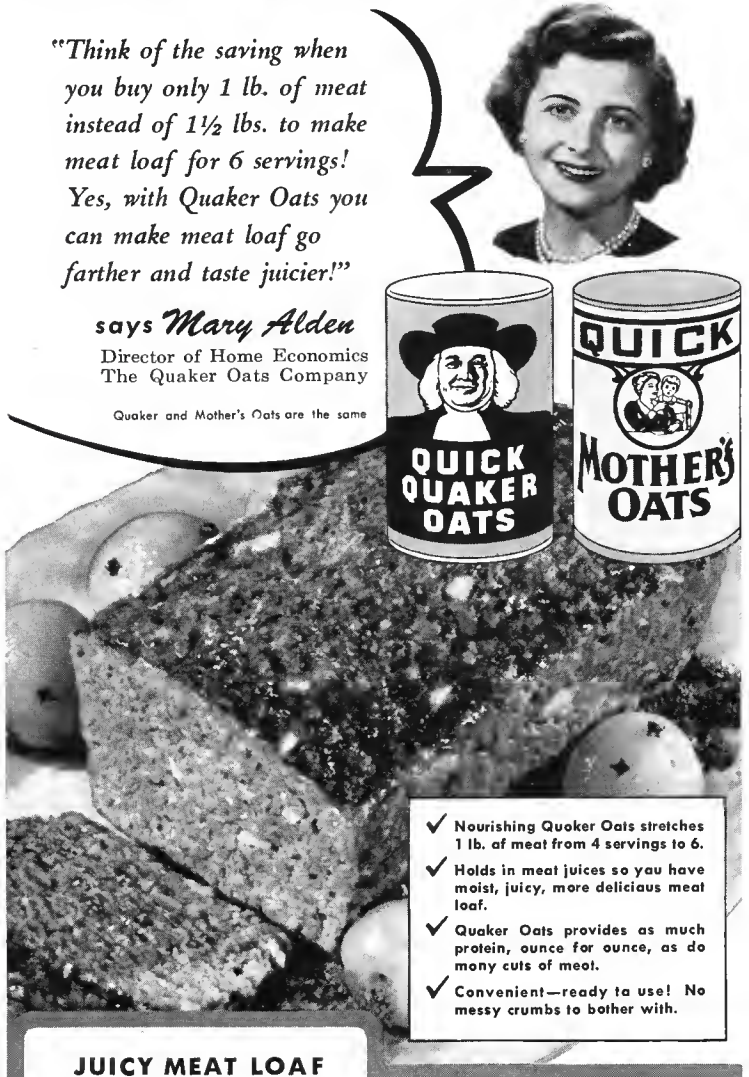
**IT'S DIGESTIBLE!**

# QUAKER OATS CUTS MEAT BILLS

*"Think of the saving when you buy only 1 lb. of meat instead of 1½ lbs. to make meat loaf for 6 servings! Yes, with Quaker Oats you can make meat loaf go farther and taste juicier!"*

says *Mary Alden*
Director of Home Economics
The Quaker Oats Company

Quaker and Mother's Oats are the same




- ✓ Nourishing Quaker Oats stretches 1 lb. of meat from 4 servings to 6.
- ✓ Holds in meat juices so you have moist, juicy, more delicious meat loaf.
- ✓ Quaker Oats provides as much protein, ounce for ounce, as do many cuts of meat.
- ✓ Convenient—ready to use! No messy crumbs to bother with.

## JUICY MEAT LOAF

(6 Servings)

1 lb. ground beef
½ cup *uncooked* Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or old fashioned)
1 beaten egg
¼ cup chopped onion
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
⅔ cup tomato juice

1. Combine all ingredients thoroughly; pack firmly into a loaf pan.
2. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 1 hour. Let stand 5 minutes before slicing and serving.

### *Other Meat-Stretching Recipes*

**HAMBURGERS:** Use above recipe, omitting beaten egg. Shape combined ingredients into 6 hamburgers; chill. Pan-fry in hot fat and serve.

**MEAT BALLS:** Use Meat Loaf recipe above, omitting beaten egg. Shape combined ingredients into 12 meat balls; roll in flour; then brown in hot fat. Add tomato sauce and let meat balls simmer in it 20 to 25 minutes.

**MOCK DRUMSTICKS:** Use Meat Loaf recipe above, omitting beaten egg. Shape combined ingredients into 6 drumsticks. Insert a wooden skewer into each drumstick; chill. Roll in bread crumbs. Brown on all sides in hot fat; cover and cook slowly 10 minutes longer.


## VERY JUNIOR MISS

*Continued from page 40*

kids wouldn't be dressed up. Sandra and the older ones would, but they seemed to like it. People should be allowed, she decided, to dress the way they felt. Now there wouldn't even be time for a swim before they had to eat.

Walter parked by the door to let them out before taking the car out into the lot. They waited for him inside the entrance. Laura looked at her and said. "You look very nice, dear. When you walk, please try to hold your head up and take shorter steps."

Tommy came in with his mother. He wore dungarees and a white shirt and carried his swimming trunks wrapped in a towel. Tommy's mother paused to chat with Laura. Tommy stared at Kilty. Then he rolled his eyes up as his knees sagged.

"Water, water!" he said hoarsely.

Kilty doubled her fist and banged him on the arm muscle. "You shut up!"

"Hey, watch it!" Tommy said indignantly. "That hurt!"

"Don't scuffle, children," Tommy's mother said casually. Kilty glanced at her mother and was alarmed by the look of steel in her eyes.

They went out through the club and found a table by the pool. The buffet was already set up and members were filling their plates.

"The sooner we eat, the sooner I can swim," Kilty said.

"Just be patient for a little while, dear," Laura said.

Walter looked beyond Laura. His mouth opened and his eyes bulged a little. "What," he said, "is *that?*"

Kilty and Laura turned and saw a group of a dozen girls wearing identical coral-colored bathing suits just starting through the buffet line.

"Gosh, maybe it's a water show!" Kilty said.

"No-o-o," Walter said judiciously, "females who swim professionally and look like that are the exception rather than the rule."

"Now I remember!" Laura said. "In the bulletin. They're having a style show today."

"Had I known that," Walter said, "you couldn't have dragged me here in chains. But after seeing the merchandise, I find that I am not even reluctant."

"A style show! Who wants to see a style show?" Kilty said.

"A great many people want to. Your father, for one," Laura said. She glanced toward the doorway. "There's Marie now, with Sandra. Doesn't Sandra look sweet? Of course, the poor child's eyes *are* terribly close together."

"Sleeping with her hands in bags of glop," Kilty muttered.

Walter, with bemused expression, watched the twelve girls carry their plates to the big table that had been set up for them. He noticed that they were escorted by a young man who wore exceedingly bright clothes and by a chunky woman with short jet hair. The girls were uniformly slim, trim and lovely.

"Hmmm," Walter said warmly.

"I think we should eat now," Laura said.

THE meal was rather silent. A few people wandered over to the table to chat. A piano was lugged out onto the patio and an electrician set up a microphone near it.

Kilty said, "Please, can I go put my suit on now?"

"But you can't swim for an hour, dear."

"I'll work on my tan, Mother."

## How to make hearty

*Here's a one-dish meal for cold winter evenings. One that thin pocketbooks take to comfortably*

**by Birthe Lindor**

MARTIN BRUEHL

1

***Cook salt pork in skillet** about 5 minutes. Add chopped vegetables and cook 10 minutes longer. Stir frequently. Now transfer to a large kettle*

2

***Add water and drained lentils** to kettle, season with bay leaf, cloves, peppercorns, salt. Drop in the ham butt, **cook slowly for 2 hours***

"But see where they've put that little platform? Right by the edge of the pool. You'll be able to see the style show perfectly from here."

"But, Mother, if I'm by the pool I'll be even closer, won't I?"

Laura stared at her daughter. She lifted her shoulders, sighed as she dropped them. "Well, go ahead. If you must."

Kilty trotted off before anybody's mind changed. She whistled as she went down the locker-room aisle, swinging her beach bag. As she wormed her way into her suit, she saw the models and the chunky dark woman come in.

"Anderson, snap it up," the woman said, checking a list. "You'll be first in the Kimball number. Walker, you're not wearing the white. *He* says you don't do right by it."

Kilty was mildly curious, but not particularly intrigued by the girls. They were years older than she and several worlds apart. With towel and bathing cap in hand, she padded down the cement floor and pushed through the locker-room door at the far end, near the pool.

The man who had been at the table with all the models was standing there. He wore funny-colored pants. She guessed they were chartreuse.

When she was five steps beyond him, he said, "Girl! Yes, I mean you. Come here!"

Kilty turned and walked back, scowling. She hadn't liked his tone of voice. "What do you want?"

He stared at her coldly and thoroughly. He had a thin, tanned face and small, bright blue eyes. He was older than she had thought.

"Turn around, girl. Slow."

"I will *not* turn around."

"You a member here, girl? What's your name?"

"My father is a member, and my name is Kilty Morrow."

"You've got good shoulders and good legs, Kilty." He pointed at the door of the women's locker room. "You see a dark, heavy woman in there with my girls?"

"Yes. Do you want me to get her for you?"

"No. Go in and tell her Carl says you can wear the white."

"I can wear what?"

"My white outfit. You can wear it in the show."

Kilty stared at him. "What do you mean?"

"All right. Slow and easy does it. They tell me, 'Carl, when you go out there, pick one of the members and hang a dress on her and put her in your show. It goes over big. The members like it. And maybe the girl buys the dress, even.' So I look around. You walk like a plumber's helper carrying the tool bag, but Lizzy can show you how to walk right. Now are you happy?"

"No. I'm not. And I'm not wearing your silly dress."

"Don't you *want* to be in a style show? Are you saying no because you're scared?"

"I just think the whole thing is silly. But I know a girl who'll do it for you. See over there? The blond girl. She'll wear it. Her name is Sandra Birch."

Carl located Sandra. He shook his head sadly. "Not that one. That one is still carrying baby fat. Lizzy couldn't wedge her into it. And if she could, that girl looks like she'd simper. Ever see what a simper does to a smart frock?"

"I'm afraid I can't help you." Kilty said, and started toward the pool.

"Come back here!"

"Look, I'm not going to wear your dress."

He shrugged. "So I know that. And I know why. Stage fright."

*(Continued on page 64)*

# lentil soup

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 lb dried lentils | 1 clove garlic | 4 peppercorns |
| 2 carrots | ¼ lb salt pork | 1½ teaspoon salt |
| 2 stalks celery | 2½ qt water | 2 lb ham butt |
| 1 big potato | 1 bay leaf | Few sprigs chopped parsley |
| 1 big onion | 2 whole cloves | |

Soak lentils overnight in water. Cut vegetables and salt pork in pieces.

**3**

***Lift out ham butt*** *and press soup through strainer into another large kettle. Press as hard as you can to get all the pulp out of the vegetables*

**4**

***Strip meat off the ham bones*** *and cut in small chunks. Add meat to soup and reheat. Sprinkle with parsley, and ladle out to 6 husky eaters*


Hearty and easy—2 bright new desserts with

## Canned Cling Peaches from California

Easy Recipe

### Peach Pan Pie

**1½ cups biscuit mix**
**6 tablespoons sugar**
**¼ teaspoon cinnamon**
**⅓ cup milk**
**1 No. 2½ can cling peach slices**
**1 tablespoon butter or margarine**

Combine biscuit mix, 2 tablespoons sugar and spice. Blend in milk. Divide dough into 4 parts; roll each into square ⅛ inch thick. Fit loosely into individual baking dishes or pie pan. Fill with drained peaches and sprinkle with remaining sugar. Dot with butter. Fold corners of dough over peaches as shown. Bake in very hot oven (450 degrees F.) 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350 degrees F.); bake 20 to 25 minutes more. Serve warm with cream. Serves 4.

### Peach Crisp

**1 No. 2½ can cling peach slices**
**¾ cup brown sugar (packed)**
**½ cup all-purpose flour**
**½ teaspoon cinnamon**
**¼ cup butter or margarine**

Arrange drained peaches in a shallow 8-inch dish or 4 individual baking dishes. Blend sugar, flour, spice and butter until crumbly; sprinkle over peaches. Bake in moderately hot oven (375 degrees F.) 25 minutes. Serve warm or cold, with cream if desired. Serves 4 to 5.

Sunniest treat for any meal! Summer-sweet, tender cling peaches spooned right from the can. Slices or halves, a good buy now!

Cling Peach Advisory Board

**New IVORY FLAKES**

*with* Radiant Action

*keeps lovely clothes lovely far longer*

*Pretty sweaters* go here, there and everywhere these days. So wear yours oftener—enjoy them more! Gentle care with new Ivory Flakes will keep the most delicate woolens whisper-soft and fitting to perfection . . . washing after washing!

*And there's* a good reason why! For new Ivory Flakes has "Radiant Action"—an entirely new kind of beauty protection for fine washables. Now, when you wash your nice things gently in pure, mild Ivory Flakes they'll keep their radiant, brand-new beauty through more wearings and washings than you ever *dreamed* they could!

*So don't take chances!* You *know* your fine washables are safe in Ivory Flakes. It's the soap millions of mothers use for baby's clothes, when only the mildest soap will do. It's the only flake form of baby's pure, mild Ivory Soap. So kind to hands in the dishpan, too. Get a box today!

If it's lovely to wear...
it's worth Ivory Flakes care

*Longer wear for nylons!*
*Change to gentle care and use pure, mild Ivory Flakes. Then you'll keep stocking colors fresh up to twice as long!*
99 44/100% Pure!
Ivory Flakes


*(Continued from page 63)*

Kilty felt tears of frustration and anger close behind her eyes. "I am *not* scared."

"You don't kid me, girl. Any kid your age built like you are goes for clothes. If you're not scared, why don't you be a good girl and help me out of a jam? Do it for laughs."

"For laughs?" Kilty said dubiously. Her mind was racing. She could imagine the expression on her mother's face. And it would be priceless ammunition in the war that had been going on for over a year now. ("But, Mother! Don't you remember that I was in the style show?")

"Be a good kid." Carl said.

"I'll do it!" she said breathlessly. She would hear no more talk about Sandra.

"Run in there and tell Lizzy. Don't let her give you a bad time."

Lizzy stared at her. "What was that, dearie? He wants *you* in the white? Has he gone nuts?"

"He said I should do it for laughs."

"Now laughs he wants! Maybe you should fall into the pool with it, dearie. Let's see how you handle yourself. Walk around there slow and turn around and walk back."

When Kilty turned around slowly, Lizzy had a hand over her eyes. "Dearie," she said, "you are not a soldier with a gun. And what do you look for on the floor? Anderson! Come here and show this one how it goes."

Kilty watched Anderson's stylized stalk and brittle smile. Kilty frowned. "But people would laugh at me if I walked like that."

"Listen, you!" Anderson said. "Be quiet. Look, dearie, all models walk like that. I don't know why. They just do. Now you see if you can do it just like Anderson. Like a game, you know. Follow the leader."

Just then the voice of the announcer came dimly through the walls, with a background of slow piano music. "Ladies and gentlemen, we are presenting today a style show in cooperation with . . ."

Lizzy started barking orders. The models started milling around. A white organdy dress with a pale orchid stole was thrust at Kilty and she was commanded to put it on. Three girls went to work on her. One flattened her hair down, pulled it tight into a chignon and put a pale orchid net on it. Another put big dangling earrings on her. The third found the right shoes to go with the dress, sheer nylons.

Lizzy came over then and slapped her in the small of the back, tugged at the waist of the skirt, said, "It will have to do. Brownell, you make her walk some more, then bring her up where she can watch how you do it on the stand."

Kilty said, "I don't think I better try to do it."

Brownell, a tiny redhead, said, "Everybody has the flutters the first time, kid. Just keep your head up and look them in the eye and show your teeth."

Lizzy moved a bit so that Kilty could see from the doorway. The crowd, all her friends and her parents' friends, were just a confusing, shifting area of color. She could hear the announcer's voice, but the words did not reach her brain.

"Watch Anderson, now. See, when she turns on the platform there she puts her right hand on her hip with the elbow forward. You do that too."

"I can't!" Kilty said in a small, trembling voice. "I never should have . . ."

Lizzy put a firm hand against the small of Kilty's back and pushed firmly. "Get going!" she hissed. "You're on."

## How to make creamy sea

*Here is the perfect frosting for McCall's Perfect Spice Cake, and it's such an easy one to make*

**by Margaret Gehlert**

MARTIN BRUEHL

**1**

***Mix unbeaten egg whites, sugar and water together*** *in a saucepan or top of double boiler. Stir with a spoon until well mixed and smooth*

**2**

***Beat with an egg beater*** *over briskly boiling water for* ***seven minutes*** *or until frosting looks fluffy and holds a soft, gentle shape*

". . . And now, in white organdy, a gay new way to be young in the evening. Ballet-length skirt and strapless top by Denteri. And the model . . . Miss Kilty Morrow . . ."

She could hear all the voices. "Kilty! Why, it's the Morrow girl! Kilty Morrow!"

Kilty clenched her teeth. They said to walk slow. Slow it would be. Maybe she'd never get to the platform. And smile. Use Anderson's smile.

Despite her pace, she seemed to reach the corner of the pool too quickly. She turned toward the platform. The pool looked very inviting. A person could hide down there, under water. A person lucky enough could drown.

The platform. She stepped up onto it. She smiled out over the audience in a glazed way and turned slowly, with her right hand on her hip the way Anderson had done it.

Her parents swam into her line of vision. Her father's eyes were out on stalks. Her mother's mouth was open. Kilty wanted to laugh, leap into the pool and run like a deer, all at the same time.

The applause startled Kilty. Without knowing how, she maintained her slow pace back to Lizzy.

"How was I?"

"Dearie, you ran like a late commuter and spun up there like a top. You would have blurred a fast shutter. Otherwise you were swell."

Carl sauntered over. "Didn't hurt you, did it?" he asked.

"N-n-no, I guess not."

"So come around in a year and maybe I can fix some part-time work for you." He handed her a card. "You're a good junior-miss type, girl."

Kilty, once again in her swim suit, tried to walk casually to the table where her parents waited. She got the slow stalk of the model and her customary lope all mixed up. She felt as if she were composed entirely of knees and elbows.

She sat down at the table. Laura moistened her lips. "Kilty, how on earth did you get into that parade?"

"I just did it for laughs, Mother," Kilty said airily.

"Then why were you that funny gray color?"

"I guess I got a little scared. Was I all right?"

Her father was looking at her as though she were a total stranger. He said, "You looked very lovely, Kilty. Do you want me to buy that dress?"

"Gosh, no! None of the girls wear dresses like that!"

They were making her uncomfortable, the way they stared at her. She could feel the people at the other tables staring at her as though she were famous or something. It really wasn't a bad feeling.

Pete Trainor came over to the table. He was captain of the high-school football team. He too looked at her as though seeing her for the first time. "How about a swim, Kilty?"

"Sure," she said, and stood up. They walked together toward the pool, Kilty taking short steps, carrying her head high.

LAURA said, "Walter, I think . . . I see what you mean. It's like losing something, isn't it?"

Walter smiled slowly. "Don't worry, honey. I don't think it's going to happen all at once. I think it may take a little time."

Laura looked back toward Kilty just in time to see her trip Pete Trainor expertly into the pool and run with loose-legged stride to where Tommy waited on the high board. She went off without her bathing cap and Laura realized, almost with relief, that Kilty's hair was going to be a mess.

THE END

# foam frosting

**2 egg whites**
**1½ cups firmly packed dark-brown sugar**
**⅓ cup water**
**1 teaspoon vanilla extract**

As with all recipes that are carefully tested, we urge you to use standard measuring utensils and follow directions for making this frosting to the letter. If you own an electric mixer, by all means use it, but cut down the 7-minute beating time to 3 or 4 minutes.

**3**

*Lift pan from boiling water when frosting holds its shape, then add vanilla extract. Continue beating until it stands in* ***definite peaks***

**4**

*Spread a layer of frosting between cool layers of cake, then frost the sides generously and finally spread remaining frosting over cake top*


"For a hearty dinner—A sure praise-winner"

Eat HEARTY- with Franco-American Spaghetti!

**See those mealtime smiles**—when your main dish is hearty Franco-American Spaghetti! Then watch the family all pitch in and *eat hearty!* And no wonder—for Franco-American is spaghetti at its best, tender-cooked in a smooth and savory sauce of luscious tomatoes and well-aged Cheddar cheese. You'll love that tempting cheese and tomato flavor! Franco-American Spaghetti is so quick to fix, too. And it costs only pennies a portion. Make sure you have plenty of Franco-American Spaghetti on hand—*right now.*

TRY THIS FOR A "SUPER" SUPPER

Mix ½ lb. ground beef into tiny meat balls and brown in shortening. Put into casserole, together with 2 cans of Franco-American Spaghetti. Bake in moderate (350°F.) oven 'till piping hot. Six generous and thrifty servings!

JUST HEAT... AND EAT HEARTY!

# ONCE THERE WAS A GIRL

*Continued from page 25*

natural that he should furnish her with transportation. And it was only natural that she should fit in so easily with his dreams . . .

It always seemed significant to Henry that at the very moment he left Gallatin Avenue and took the street that led to her house, the sun would break through the low clouds.

Ellen came into his range of vision now, a golden-haired girl in a trim, navy blue suit. Around her shoulders was the short green coat that Henry liked. She was tiptoeing in open-toed, high-heeled slippers across the soft spring lawn in front of the house that belonged to her and her husband, Tom Thayer. When she opened the car door and sat beside him, she brought with her a feeling of life and vitality.

"They're up! Every one of them!"

For a moment Henry didn't understand and blankness held him. It was always like this in that first moment of the sudden intimacy of the car. He was like a man coming up from a deep long dive into cold water. He even felt a little weak. Then his head cleared. His blood began to flow warm and quick and he felt incredibly young again.

"Oh, you mean the tulips! Say, that's swell!" Ellen liked tulips and had planted these herself. That was one of the things that Henry liked to think about—their mutual love of flowers, though until a few months ago he had hardly known the names of any of them.

He touched the dial of the car radio. He always waited until Ellen was beside him in the car before he tuned in to their favorite morning program. He enjoyed feeling that the sentimental recordings were a tribute from him to Ellen—an offering.

There was no need to say anything. It was all there—in the songs and the personal messages over the air, the voice quiet and sweet. Though a million radios might carry that voice into a million listeners' homes and cars, to Henry it was *his* voice, and all the girls waiting for his words . . . they were Ellen waiting for him to speak. The voice murmured, "My song, Ann, and your song, 'If I Didn't Care.'"

If I didn't care, thought Henry. He swallowed hard and put out a hand to touch her. Yet all he could bring himself to do was to rub a finger over the soft down of her coat on the seat beside him.

"Henry, on our way home tonight I wonder if you could stop at Sink's Hardware with me? I want a packing case for my winter blankets."

They might have been any young couple, but definitely residents of Sylvan Heights, charting their day's activities. It was nice to know their homeward trip could be prolonged—an extra gift of time.

"That's right, spring is here to stay, isn't it, Ellen? Good old spring!" He laughed and said, "Time to put away the woolies, eh?"

He wanted to say, "Did you ever *wear* woolies, Ellen? And did you long for the first day in spring when it was warm enough to shed the bunchiness around your legs?" Oh, he remembered how he'd felt, as though it was yesterday, the feel of thistledown lightness. And he remembered how he'd flung his arms wide with abandon and raced around in circles and whooped and hollered. He grinned with the memory and felt young again.

To Ellen he said only, "Sure thing. I'll be glad to stop at Sink's. I want to pick up a catalogue. We'll have plenty of time before they close." And the "we" had an exquisite sound.

But a day can last just so long. It reaches, finally, an end.

It was getting harder every evening to drop her off at her house and realize that the evening stretched empty before him, that the nights were growing longer and longer without her. He let her out in front of her house.

"Can I help you with the box, Ellen?"

"No, thanks, Henry. I can manage." She smiled at him above the brown bulk. "You've been so grand to me, Henry. Thanks." For just a moment she hesitated beside the car and he felt something unsaid between them;


Crisp parsley always!

Dampen parsley, stick in a jar with a screw cap and store in refrigerator. Keeps crisp and green!

but then she turned to go. Yet her smile and thanks gave him hope, and when halfway up the walk she turned and wiggled her free fingers in goodbye, hope was transformed into near triumph.

HENRY waited until she let herself in the front door and then drove toward Gallatin Avenue . . . toward Alice. As he crossed Gallatin the spring sun finished its short day and early twilight purpled the quiet streets.

Ashamed that it should be so, still Henry seemed incapable of thinking of Alice during the day; it was as though, for the space of a few hours, she didn't exist. Nothing was real to him except his work . . . and Ellen. Sleeping ambitions stirred and he recognized the advancements that were possible in a big institution. Why not? For it seemed that in his work he had acquired new stature and lately he had taken to exchanging quips with the rest of the office help. A nice feeling, this belonging to an office fraternity.

If Henry lived with a sudden warming abandon during the day, he died at night—a dead stranger in a dead house. Was there something wrong with him, he wondered. He only knew he hated the apartment.

Taking the key out of the lock, he stood for a shaking moment of adjustment inside the door. He could never get ahead enough to save for something bright and cheerful. It might have been different if Alice had worked . . . but then, he hadn't wanted her to, not at first. Afterward—well, the pattern was set so soon. Alice was content with her familiar way of living . . .

"Home, Henry?" From the kitchen Alice's voice caught at the tag ends of thought. Already the lights were turned on and the bright glass globe over the dinette table made the plastic tablecloth shimmer with light. It hurt his eyes after the soft gloom of the outside twilight.

"Yes, Alice."

"I'll be there in a jiffy." The words were padded with soft overtones of unfamiliar gentleness. He heard but scarcely wondered. He was thinking that without even looking into the kitchen he could see the frying pan and cooking things on the stove—within easy reach of the table. He could see the cream-colored plates that Alice would serve directly from the cooking pans. For a long time she had done this . . . It would have been a relief to serve one's own plate. Defy the potatoes for once. Snub the vegetables.

Alice came into the room, and in his sudden analytical state he quickly studied her. She hadn't grayed, only faded. Her hair, once blond and until a few months ago cut short, was growing out and she pulled it back into a rolled-up bun not thick enough to hide the wire hairpins. She looked as though she had only recently cried and Henry had a sudden startling rush of tenderness toward her. Then he felt his knees go weak. Had she found out how he felt about Ellen?

"What's the matter, Alice?" he asked guardedly.

"Henry—" She fumbled in her apron pocket. "Henry, this came a little while ago. I tried to get you at the office but you had already gone. It's from Chicago. Your Uncle Will—" She held out a telegram.

He took it, and as he read it seemed something bright and wonderful went out of his life. Uncle Will—there had never been anyone else in Henry's life


a dash of almond extract in fruit cocktail tastes too, too divine!

quite like him. Blustering, robust, he had been the family's only link with high adventure. Before the turn of the century he had been a rancher in Australia, and though he had been forced to come back to America when he received almost fatal injuries, he had an accumulated store of tales to last him a lifetime. To Henry he was a living legend. Now he was gone.

"I know how you must feel." Alice put out a hand and softly touched him on the shoulder.

He moved away.

"Will you go to Chicago, Henry?"

"I don't know, Alice."

"You should."

"Yes—but I'm not sure I can—"

"Well, you can think about it while we eat."

At the table they didn't talk. Spring pushed in through the narrow crack made by the slightly opened window and stirred the heavy kitchen air. Henry felt it brush against his cheek and he shut his mouth against a protest as Alice got up from the table to close out the cool cleanness of the night wind.

After dinner he couldn't settle down with the evening paper. He couldn't sit still. He was conscious of Alice's watching him. "Are you going, Henry?" she asked again.

"I don't know if I can get away or not!" Henry always avoided quarrels; now he suddenly shouted at Alice. He heard himself with amazement. He kicked a leather hassock that blocked his path. "If you'd keep things out of the middle of the floor there'd be more room in this place!"

He caught the look of hurt on Alice's face—the puzzled bewilderment. Yet he could do nothing about it. Deliberately he went to the clothes closet, pulled on his topcoat, shoved his hat down on his head and started for the front door.

"Where are you going, Henry?"

"To get some fresh air!"

Once outside, Henry automatically went to his car parked in front of the apartment. The spring wind grabbed at his coat. He got into the car and began to drive. Then he knew where he was going. He crossed Gallatin and started up *her* street. He felt excitement mount inside him. This was the first time he had been by her place at night. It made him feel as though he were keeping a rendezvous.

The big front window of her house was glowing with light. Driving past so slowly, Henry could see into the living room. The draperies were not drawn, for the house stood at the end of the street and empty lots stretched beyond. It was like watching the actors in a play. Tom Thayer sat down on the sofa. Ellen stood still in the middle of the room a moment to untie her apron; then she dropped it and sat down beside Tom. She seemed to be saying something. Then the two on the sofa tussled. Was Ellen trying to get away? Or was it a youthful game of love? Henry couldn't see Ellen's face, for Tom had her in his arms.

Henry pulled away so fast the wheels of the car dug up loose gravel on the street. He had wanted something, some token from Ellen—not this! He felt himself shaking. Jealousy blotted out all other feelings. He knew he couldn't stand going back to the apartment right away. He drove around. He thought.

What did he have to go on? Sure, they liked music; at least Ellen had said she did. And they both liked flowers and yards. So what? So did lots of other guys and he guessed maybe a lot of women did too.

But it was no use. He thought of her smile like sunlight every time he looked across at her over the expanse of oak-topped desks at the office. He thought of the way she brought life and vitality to the mornings they shared the ride downtown. He examined her sweet sympathy and understanding for something personal. And it was there. It had to be . . .

Henry knew it was up to him to make the decisive first step. Gradually he'd work around to asking Alice for a divorce. Not too soon, of course; he didn't want to hurt her more than necessary.

There was strength in decision. He could stand the apartment now and

*(Continued on page 70)*

### DOUBLE-DELICIOUS MARBLE CAKE (*Right*)

*(to serve 20 happy people)*

**1 package Swans Down Instant** **1 pkg. Swans Down Devil's Food**
**½ cup plus ⅔ cup milk** **½ cup plus ¾ cup milk**

Prepare batter for each mix separately as directed on the packages. Put alternate spoonfuls of light and dark batters into a 13 x 9 x 2-inch pan lined with paper on the bottom. Zigzag a knife through mixture in pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 50 minutes, or until done. Cool. Top with your favorite chocolate frosting. Nothing but the Swans Down pair of packages could bring you such cake perfection with such ease and speed!

(*Lower left*) **DARK DELIGHT LAYER CAKE**

Bake Swans Down Devil's Food in layers as directed on package. (Notice how its special Walter Baker chocolate-flavor blend *holds* richness and fragrance right through oven heat!) Frothy brown-sugar frosting and walnuts for this beauty!

# Bake some heaven in a hurry—

## —make it "Swans Down wonderful!"

When a cake's got *everything* . . . featherlight tenderness, handsome height, delicious flavor . . . and it's *still* made in minutes, easy as a wink . . . you can bet that cake's made with one of the famous Swans Down Cake Mixes!

These are the cake mixes experts rate "best of all!" The mixes America's homemakers rave about! The *only* mixes that make cakes "Swans Down good!"

You're missing a *treat* if you haven't yet tried them!

Products of General Foods

# Swans Down Cake Mixes

**The *only* mixes that give you cakes with glorious *Swans Down* texture!**

### SURPRISE LEMON LAYER CAKE (*Above right*)

Prepare yellow-cake batter as directed on the Swans Down Instant package. For delicious surprise flavor, mix ¾ cup of chopped Baker's Coconut through batter before baking! Spread with lots of tangy lemon-butter frosting. You can be sure your cake is perfect when it's made with Swans Down Instant—the only mix made with famous Swans Down Cake Flour.

(*Left*) **VALENTINE PINK 'N' PRETTY CAKE**

**1 package Swans Down Instant** **½ cup plus ⅔ cup milk**

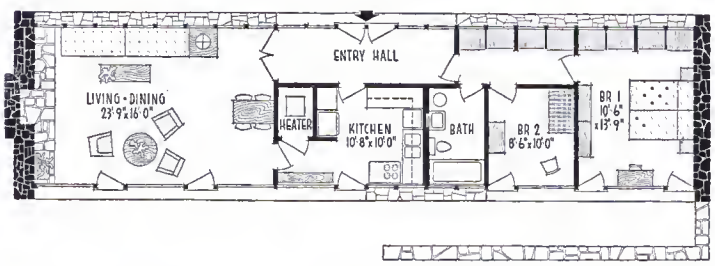
Prepare batter for white cake as directed on the package. Bake in two 9-inch heart-shaped layer pans for 20 to 25 minutes in moderate oven (375°F.). Cool. Tint fluffy frosting delicately; spread between layers and over top and sides. Add valentine "lace ruffles" of Baker's Coconut. Lovely to look at—heaven to eat 'cause it's "Swans Down good!"

**In the snows of a Connecticut winter** the big windows transmit the solar heat, while the stout walls, which French-born Lucie Sandifer insisted on, make an impenetrable shield against the sharp winter winds

# *a friendly fieldstone house*

*It's planned for a lifetime, as the massive 18-inch stone walls testify. And the Sandifers' budget for this 1,320-square-foot house was equally firm and shockproof*

JOHN S. SANDIFER, JR., ARCHITECT




**The stone shell and three-acre plot** are permanent investments. As family's size and income increase, acoustic tiles will replace plywood ceilings, bedroom walls will be plastered, cabinets and lighting system will be elaborated

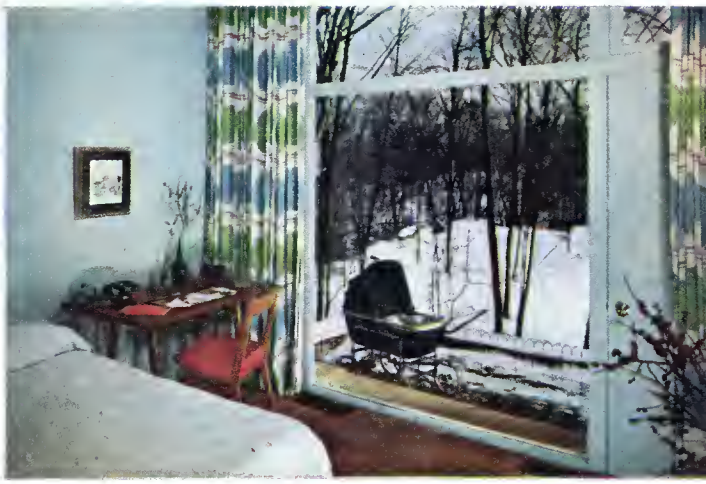
Further details of this house in booklet H. M. 52-1, 15¢. Other houses described in Home of the Month Catalogue, 25¢. Send stamps to Modern Homemaker, McCall's, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada write: 635 Queen St. E., Toronto 8, Ontario

EZRA STOLLER

**To the right of the double-door entrance** is the living-dining room with its fireplace framed in a fieldstone wall. Two bedrooms lead off from the left. The kitchen is straight ahead. If expansion plans materialize, this foyer may become a dining gallery

by Mary Davis Gillies

**Breakfast at this kitchen window** is an inspirational start for any day. The Sandifer kitchen is the "pilot's" room, commanding all the living area as well as the terrace where Philippe and Michael play. At right, the breakfast bar, also used as a serving table, is folded against the wall



**The master bedroom** spans the entire width of the house. Along with all the other rooms, it has direct access to the terrace. The bedroom's terrace space is built up and separated from the rest of the outdoor living area. Here one-year-old Michael takes his nap in midwinter, warmed by floods of sunshine. The draw curtains create a cozy feeling in the evening

**This view of the living room** looks toward the dining area and kitchen. In winter draperies cover the two doors opening on the terrace. In summer the draperies are rearranged to leave doors conveniently exposed. The house has perimeter duct heating in a concrete slab foundation. (Note the floor registers in front of the windows.) Heat goes off automatically in the middle of the day in winter when the warm sun pours in

# MY KITCHEN CONTEST

# WINNERS

**FIRST PRIZE — $1,000 and duplication of prize-winning plan in the winner's own home**

| Amateur Class | Professional Class |
|---|---|
| Mrs. Mary D. Henry, Los Altos, Calif. | Mr. William B. Sayre, Denver, Colo. |

**SECOND PRIZE — $400**

| | |
|---|---|
| Mrs. Marilyn J. Feild, Detroit, Mich. | Mrs. William Van Fleet, San Anselmo, Calif. |

**THIRD PRIZE — $150**

| | |
|---|---|
| Mrs. T. M. Warrington, Cincinnati, Ohio | Mr. Harold L. Moore, Dayton, Ohio |

**FOUR PRIZES FOR STUDENTS — $100 EACH**

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. W. C. Beard, Jr., Lawrenceburg, Ind. | Mr. Bob McCabe, Eugene, Ore. |
| Mr. Erling G. Larsen, Laurelton, N. Y. | Mr. Richard A. Raggi, Chicago, Ill. |

**TEN SPECIAL PRIZES — $75 EACH**

**Kitchen-laundry:** Mrs. William M. Perryman, Jr., Atlanta, Ga.
**Kitchen with eating area:** Mrs. Robert G. Nyberg, Verona, N. J.
**Farm kitchen:** Mrs. Carl Simpson, Crosbyton, Texas
**Kitchen with hobby area:** Mrs. Mortimer W. Hastings, Evansville, Ind.
**All-electric kitchen:** Mrs. Charles J. Spobnholz, South Bend, Ind.
**All-gas kitchen:** Mrs. Bertha C. Soderlind, Minneapolis, Minn.
**Combination gas-and-electric kitchen:** Mr. George Post Foote, Atlanta, Ga.
**Kitchen with freezer unit:** Mrs. Raymond C. Plyley, Altadena, Calif.
**Kitchen with living area:** Mrs. John S. Parsons, Oak Park, Ill.
**Small kitchen:** Mrs. George E. Belote, Jr., Memphis, Tenn.

**HONORABLE MENTION AWARDS — $50 EACH**

| | |
|---|---|
| Mrs. Maurice Ashland, Lincoln, Neb. | Mrs. William G. Lloyd, Bay City, Mich. |
| Mrs. Irwin M. Balber, Chicago, Ill. | Mr. Mark P. Lowrey, Marks, Miss. |
| Mrs. Dudley Cassard, Los Angeles, Calif. | Mr. Gordon MacMaster, Cheshire, Conn. |
| Mr. Edwin A. Conant, Eugene, Ore. | Mrs. Abbie W. McKee, Corning, Calif. |
| Mrs. Barbara M. Crabtree, Ottawa, Can. | Mr. Arthur Meggett, Hamilton, N. Y. |
| Mr. William K. Davis, Ann Arbor, Mich. | Mrs. Ann Mosier, Moira, N. Y. |
| Mrs. Dan Donworth, Dallas, Texas | Mrs. Harriet M. Myer, East Aurora, N. Y. |
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| Mrs. William H. Fox, Kalamazoo, Mich. | Mrs. Elizabeth J. Pischke, Phoenix, Ariz. |
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*The judges (left to right): Miss Virginia Hamill, designer; Mrs. Katharine M. McClinton, author and decorator; Miss Elizabeth Williams, Edison Electric Institute, Home Service Committee; Mrs. Edwina Nolan Daily, kitchen planning consultant; Mr. Norval D. Jennings, American Gas Association; Miss Eloise Davison, American Home Laundry Manufacturers Association; Mr. Sidney L. Katz, architect*

*(Continued from page 66)*

turned the car toward home. It would be for such a short time, after all . . .

Quietly he let himself in. Alice had gone to bed but the table lamp was on and the telegram rested against its base. He picked it up and read it again. "Wonderful old Uncle Will!" He whispered the words aloud.

A quick nostalgia swept over Henry. Once upon a time he had been a little boy. He and his mother had often visited Uncle Will in his brownstone Chicago home, a house not too tidy, an old man not too tidy. But he had made the small boy feel that the world was filled with wonders.

Henry sighed and felt a deep sadness in the old man's going. He should attend the funeral. He *wanted* to. For a moment he thought he would go. Then he dropped down on the sofa and held his head in his hands. He couldn't go, not now! He couldn't leave Ellen. All evening ever since he had read the telegram, he had known he couldn't leave.

HURRYING from the gray walls of Chestnut Manor the next morning, Henry reviewed the night. Two things were mirror-clear: his need for Ellen and the hope that she needed him—and the regret he felt for poor Alice. Poor Alice. Stealthily turning off the alarm clock and easing himself out of bed that morning so as not to awaken her, he had looked down for a moment and thought how queer it was that two people could share the intimate confines of a bed and still be so far apart.

The closer Henry drew to Sylvan Heights, the greater mounted his now familiar excitement at seeing Ellen. He was disappointed that the spring sun was hidden behind gray clouds, though, and the air was saturated with the smell of coming rain.

When Ellen got into the car beside him, she looked no different, yet Henry felt a difference. He tuned in to their morning program.

Softly, against the background of music, he said, "Had a bit of bad news last night."

"Oh?" As usual, Ellen was all sweet concern. "I'm so sorry . . ."

"My uncle died in Chicago. He was an old-timer, one of the best. I was his favorite nephew." He felt a genuine regret in just telling of it. At the same time the words "favorite nephew" had a nice sound, a young sound. He repeated them. "Yes, his favorite nephew. I should go to the funeral. There'd be time if I took a plane."

"Will you?" Ellen's face was turned away.

Henry hesitated a moment, hoping she would look around. "Well," he said finally, and dropped his free hand down on the seat and let it rest there against her coat, "well, I don't think I should leave the office just now. The bank examiners are coming and that means extra work." The excuse trailed off—poor, flimsy excuse. Did she know it for what it was? His heart churned furiously as she looked up at him and smiled.

"Henry, I didn't tell you, did I? The news, I mean."

He detected an undercurrent of importance in her words, and waited with a sudden crazy feeling of alarm.

"Tom and I have sold our place and are moving out to the West Coast. This is the last time you'll have to pick me up." She laughed a little ruefully and said, "My poor tulips. I won't be here to see them bloom. Will you drive by and look at them for me?"

Henry couldn't speak. He gripped the steering wheel so tightly that beads of moisture wet his hands. What could she possibly mean? He had shared so much with her—hidden dreams, secret hopes. Last night's shock had been bad enough, granting that she had not been able to help herself. But this—this big step she had planned long ago without even confiding in him. Somehow he felt that he had been deceived.

"How long have you been planning this? Didn't you give two weeks' notice?"

"I told the personnel office but I didn't want to say anything to the others. I hate prolonged farewells."

Her face was soft and lovely. Henry was crying deep inside.

They were in front of the office now. Ellen handed him an awkward white tissue-wrapped package she had been holding in her lap.

"Here's a bowl of spring flowers I potted, Henry. They are for you and Alice. Just a little farewell gift." She placed them on the seat between them. To be remembered by her was sad and sweet. "I won't be going home with you tonight so I'll say thanks for everything now."

"That's—that's OK."

Ellen got out, following the old pattern—so Henry could go and park the car. Only the threads of the pattern had run out.

"Goodbye, Ellen. Good luck." His face felt stiff and queer as he said the words.

He watched her go through the revolving doors. Suddenly he knew he couldn't go to work. For a moment the idea of complete reversal of habit, even in the face of what had happened, bothered him. Then like a reprieve he thought of the telegram at home. He would go to Chicago after all.

WHEN he let himself into the apartment he had a feeling of strangeness. It took a moment to figure it out. It was the sun, warm and bright. It had broken through the clouds and streamed in through the windows. Alice came from the kitchen, startled to see him.

"What is it, Henry? Aren't you well?" Her look of concern gave way to curiosity when she saw the tissue-wrapped package in his hands.

"What's that, Henry?"

"Oh, just a little gift—"

She took it from his hands and the swift flush of pleasure on her face silenced him. "Oh, Henry! How nice—and you so broken up about Uncle Will—why, I haven't had a gift in ever so long—"

Has it been *that* long, he wondered. He watched her tear the wrappings from the package. Seeing the look of delight on her face, Henry felt a slow tide of warmth against his numbness. As she placed the bowl on the window sill in the breakfast nook, the sun lay on the flowers, golden warm. A faint perfume came from them.

"Sit down, Henry. A cup of hot coffee will make you feel better."

"I guess I would like a cup, Alice."

Wearily he sat down where the sun touched the table warmest and brightest. The little breakfast nook was cozy and full of the smell of strong coffee and the faint, unaccustomed odor of damp earth.

Alice pushed his cup toward him. "Henry, you are going to Chicago, aren't you? I know how fond you were of Uncle Will."

He studied the cream swirls on the top of the coffee in his cup. "Yes," he said. "Yes, I think I will go." His next words startled him as much as they did Alice. "How would you like to come along? We haven't been any place together for a long time."

It was as though a stopcock that had held back words and thoughts were released. Suddenly there was so very much to talk about. THE END

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*Packed two ways—Halves and Slices.*

### PEACH CHEESE CAKE

- 1¼ cups rusk or zweibach crumbs
- ¼ cup powdered sugar
- ¼ tsp. nutmeg
- 5 tbsps. melted butter or margarine
- 3 eggs, separated
- ½ cup sugar
- ¼ tsp. salt
- ⅓ cup evaporated milk
- 1 tbsp. unflavored gelatin
- 1 No. 2½ can DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches
- 1½ cups large curd cottage cheese
- 1 tbsp. grated lemon peel
- 4 tbsps. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Blend first 4 ingredients well. Press on bottom and sides of 8x8x2 cake pan. In double boiler top, beat egg yolks slightly; stir in ¼ cup of the sugar, the salt and milk. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly till mixture thickens. Stir in gelatin, softened in ¼ cup syrup from peaches. Remove from heat; add cottage cheese, lemon peel and juice, vanilla. Cool. Make meringue of egg whites and remaining ¼ cup sugar. Fold into custard mixture; pour into crumb shell. Chill till set. Top with slightly drained, chilled DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches. 8 or 9 servings.

*the best-liked peaches in the whole wide world!*

# Del Monte Peaches

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# TODAY I FOUND MY LOVE

*Continued from page 26*

"Keep quiet," he said. He reddened and added hastily, "The clock, I mean." He fixed haunted eyes upon Mr. Weitzner. "It buzzed so hard last night I had to turn it off. So I overslept and missed an appointment."

"This is four times you bring back a clock, Mr. Harlow," Mr. Weitzner said patiently. "You turn them off, naturally the alarm cannot ring."

"But it sounds like a flock of bees." Jeff lit a cigarette shakily. "I can't think or sleep in the same room with it."

"I have no clock quieter than that one," Mr. Weitzner said.

"Why don't you sell him a sundial?" the girl said.

"And why don't you—" Jeff began hotly, and then paused. He saw the girl for the first time clearly and the words died in his mouth. He saw that she had hair the color of buttercups and eyes as young and merrily blue as springtime violets. In her shapely little suit she reminded him of a jonquil in a bud vase.

Alarmed by the horticultural turn his thoughts had taken, he yanked them back to the business at hand. "I'm sorry," he said. "But I worked half the night preparing material for an interview I have now missed—" he turned to the shopkeeper—"on account of this beehive you sold me."

"I think it is maybe you work too bard and worry too much, Mr. Harlow," Mr. Weitzner said kindly. "Now you take Miss Mason here—but I forget, you do not know each other. Miss Julie Mason, meet Mr. Jeffrey Harlow."

"Hi, Jeff," Miss Mason chirped.

"Uh—how do you do." Jeff said.

"As I say," continued Mr. Weitzner, "Miss Julie has no nerves at all. Look at the clock she has just bought."

All three gazed silently at the large chromium alarm clock on the counter. It was ticking to wake the dead.

"It would drive me nuts," Jeff said.

She regarded it fondly. "It will be cheerful company in my lonely hours," she said. "What I really want is a cuckoo clock, but of course that's out because Richard doesn't like them. I suppose you don't either, do you, Jeff?"

"No," he said, and asked without thinking, "Who is Richard?"

"Richard Hunter, my fiancé," Julie said. "He's very strong and has nerves of steel but he's allergic to birds. That's why I can't have a cuckoo clock."

Jeff stiffened. He could be wrong but it seemed to him that the girl implied that he was neither entirely normal nor possessed of nerves of steel. He spoke firmly to Mr. Weitzner.

"I want something that will wake me up in the mornings," he said, "and won't spend the rest of the time humming."

Mr. Weitzner sighed.

I KNOW!" Miss Mason spoke with such a bright air of discovery that both men stared at her. "I will wake you up!"

Jeff clutched the counter. For a wild moment he saw a male character in striped pajamas being shaken to consciousness by a beautiful blonde.

"You—you will *what?*" he quavered.

"Phone you every morning any hour you say. Until," she added sympathetically, "you get well enough not to be bothered by small noises."

"Look." Jeff said desperately, "I'm not sick. I'm thin but I'm the wiry type. I played basketball in college and I flew airplanes for the Navy. I—"

"Even if you flew saucers," she said blithely, "you couldn't fly a kite the way your nerves are now."

"My nerves are fine," he yelped. "I have a lot on my mind, that's all."

"Like Henny Penny," Miss Mason said. "A lot of people are. From worrying about the atom or something."

He looked at her narrowly. This girl not only talked too much, she was also slightly nuts. He turned to the shopkeeper.

"I have to go now," he said. "I'll drop in this evening."

"She was a chicken," Miss Mason said, "and one morning a pea fell on her head and she thought the sky was falling down—"

"Never mind," Jeff said, edging away from the counter. "I have to go out for breakfast now."

"Good," Julie said. "I've had mine but I usually meet Richard at the lunch counter across the street for a second cup of coffee. I'll go with you and you can brief me on your sleeping schedule."

"No, thanks. I—"

"You needn't be the least bit afraid of Richard," she said.

"I'm *not* the least afraid of Richard," Jeff yelled.

"Sometimes I myself join Miss Mason for coffee," Mr. Weitzner said soothingly. "She has many friends. Meanwhile, I will see what can be done about a clock for you."

"I'll pick mine up later, Max," Julie said. "You coming, Jeff?"

He wasn't, of course. His mouth opened and shut, fishlike.

She stood framed in the open doorway. She had been holding a soft, violet beret in her hand. Now she had it on her head and nothing, not violets or forget-me-nots or summer skies, were ever as blue as her eyes . . .

His next conscious moment came in a lunchroom when someone in a white coat, which he felt was appropriate, put a cup of coffee down in front of him.

Breakfast, or for that matter any other meal, with a girl was contrary to his rigid policy of not getting involved with women, who, anyone knew, belonged to a highly predatory species. But Julie was engaged. Having bagged one victim she was not likely to be gunning for another.

He relaxed. The food comforted him and the coffee cleared his head. He laid aside his worries and permitted himself to listen dreamily to the pleasant sound of her voice.

They exchanged a little personal data. He told her about the magazine he was trying to get started. It was called *Perspective* and it was to be a sort of handbook for businessmen, giving them facts, figures, charts, economic trends and so on. Julie said that was quite a coincidence because she was studying economics herself.

"Home," she said. "Cooking and stuff."

"For Richard, I suppose," Jeff said.

She nodded. "We've known each other ages," she said. "Grew up in the same town."

"Just the same," Jeff said, "you're taking an awful chance. With the world the way it is now—"

"Well, as long as there is a world, we oughtn't to be afraid to live in it."

"Listen," Jeff said, "just because I acted a little nervous and upset this morning, you seem to have an idea I'm some sort of neurotic. I'm not. I was just sore about missing a very important appointment with a big wheel in the investment business."

"That's too bad," Julie said. She loaded a great deal of marmalade on a very small piece of toast. "But you can make another one for tomorrow. You'll have me to wake you up then."

He stared at her. Then he laughed. "No one who doesn't show up for an appointment with H. B. Shrewsbury gets another chance."

"Pooh, you're just afraid of him," Julie said. "Now, you take Richard. He sells trucks for a big manufacturer—whole fleets of them at a time sometimes—and he isn't the least bit afraid to walk right in on—"

"Sure. He probably has the N.A.M. wrapped right around his finger," Jeff said. "A big handsome back-slapper, I suppose. Charms birds off the trees."

"Not birds," Julie said gravely. "He got bitten by a snake one time when he was little and birds are some kind of relation to snakes. Did you know that?"

"No," Jeff said. "But I can certainly walk right up to a bird."

She grinned at him. "You sound sort of jealous," she said.

He almost fell off the stool. "Are you crazy?"

"Like a fox, if at all," said another voice, a large, cheerful voice that filled the whole lunchroom. Turning, Jeff saw a big, curly-headed young man with football shoulders and a grin loaded with the whitest of teeth. He halted beside Julie and laid a hand possessively upon her shoulder.

"Hi, honey. Sorry I'm late. Got held up in a big deal."

"This is Jeff Harlow, Richard. Jeff—Richard Hunter," Julie said.

They shook hands. "You one of Julie's quaint characters?" Richard said. He leaned against the lunch counter on his elbows, surveying them both with amusement. "Never come in here without finding Julie having a snack with a blind newsdealer or a one-legged taxi driver or a quaint old clockmaker. Collects 'em the way some people collect match folders, Julie does."

"Jeff," Julie said rather sharply, "is starting a magazine."

Richard let his jaw drop in mock astonishment. "A magazine! Why, that's just great. It takes one of our biggest trucks to deliver one newsdealer just comic books alone. Is yours a comic book?"

Jeff counted ten. He backed off the stool. "I'll take the check now," he said to the counterman.

"Now, now, you leave that check to me," Richard said with sickening affability. "I just put over a deal loaded with chips for our Mr. Hunter. Government stuff this time. Julie, honey, you should have heard your boy rattling the big brass. I—"

"Give me the check, please," Jeff said.

Richard had intercepted it when the counterman handed it over. Now he shoved it into his pocket, grinning. "Look, fella," he said. "a guy starting a magazine ought to watch the pennies."

"You give me that or I'll—"

"Jeff!"

Jeff stowed away the fist he'd been making. He threw a bank note on the counter and went out.

Fury carried him rapidly back across the park and on to his rooms. There he showered and put on a freshly pressed suit. Pale with rage, he loaded himself and a bulging brief case into a taxi.

THE barbed wire guarding the sanctum of H. B. Shrewsbury said Mr. Shrewsbury was in conference. She said that Mr. Harlow was four hours late, that Mr. Shrewsbury was very angry at being kept waiting—"

"But now," Jeff said sweetly, "I am here." and stepping high, as if over dead bodies, he cut through the barrier and went down a thick-carpeted corridor to a door marked "President." The president was not in conference. He was not doing anything at all but smoking, in a rapid, jerky sort of way, a large, fragrant cigar. Jeff's sudden entrance startled him so that he dropped it, which naturally got things off to a bad start.

"Get out of here," he said at once. He focused bifocals, recognized the intruder and turned purple. "Why you—you—I waited half the morning—"

"I overslept." Jeff said calmly. He flopped the brief case upon the great mahogany desert that was H. B. Shrewsbury's desk. The only other things on it were a huge silver inkstand and a crystal bowl of daffodils. Jeff looked directly into H. B. Shrewsbury's big-business face.

"What I want to know," he said, "is, what are you afraid of?"

H.B.'s several chins sagged. "What was that?"

Jeff repeated the query. He sat against the big desk. "Do you worry about the world? Do you wake up nights in a sweat, wondering whether going on with business, even with living, is worth while? I know you do. I can tell by the way you smoke that cigar—fast and hard, as if you were afraid you'd never get a chance to finish it."

"Nothing of the sort," H.B. snapped. "I'm not supposed to smoke cigars and my secretary—" He coughed a little guiltily. "I have to wait till she goes out to lunch."

"I see. But why the ulcer?" Jeff asked.

*(Continued on page 82)*

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**Let big frog paper clips** hold the small fry's face towels. Use assorted colors—flamingo, green and aqua. Paint the clip and letter the owner's name above in matching color

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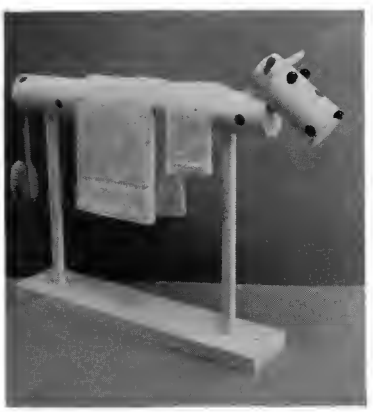
**Yes, it's a painted mailbox** with a rose decal. The paper rack holds luscious cherry-red towels, the letter box is perfect for combs, brushes and numerous toilet accessories

**These delicate hands,** each clasping an aqua towel, are brass door knockers, doubling as competent bathroom fixtures. A pair is used here to hold the bath and face towels



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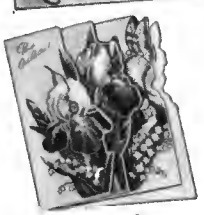

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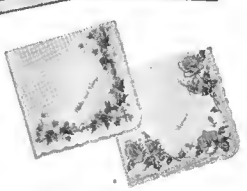

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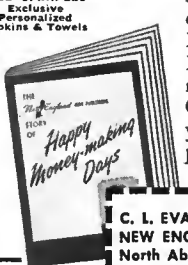



**Mrs. Fisher Says:** *"... a pleasure to show and sell your beautiful line... helped me support our family."—Mrs. L. Fisher, Evansville, Ind.*

**Mrs. Earl Says:** *"Received my bonus check for $40.01 ... no one can go wrong handling your merchandise as it sells itself." — Mrs. O. N. Earl, Los Angeles, Cal.*

### Send No Money— Pay Postman Nothing!

RUSH COUPON for FREE TRIAL outfit of Feature All-Occasion Greeting Card assortments on approval, full details of money-making Party and Organization Plans, and everything you need to make money quickly. Outfit must make money for you, or return it at our expense. ACT NOW!

New England ART PUBLISHERS
NORTH ABINGTON 611, MASS.

*Our 26th Year of Friendly Service*

**Mail Coupon Now To:**

C. L. EVANS
NEW ENGLAND ART PUBLISHERS
North Abington 611, Mass.

Please rush me your money-making outfit for FREE TRIAL approval and all details of your individual and group plans.

Name_____

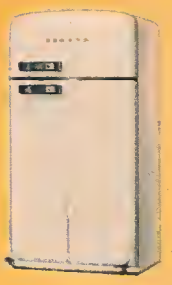
Address_____

City_____ State_____

You Take No Risk

for YOU

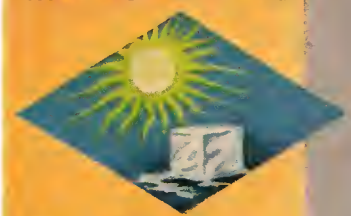
# A Diamond Jubilee Gibson



## ANNOUNCING YOUR NEW 2-DOOR COMBINATION ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR AND HOME FREEZER

**You Get All These Features *ONLY in Gibson!***

HOME FREEZER COMPARTMENT PLUS BIG REFRIGERATOR COMPARTMENT
***Fresh Foods All Year 'Round!***



DEFROST-O-MATIC
***Fast Automatic Defrosting!***

PRES-TOE DOOR
***No Hands! Easy in—Easy out!***

SWING'R CRISP'RS
***Fruit and Vegetables at Fingertips!***

BUTT'RY
***Smooth Sweet Butter!***

**Buy with Confidence because of Gibson's 75 Years' Specialized Experience in Serving Home Makers!**

Lucky brides of generations past boasted to envious friends about their new *Gibsons*—then, as now, years ahead with conveniences that count! For *Gibson* is experienced in saving your time, lightening your efforts and stretching your dollars. Seventy-five years' fine craftsmanship makes today's *Gibson* a new kitchen-comfort that will serve you better—longer—at lower cost. See your *Gibson* dealer for the *Gibson* model that's built and priced exactly right for you!

**GIBSON REFRIGERATOR COMPANY**
*GREENVILLE, MICHIGAN*

## Diamond Jubilee Keepsake!

Look in yellow classified pages of your telephone directory for name of your nearest *Gibson* dealer. He has a *Gibson* Diamond Jubilee keepsake for you. Go to his store and get it. Quickly! Supply limited.

## *Diamond Jubilee Testimonial:*

**MORE THAN 6,000,000 *Gibson* HOME APPLIANCES PROVED IN USE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD SINCE 1877**

*In YOUR Home Celebrate this* Gibson *Diamond Jubilee with a* Gibson *Electric Range, Electric Refrigerator, Electric Home Freezer!*

Copyright 1951—Gibson Refrigerator Co.
Product specifications subject to change without notice.

PETER NYHOLM

*Out in Mishawaka, Indiana, when Sam Watson wheels his truck into the back yard every night, his fine family of eight healthy youngsters and their mother turn out to greet him. Sam is a commission agent for an oil company*

*This automatic washer was Number One off a production line in January 1949. It has washed clothes for the Watsons every day but Sunday since*

*I have eight children under fourteen and I wash nineteen bushel baskets of clothes every week. We were chosen to home-test a new washing machine eight months before it went on the market and . . .*

# THIS IS HOW I KEEP HOUSE

**Number twenty-four in a series by Elizabeth Sweeney Herbert**

I JUST eat, and eat, and eat—and it never bothers me. How *can* it? As the mother of eight children, all under fourteen, I simply don't have time to get fat!"

There's not just the cooking, and cleaning, and general mothering for her "step-ladder" brood to keep Irma Watson busy. She washes nineteen bushel baskets of clothes every week! How does she do it? "Patience," says Irma. "And the blessed gift of an automatic washer." One of the world's largest manufacturers of laundry appliances presented it to her about three years ago. It was not just an act of charity. The Watsons were selected as a "guinea pig" family to home-test an automatic washer of brand-new design before launching on the market.

No family could have appreciated that washer more. Kids being kids, there's an endless succession of dirty clothes to wash for Tom, who is 13, Judy 11, Rachael 9, Ruthann 7, Johnny 5, Robin 4, Mike 3 and baby Sam 2.

Formerly, this washing could be done only at night, for during the day there was work aplenty just to keep an eye on her progeny. The youngsters safely in bed, Irma and Sam would go down to the cellar and put load after load through the wringer washing machine. It was a sturdy machine and a good performer. But you had to work right along with it, rinsing the clothes in set tubs and piling them in baskets for hanging out come morning. Or drying those most needed on the cellar's clotheslines.

The automatic washer changed all that. Now it's put a load in, set the dials, let the machine do the rest. (*Continued on next page*)

CLOETINGH AND DEMAN

*Basement lines fill quickly. But, rain or shine, Irma must wash daily for her big family. Rugged home tests for new appliances are always made by manufacturers*

EILEEN DARBY/GRAPHIC HOUSE

*Grand Central Station was like a huge cavern with muffled lion roars and booming voices coming out of nowhere. "Why is everyone in such a hurry?" asked Ruthann. There were three wonderful days of this sight-seeing for the breathless Watsons*

## THIS IS HOW I KEEP HOUSE

continued

*Our trip to New York City, as guests of the washer manufacturer, was the thrill of a lifetime. Everything was so big, so marvelous, so unbelievable!*

The family had never had a vacation, as such. Imagine, then, what a thrill it was when the manufacturer invited the Watsons—all ten of them—to fly to New York to appear on a TV show celebrating this washer's half-millionth sale. All expenses paid, of course.

Sight-seeing before the TV program was full of awe and wonder. The huge skyscrapers; the honking traffic; the jostling crowds; the subway, elevated, tunnels; the zoo with real lions, bears and giraffes; the fabulous bright lights of Broadway at night! Little Judy was puzzled by the towering, almost-all-glass United Nations building. "Who washes all those windows?" she asked.

But it was the "Room Service" genie at their beck and call in the swank hotel suite that was almost too much to believe.

Yet that wasn't all. Irma was told on TV that a brand-new washer was to be hers, along with a gas dryer and an electric ironer. She just gasped! *(Continued on page 80)*

*The plane ride to New York's LaGuardia field was like traveling on a magic carpet! (Baby stayed home.) Sam, the big sissy, was sure he'd get sick. He didn't*

*Taxis bulged with the sight-seeing Watsons. "Just pile in," says Dad, "We'll worry about who sits where when we're all inside"*

*"I thought the Statue of Liberty was much bigger than that," observes Tom. "Even so," says Judy, "she sure is a beautiful lady"*

*Not a corner of their dazzling five-room hotel suite is left unexplored by the youngsters. And such luxuries: running ice water, silky bed sheets, overstuffed furniture . . . Baths are taken family-style. Mother scrubs and father "towels"*

*Dinner in the privacy of their suite is an exciting affair, for tonight is the night—the whole family will be the guests of honor on a real coast-to-coast television show*

*Like little ham actors, the children jockey for position before the cameras. Mother is self-conscious, knowing that about 100 of her friends back in Mishawaka are watching*

*As a reward for her home testing, Irma is to receive a complete automatic laundry. She gets a preview of it in* McCall's *Test Rooms where our Eleanor Cook shows her how the ironer works*

PETER NYHOLM

*Home again to find it's not all just a dream. They're all there—the electric ironer, the gas dryer and top-of-the-line automatic washer to replace the standard model that had brought them fame and good fortune*

*"Just think, quick-dried wash on the wettest summer and coldest winter days! Nothing to hang up and then take down again"*

PETER NYHOLM

*Ironing used to be a lonely nighttime chore after the family was in bed. Now Judy is grooming for the job. Ruthann too*

*It's actually fun now to help Mummy with the wash—at least while the new equipment is still a novelty! Later . . .*

## THIS IS HOW I KEEP HOUSE continued

*"My new automatic laundry is like a superefficient servant to help me with the housework. It's a real work-saver!"*

Back home again, the Watsons were delighted to find their cellar freshly painted and the new equipment installed.

"I am still bewildered by it all," says Irma as she surveys her magically transformed basement. "This automatic washer-dryer-ironer combination makes it hard for me to get used to *not* doing certain things on certain days. My whole routine has been disrupted, leaving me a lot of free time which I simply can't get used to."

The dryer, for one thing, has freed her from dependence upon the weather—a special blessing during the overcast winter months. And even when the weather is fine, there's no more heavy wet wash to hang up and take down again when dry. Best of all, the ironing for a family of ten has been reduced to an easy sit-down job of two afternoons a week.

"Think of it, Sam and I now actually have time to watch television or listen to the radio at night," says Irma. And Sam adds:

"Maybe you don't think *I* appreciate it? Sure, washing clothes is woman's work. But nineteen loads a week! I'd have been a dirty dog if I didn't pitch in and help. Now I feel like a free man again. Well, almost!" He shoots a quick look at Irma and laughs.

*"No more tired feet, no more backaches, no more collapsing ironing boards—it's wonderful! Time now to do so many other things"*

One of society's lovely young matrons,

Mrs. Thomas W. Phipps says:

*"I live in New York*
*I sleep in Utica"*

Charming Mary Phipps travels, entertains extensively with her husband, well-known magazine and television writer. Known for astute taste, Mrs. Phipps says, "I've found Utica-Mohawk sheets and pillow cases the smartest possible investment. They give me the luxury every woman loves, yet they wear beautifully. That's my idea of true value." You, too, will appreciate the finer quality and longer wear that make Utica-Mohawk sheets and pillow cases so delightful and so practical to use.

*Wedgwood blue walls in Mrs. Phipps' bedroom . . . a red-and-white toile de Jouy counterpane . . . and gleaming white Utica-Mohawk sheets.*

## The Social Register of the Linen Closet...

UTICA BEAUTICALE® SHEETS *regardless of price . . . you can buy nothing finer*

MOHAWK COMBED PERCALE *each night proves their luxury . . . each year their economy*

UTICA MUSLIN *woven extra strong . . . to wear extra long*

MOHAWK MUSLIN *the thrift sheets of the nation*

HOPE MUSLIN *neat, nice . . . low in price*

(Continued from page 72)

"Young man. in times like these—"

"What's different about them?" Jeff said. "We've had wars and rumors of wars before. We've had inflation and panics and depressions. But we're still here. Do you know why?"

H.B. took the cigar out of his mouth. "What is this you're selling? Some kind of new pollyanna religion?"

Jeff shook his head. "Perspective." he said. "Not just because it's the name of my magazine but because if it hadn't been for men who had it in every crisis, we couldn't have survived."

Out of this oratory H.B. chose one word. He narrowed his eyes and said, "Magazine, eh?"

Jeff opened the brief case. He took out the dummy of *Perspective* and it looked to him suddenly very thin and weak. He felt thin and weak himself.

But at that instant a little breeze coming in the office window stirred the surface of the daffodils and somehow, inexplicably, his hand steadied. Confidently, with the pride of a new father. he laid the dummy down in front of H.B.

"It could be a big thing," he said. "A survey of business not only here but everywhere. Facts. figures, trends . . ."

Three minutes later he ran down. H.B. squinted through cigar smoke at the dummy. He was silent so long that Jeff's heart began to sink.

"And what." asked H.B. at last, "do you want from me?"

The word shook on Jeff's lips. He couldn't say it. He looked at the bowl of flowers and knew he had to say it.

"Capital." he said. He waited then for the sky to start falling down. It didn't.

H.B. said, "I'll think it over. You got figures?"

Jeff pulled papers from the brief case. "It's all here."

"Leave it," H.B. said. "I'll look it over. Come in tomorrow at nine-thirty. And I mean nine-thirty. Let you know, can't promise you anything."

"Nine-thirty, yes. sir," Jeff said. He smiled. "I won't oversleep this time. I've got a new clock—I mean I—"

"Tomorrow," H.B. said. He wiggled two fingers in dismissal.

JEFF got to his cubbyhole of an office on wings. He tried to work and couldn't. He decided he was losing his mind. He hadn't a nickel more now than he'd had yesterday. and yet somehow he felt as if he'd just come into a million.

He heard himself saying. "Julie, this is Jeff," and was amazed to discover he had the telephone in his hand. He heard her voice and it was bluebells ringing. He said with a bold directness he'd never before dared to use with a girl. "How about dinner with me tonight? Got to talk to you about something."

She hesitated. "I'd love to but Richard—well. he's not having dinner with me because he's got a plane to catch for Chicago—but he may be in for cocktails."

"He'll be gone by seven." Jeff said. "I'll pick you up."

He closed the office. On the way home he stopped at a florist's. From there he went to Mr. Weitzner's.

"How are you, Max. old man? I want a present for Julie. She did me a favor today."

Mr. Weitzner smiled. "She does favors for everyone. What would you like. Mr. Harlow?"

"A cuckoo clock." Jeff said. "The finest cuckoo clock you have."

Mr. Weitzner looked grave. "I believe Miss Julie's young man, Mr. Richard Hunter. objects to her having a cuckoo clock."

Jeff looked at him. "She wants one." he said quietly. "She said so this morning."

The shopkeeper nodded. "She has wanted one for a long time. But—"

"If." Jeff said, "I can't buy it from you I can get one somewhere else."

Mr. Weitzner thought for a moment, then he shrugged.

"I am not in business for people to buy clocks somewhere else." he said. "You want this clock now?"

"Now. I'll take it with me." Jeff said.

Mr. Weitzner studied him keenly. "You are feeling better. Mr. Harlow. Stronger. Less nervous. perhaps?"

"No nerves at all," Jeff said. "And much stronger."

"Spring." Mr. Weitzner said. "is a fine season." He wrapped up the cuckoo clock.

Carrying the clumsy bundle he arrived at Julie's door promptly at seven.

She was in a powder-blue dress and he thought of larkspurs. He wanted to take her in his arms.

"Little present for you." he said. "Token of gratitude. Wait, it's heavy. Where shall I put it?"

She looked at him wide-eyed. obviously startled and rather uneasy. She made a gesture toward a table and said. "But you sent flowers. Hundreds. You shouldn't—"

"Why not?" Jeff said. "Got started on a big deal today."

Richard Hunter came from the kitchen into the pretty living room at exactly that moment. He was carrying a tray with glasses and a cocktail shaker on it. He halted. his handsome brow darkening.

"You." he said. "Big deal. hey?" He repeated the phrase jealously as if only he had a right to it. He set the tray down on a table and came forward. "What are you doing here?"

"I came." Jeff said calmly, "to take Julie to dinner."

Richard stared at him for an instant. Then he turned to Julie. "If that's true, why didn't you tell me?" he asked.

"You just got here. Richard." Julie said. "I had no chance to tell you."

He smiled unpleasantly. "Maybe you weren't going to tell me." he said. "My coming an hour or so later than you expected sort of jammed up your plans. I guess. I didn't know that as soon as my back was turned . . ."

"That's not true. Richard." she said, her chin up. "Jeff said he had something he wanted to talk to me about—something. I think—" she glanced at Jeff—"about his business."

He nodded. "That's right." he said. "Something I learned today from you. I wanted to tell you about it and to—to thank you."

Richard laughed shortly. "What's the matter with letting me in on this big tip of Julie's?"

"Why not?" Jeff said amiably. "She made me see how useless it is to worry about things that may never happen and what folly it is not to be ready with everything you've got in case they do happen."

"Marvelous." Richard said. "And with that nugget from the little woman to strengthen you, you went out and put over a big deal. Is that it?"

"No. I didn't put over a big deal but it gave me the nerve to try, anyway." Jeff said.

"For my money," Richard said, "you've got all the nerve it takes. This morning I find you having breakfast with Julie. Tonight you're taking her to dinner. But that. of course, won't be necessary now."

"But. Richard," Julie said. "I promised—"

"You promised to hear his little thank-you piece. Well. now you've heard it. In the meantime. I've decided I can leave for Chicago just as well tomorrow morning as tonight. so naturally Julie will be having dinner with me. Don't let us keep you any longer."

Jeff looked at Julie. She was quite pale and miserable.

"I guess." she said. "you'd better go. Jeff. I—I'm sorry."

"So am I." he said.

He had a hamburger somewhere. He walked in the darkening park and it smelled of spring and there were couples strolling the paths or sitting on the benches. They all were holding hands. The good old trap was set and he had missed getting caught by a whisker. He shuddered now to think of his barging in upon H. B. Shrewsbury.

He went to his apartment. It smelled of stale smoke. It was rigidly masculine. It needed flowers or something. He immediately put the thought aside and threw up the windows. His telephone rang.

"Jeff." Julie said. "I love it. But I can't hang it up because I don't know how to put it together."

"Can't Richard—"

"He's gone. Jeff. could you—?"

"I'm there," he said.

SHE was very solemn as she let him in. but her cheeks were pinker than before and her eyes were not solemn at all.

"I'm sorry to bring you out at such an hour." she said. with a formality quite out of character. "But Mr. Weitzner forgot to send around my new clock and if I don't have a clock I won't be able to call you on time in the morning so I—"

"Where is it?"

He put it together. It was a small, hand-carved birdhouse of a clock with a peaked gable and porcelain numerals. He started the pendulum swinging and it ticked loudly. He set the hands on the hour of two and the little door opened and a small. fairly reasonable facsimile of a bird popped out and said. "Cuckoo" twice in a shrill falsetto.

He grinned. "It's a monstrosity but it's cute." he said.

"It's adorable." Julie said. "I simply *couldn't* give it back. Jeff."

"I should say not." Jeff said. "Why should you?"

"Richard. He hated it." Julie said. "It—it unnerved him terribly."

Jeff looked at her. "Didn't you tell him it wasn't a real bird?"

"He wouldn't listen." she said. "He just sort of raved. He said if I kept the clock he'd go away and never come back."

Jeff came a step nearer. "But you kept it."

"Yes." She backed away. "Sit down—tell me what happened today. About the big deal—"

"Nothing. Just that I crashed in on Shrewsbury and. just as you said. the sky didn't fall. He even promised to think it over."

"Oh. Jeff. how wonderful!"

"That's not all." he said. "This has been quite a day. in fact."

"Oh? Wh-what else?"

"I fell in love." Jeff said. "Me, mind you. The cagiest girl-dodger in town." He was very near now. He had Julie in his arms. "Can you imagine a thing like that happening to me?"

"Why. yes." Julie said. "I planned it that way. From the minute I saw you this morning you hadn't a chance."

"You little scheming. earthy female." Jeff said. "And all the time I thought you were only a bunch of flowers."

They were silent then. a long time. The clock ticked to wake the dead, but Jeff didn't hear it. Chances were he wouldn't be troubled by little things like that any more. THE END

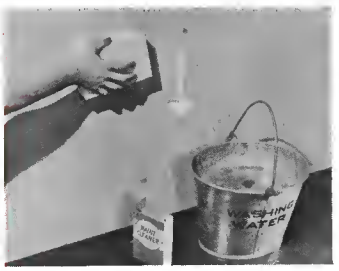

PETER NYHOLM

**First, rinse wall** from bottom to top in *that* order, so no streaking results when you tackle the next step—washing the wall down. Use a cellulose sponge with lukewarm water

# TRY THIS

*These two simple steps make wall washing easy*

**by Shirley Gleason**



**Then wash wet area** with warm water and paint cleaner, working from the top down. No rinsing or drying necessary. Cope with about a 3- or 4-foot section at a time

**Easiest trick of** all is to use one of the new long-handled sponge mops. Squeeze-attachment keeps your hands out of soiled water. Long handle saves stretching and bending

**Just the touch** of your baby's skin tells you how delicate, how sensitive it is. His skin actually is thinner than yours, you know. Skin studies show it might chafe more quickly, be "injured" more easily. That's why you're so careful to see that whatever touches his thinner skin is soft and gentle as a lullaby.

# His tender skin needs your constant care

**You choose** his little toys with care to be sure they are *softest* soft and "safe" for his tender skin. And when selecting his bathroom tissue you're careful to look for 3 "tender skin" qualities. Old linen softness that doesn't chafe. High absorbency for quick cleansing. Just the right strength to resist tearing.

**More and more mothers** are finding the ideal combination of "tender skin" qualities in ScotTissue. You will discover too, that ScotTissue's greater value makes it the perfect choice for the whole family. You get 1000 generous-size sheets to a roll. ScotTissue goes further, lasts longer. "ScotTissue," "Soft as old Linen," Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

# 1000 Generous-Size Sheets — Soft as old Linen

# RAISE YOUR BOY TO BE A SOLDIER

*Continued from page 51*

recruiting office to beat the draft. School officials called the Navy, and recruiting officers armed with charts, statistics and movie shorts came to school and proved to the youths that they'd be better off in the long haul if they finished their education. Your school officials can get the same material, and probably you ought to see that they do. Even if they don't, you can get it from the nearest recruiting office and use it to convince your own boy.

If your son has carried his schooling as far as possible before induction, his time in service can be of positive value in the next phase of his life. The American Vocational Association says that sixty per cent of youths under eighteen don't really know what kind of work they want. If your boy is one of these his hitch in the Army can be a breathing spell during which he can look over the field, consider several lines of work and pick the one he likes best. Then he can get training and experience in it free, so that when he comes out he'll have something to offer in the job market.

MOST parents don't realize what a vast training ground the services are. A man can finish high school and get all or part of a college education while in service. There is almost no civilian job for which he can't get training and experience. The Army alone has 491 different categories of jobs for which it gives training. The other services have other hundreds. A youth can learn to be anything from a watchmaker to a bulldozer operator, from an auditor to a steelrigger.

The Army has drawn up a series of career charts which show how a youth can advance step by step in any one of thirty-one different career fields. Suppose he has leanings toward medicine. After his basic training he can move into the medical field and, by trying them, pick one of a selection of specialties which includes all the familiar things such as X-ray and dentistry, as well as the newer fields of neuropsychiatry, occupational therapy or electroencephalograph operation.

You can help by finding out what career fields there are which might fit your son's qualifications, experience and desires. You can find this out by going to your local high school, college, library or state employment office and picking up the "occupational handbooks" issued by the Navy, Army and Air Force. (As this is written the Navy book has been distributed, the Air Force one is on the press and the Army one about ready for publication. All should be available before 1952.)

These handbooks give complete information on every type of job the service offers. They tell what the man who holds the job has to know and do, what qualifications he should have, how he's trained, what the paths of advancement are, how much he's paid and what civilian jobs he'll be able to qualify for after he gets out.

Probably the best way to use the handbooks is to get together with your boy's high-school adviser, dean or principal—and the boy, of course—and talk over the whole deal. Usually you can lay out a course of study in high school and a specialty in the service which will prepare him to step right into a skilled trade or profession when he goes back into civilian life. A youth who gets that kind of guidance is a cinch to go further and faster than one who drifts.

The school systems in some towns have done better than this and set up special orientation and training programs for high-school students before induction. Benton Harbor, Michigan, for instance, has one which is divided into three parts. In the orientation part students are told exactly what happens when they're inducted, what training programs the various services have and the opportunities for further education and advancement in each.

The second phase—skilled training—gives a student preparatory courses for the specialty he'll follow in service, whether it's aircraft-sheet-metal-blueprint-reading or radio. The third part comprises refresher courses in subjects such as algebra, chemistry or physics, which are important in all service careers and which the youth may have finished a couple of years before.

You might see about getting your schools to do something similar.

Another tip was given to parents by Harry Hadley, top man in the Army's job-classification section. When a youth is inducted, he said, he's given two basic tests which show his general capacities and aptitudes. Then he's also given a classification interview which records his training and experience, likings, hobbies and interests. This comes quickly after induction, and many recruits tend to overlook it.

"But," says Hadley, "it's one of the most important things that happens to a man. The record of that interview will follow him throughout his service in the Army and will determine much about the course his career takes."

The main thing, Hadley added, is that recruits should leave nothing out. "We never know," he said, "when we may get a call say for a man who can drive a jeep, knows something about photography and can speak Swedish. Might lead to a swell job. But if a man forgot to tell the interviewer he knew Swedish he'd never get a chance at the job.

"Parents," he said, "can help their sons by going over all their experience, hobbies, abilities and so forth before they are inducted. And tip them off to watch for that interview."

The Army's job-classification system has been vastly improved since World War II, but even so it's bound now and then to take a youth with five years of experience as a ham radio operator and try to make a military policeman out of him. However, it has a brand-new gimmick by which this sort of mistake can be rectified—a psychological team composed of psychiatrist, clinical psychologist and social worker.

The primary job of these teams is to prevent psychoneurotic breakdowns—and they know there's much less chance of such a smash if a man is doing the kind of work he likes. Furthermore they can go outside channels to clear up a mistake. So if your son gets into the wrong spot he ought to hunt up one of these teams.

IT'S pretty apparent then, that you can do a good deal to make your boy's military service of lasting benefit to his civilian career. What can you do to help him over the difficult first adjustment from civilian to military life? In order to answer that question you have to know what happens to your boy when he gets into service.

The Air Force, says Colonel Carlos Alden, a psychiatrist, is losing somewhere between ten and twelve per cent of its recruits in the first six months as a result of psychological ill health. The other services probably have similar losses. Some of these men are so neurotic they will probably never make satisfactory adjustments to life, but most are just temporarily disturbed persons who, given slightly different circumstances, would be perfectly all right. You can sum it up best by saying they're emotionally immature—which is their parents' fault—and under the added stress of military life they break down.

Their breakdowns follow a definite pattern. They get uncontrollably homesick and cry all night in their bunks. Commander A. F. Dasler, psychiatrist at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, near Chicago, says about a quarter of the men who are separated from service in the first few weeks are discharged for homesickness. Recruits get what the psychologists call "hysterical" blindness or deafness or dumbness. Many of them revert to wetting the bed at night, which is probably evidence of an unconscious desire to return to the dependence of childhood. Many others develop chronic backaches, knee-aches and headaches. All the old injuries return. If a boy broke his arm in childhood and hasn't been hothered by it for ten years, it suddenly hurts unbearably again when he gets into training.

Why do these things happen? Because suddenly these boys are lifted out of everything from which they've drawn their security and sense of belonging—their homes, families, friends, schools and home towns—and plunked down in a completely strange environment. They know no one. They're wearing different clothes. They have no privacy, even in the bathroom. They're in an entirely masculine world, without any of the softness and gentleness of women. They must do everything "on the bell," not when they feel like it. Calculated assaults are made on their dignity. In the Navy the most shocking thing that happens to new recruits is their first haircut, a 27-second job that leaves them "skinheads," with just one-eighth of an inch of hair. Then they're stripped and spend the day walking around naked for their physical exams. (The Air Force, unhampered by crusty tradition, doesn't do this. It treats recruits much like human beings.)

It's no wonder they're bewildered, lost, stricken. All they have left to keep them men are their inner resources of self-reliance, self-confidence, self-respect. If these are strong they rebuild their security with amazing speed, sometimes in two or three days. They make friends, re-create a feeling of belonging by substituting platoon, flight or company for home and family. If their inner resources are weak or lacking it takes much longer, and often they never do it. Those are the men who get undesirable discharges.

THESE resources, of course, are what enable a man to make, or not make, a satisfactory adjustment to new situations in civilian life. To build them is about the toughest job parents have, for they must walk a very thin line between protecting the boy, so he'll draw strength from the knowledge that they love and respect him, and putting him on his own so that he'll learn the vibrant, sustaining confidence of doing things for himself.

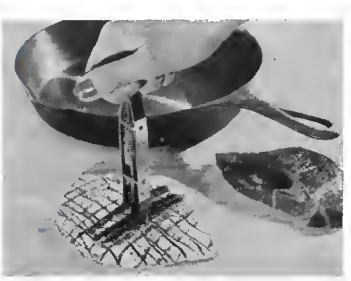
A great many parents, especially mothers, fail in the latter job. They fail in little but important ways. The overwhelming majority of recruits, for example, have never been away from home before, and these are eighteen-year-olds. Many of them have never had to pick up their own clothes, help around the house or hold a job. They are accustomed to being called four times to get up in the morning. Their mothers won't let them play football, because they might get hurt, allow them to skip their homework when they feel like it and encourage them to be "sick" when they're facing an

# TRY THIS

*A good little hand food chopper has more than a dozen uses*

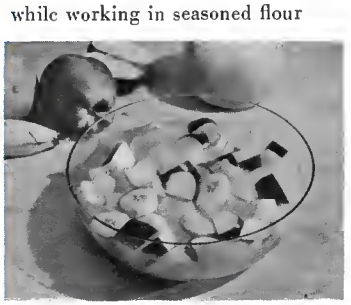
**by Anna Fisher**

PETER NYHOLM

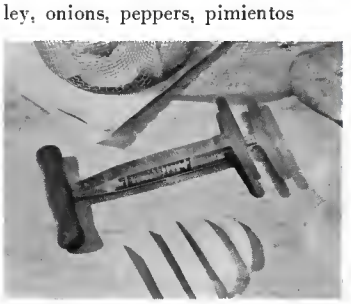


Let it score less-tender cuts of meat while working in seasoned flour

Let it mince vegetables such as parsley, onions, peppers, pimientos



Let it cube fruits for salads or desserts with minimum loss of juice



Let it slice potatoes to French fry. Use half a potato, cut lengthwise

unpleasant situation, like a tough exam.

When they get into service many of these young recruits' mothers promptly try to get them out. Lieutenant Commander John Craven, Navy chaplain who was with the heroic First Marine Division when it was surrounded by Chinese Communists at the Changjin Reservoir in Korea and fought its way out last winter, has seen this many times at the Marine training base at Parris Island. "The mothers come in and stay at the hostess house and pester everybody from the commanding officer down until they get their sons out. They tell you, 'Johnny's too weak to be a marine. He fell off the bed when he was a baby and hurt his back.' Of a boy with 20-20 vision they say, 'I don't care what your doctors say. Tommy's eyesight is bad. If our family doctor was here he'd tell you.' And so on."

Often they succeed in getting their sons discharged, which may seem a desirable thing to them and the boys. But the boys pay a terrible price for it. They never grow up. And the down payment is only the beginning. Their lost manhood demands installments in misery for the rest of their lives.

"For God sakes," chorused all the officers I talked to, "once your boy gets in service, leave him alone!" He's having trouble enough making his adjustment, and if he has you pleading with him by letter or in person to come home it will make his attempt to be an independent man incredibly harder, and perhaps impossible.

Rear Admiral S. W. Salisbury, chief of Navy chaplains, told story after story of men who were broken by sniveling letters from home. One man with an outstanding record of bravery was due for a discharge in a matter of days when such a letter came. He deserted, was found crying in a cornfield, went to jail and didn't get home for a year.

"In Korea," said Chaplain Craven, "our outfit's morale sagged after every mail call."

You can help your boy make his adjustment if you write him bright, chatty letters full of news. If you have to report a family tragedy, wait until it's over, then give him full details and as much solace as possible. Be warm and encouraging.

BUILDING self-reliance in a boy comes hard. Kermit Eby, professor of sociology at the University of Chicago, has two general rules that help: "You have to realize that children are surprisingly indestructible" and "If you give them a chance to do things on their own you'll be amazed at how much they can handle."

When his boys were little, Eby made a practice of giving them responsibilities normally considered far beyond their years. Like letting one boy check coats at a political meeting when he was nine. The kid worked until he nearly dropped, and was proud as punch to be helping out his father.

Once when Eby was taking his six-year-old on a trip they lost each other at the station. The boy traveled 750 miles alone, got a cab at the station to take him home, cooked his own dinner and went to bed.

By the time he finished high school the oldest boy had pitched hay on a farm, labored in a highway gang, handled a harvest combine and worked in a steel mill. "Once when he was fourteen we thought we'd overdone it," Eby said. "He had a motor scooter, and one day he disappeared. He was gone three days and two nights, and we were worried sick. But he came back as calm as anything. He'd

**BEST BUYS IN FOOD FOR JANUARY**

| VEGETABLES | FRUIT |
|---|---|
| Braccali | Apples |
| Brussels sprouts | Citrus juices* |
| Cabbage | Cranberries |
| Carrots | Fruit cocktail* |
| Celery | Grapefruit |
| Green beans* | Grapes |
| Onions | Oranges |
| Parsnips | Prunes, dried |
| Peas* | Purple plums* |
| Potatoes | Tangerines |
| Spinach | Winter pears |
| White turnips | |

| MEAT | FISH |
|---|---|
| Beef | Cod |
| Chicken | Flounder |
| Pork, fresh | Halibut |
| Pork, smoked | Oysters |
| Turkey | Shrimp |

*canned

According to the U. S. Department of Agriculture and based on normal, seasonal availabilities

motored up to the lake, got a job slipping hamburgers in a stand, and slept on the beach. We blistered his ears—not for going, but for not telling us he was leaving."

That boy is in the Army now. He made the adjustment to military life in a breeze.

IF YOU want your son to make a similarly easy adjustment there are a number of things, some major, some minor, that you should do:

Get him away from home. Let him go to summer camps, to visit friends, on hunting, fishing or camping trips with his friends. Encourage him to join the Boy Scouts. He'll not only gain experience in getting along in a strictly male group, but he'll learn practical techniques, such as tenting, fire-building and knot-tying, that will help him when he's in uniform.

Get him accustomed to change. Take him on trips, and let him take them alone. Give him a chance to see new people, adjust to new surroundings, make new friends. And let him handle the situations on his own.

It might even be a good idea to let him have his own gun. All boys are fascinated by guns at some stage. If you don't know how to teach him to use one properly, a Scout leader, schoolteacher or the local gun club can help you out. But by all means insist that he follow all the safety rules.

Give him responsibility. He should have regular chores around the house—and he should be required to do them. Help him get a summer job, a newspaper route, any kind of work where he has a chance to step off on his own and collect the money for his efforts. Then let him do what he wants with his pay.

Tell him what he's going to run into when he's inducted. If he knows about the 27-second haircut the shock will be immeasurably lessened.

Teach him to respect, not fear, authority. If he sasses a teacher let him take the consequences. Don't defend him. Every adult knows that there are times when he's faced with a blank "No." without explanation, and there's nothing he can do but accept it. Maybe it comes from a boss, maybe from circumstances such as death or illness. Children should learn this too, and a wise parent sees that they do, without overemphasizing it.

Chaplain Craven knew one youth at Parris Island who seemed to have all the qualities that make a first-class marine—except one. Every time his sergeant spoke to him he turned white, stuttered and froze, unable to answer. Craven talked to him. "I can't help it," the youth said. "I know it's silly, and I want to answer him, but I just can't."

Craven probed further and found the answer. "The boy had a domineering father," he said. "Most boys' attitude toward authority is fashioned by their attitude toward their fathers. This youth was transferring to the sergeant his fear of his father. He was never able to get over it either."

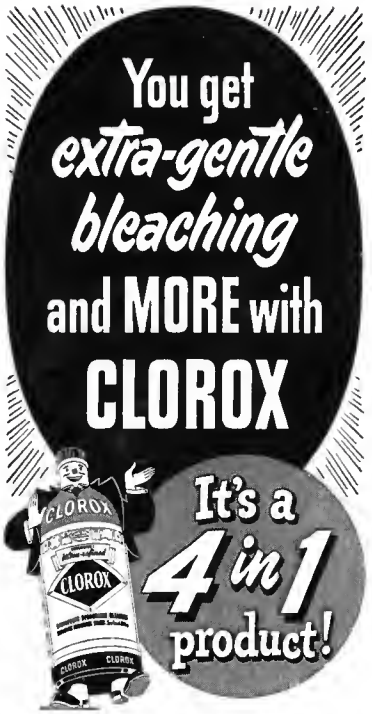
The chances are that this youth's fear of authority would prevent him from ever working well in a large concern, where authority is nearly as formalized as it is in military life. As a matter of fact, all the psychiatrists emphasized that the qualities a boy needs to make a good adjustment to military life are to some degree the same qualities he needs to make an adjustment to his job, his marriage, his friends and neighbors.

EVERYONE in the three services, from noncoms to chief psychiatrists, agreed on one thing. They said it in many ways. Captain Waldo Burnett, psychiatrist at Sampson Air Force base, said, "The biggest single troublemaker here is the lack of any motivating desire by the youths to do anything for their country." Noncoms said it more simply: "They want out. Let the next guy serve."

This attitude is probably the product of parents' indifference, schools' ignorance and all the "me first" aspects of our society. The fact is that in a democracy every citizen has an obligation to serve his community. Otherwise democracy fails. At the present time it's our youngsters' job to serve in the armed forces—because they're younger, stronger and more able than we.

You have to make them feel this responsibility—and without a lot of flagwaving, which they'll scorn. In England the schools help. They take the children on tours to historic spots and tell them about them quietly, without jingoism, in a way that gives the kids a sense of history. A man I know, whose family has been in America for 300 years, explained it to his son by telling him what the young men of each generation had done. Seven of them fought in the Revolutionary War, others were in at 1812, the Civil War and World Wars I and II. In between times, he said, men in their family manned America's pulpits, sailed her ships, built her railroads and taught in her schools. The boy got the idea.

The best way to teach your son this is the way you teach him anything that sticks—by example, not preaching. You serve your community. You ring doorbells for the polio drive or the Community Chest. You join the P.T.A. and work at it. You stand up and scrap when somebody tries to do something to your town that you think is wrong. You show the kid that you have a stake in America and a part in its dream. And if you discharge your obligations as a citizen, you may be sure that he'll discharge his. THE END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# These children are blind

**But at a remarkable nursery school in Los Angeles they live, learn and play together like other children**

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

THE children playing in the back yard are happy children. You can tell it from the sound of their shouts and laughter on the street. If you peek over the fence at them—roller skating, riding bicycles, pushing doll buggies—you can see it on their faces. But the children will not see you. Nor can they see the blue California sky above them, the flowers they pick or the bright clothes they wear. They are blind.

Yet in spite of their terrible handicap these children are fortunate. They are doing things that most blind children never do—that the parents of blind children usually consider impossible. And they are doing it thanks to the faith and patience of teachers in the Los Angeles Nursery School for Visually Handicapped Children, who know that it is not blindness but the way blindness is handled during the first crucial years of life that often makes the difference between active, happy children and sick ones.

"Nearly ninety per cent of everything a child learns is learned through sight," says Dr. Lillian Titcomb, president emeritus of the Los Angeles school. "A blind child must do all this learning by other means." The average parent or teacher, knowing very little about these "other means," is likely to be overly sympathetic, coddle a blind child or unconsciously encourage his "blindisms." For this reason *(Turn to page 88)*

*Although they cannot see the sky above or the ground under them, these children clamber about fearlessly on a Jungle Gym*

*By feeling the raised wooden animal on each dresser drawer this little girl finds her own drawer without anyone else's help*

*While Mrs. Merle Loft reads them a nursery tale the children enjoy "looking at" the raised illustrations with their hands*

*Mrs. Loft shows children who have speech problems what parts of the mouth, face and neck are involved in forming words*

*Mastering the art of lacing a shoe is an important classroom project at the nursery school*

JOHN ENGSTEAD

## WHAT WAS THE SECRET OF

# the red-headed bride?

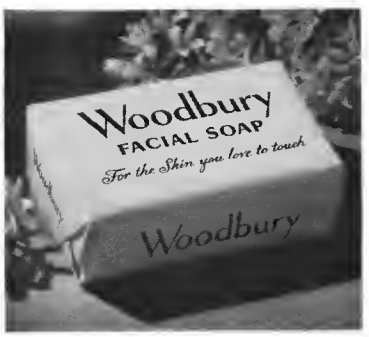
**THE BRIDE'S SECRET** for complexion loveliness is *wonderful* Woodbury Soap—made with a precious beauty-cream ingredient. Even a sensitive skin like Joyce's *blooms* with Woodbury beauty care.

**JOYCE KNOWS** these rich beauty oils make Woodbury Soap so much more than just a cleanser—that they're intended to help replace the natural oils which are washed away.

Lovely Joyce Edwards and Russell Otis Washburn might never have been married if Russ hadn't given his fraternity pin to another girl first!

No red-head ever went into action faster! And, in due course, orange blossoms burst forth in the Edwards family home in Stamford, Connecticut.

Joyce's secret? Not just her glorious, golden-red hair, her glowing personality—but her simply gorgeous Woodbury complexion! Silken-smooth, *wonderfully natural—the radiant loveliness any girl can have.* And few men can resist!




**WONDERFUL** Woodbury gives such *billows* of mild, rich creamy lather—cleanses so deeply and thoroughly—leaves you looking so radiant! No wonder! Woodbury is the soap made by skin specialists!

**DISCOVER** what it means to have this *extra* gentleness in a beauty soap! See how soft and youthful-looking it leaves your complexion. (Beauty-cream ingredient in the big beauty-bath size, too!)

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*for the skin you love to touch*

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tell she has
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*The only elastic stocking that won't discolor*

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Fashioned leg of two-way-stretch elastic (the type that 3 out of 4 doctors recommend) gives you firm, healthful support, relieves the pain and discomfort of surface varicose veins. Open toe gives foot freedom and comfort. Easy to wash. Quick drying. Cool.

Bauer & Black Elastic Stockings are available in sheer and regular nylon as well as the famous cotton models. All at popular prices.

BAUER & BLACK

which leg has the elastic stocking?

Here's proof that Bauer & Black nylon elastic stockings are *truly* inconspicuous! Only one of these legs has an elastic stocking beneath the over-stocking. It's the left leg—could *you* tell?

Send for free booklet

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Chicago 16, Ill.

Please send me your new free booklet about varicose veins, "Comfort, Relief and New Leg Beauty."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone___ State_____

# THESE CHILDREN ARE BLIND

*Continued from page 86*

the Nursery School does not accept untrained volunteer workers on its staff. Resident staff members, all paid, are trained specialists. The consulting staff members, who give their services without fee, include a prominent ophthalmologist, psychologist, orthopedic surgeon and pediatrician. Unlike other schools devoted exclusively to the blind, the Los Angeles school is a *resident* school where children may stay seven days a week if their homes are too distant for weekend visiting. The school, founded by the Delta Gamma Alumnae Association for children under school age, is nonsectarian and nonprofit, and parents of residents are asked to pay for schooling only according to their financial ability.

Although several states have special schools for the blind and although many large city school systems have classes for visually handicapped children over six and seven, very little has ever been done for babies and pre-school children. Tragically enough it is among these very young children that "blindisms"—rocking from side to side, walking in a circle, rubbing eyes and letting the head droop—become ingrained. This also is when permanent habits of dependency are formed and when muscles which should be used are neglected.

Ideally, according to Dr. Titcomb, a blind baby — *and* his mother — should start training when the baby is about six months old. This is the age when babies are first admitted to the Cradle Club—a nonresident department of the Los Angeles Nursery School, which handles babies between six months and three years.

At the Cradle Club a mother learns not to hold her baby so that his head lolls over her shoulder. She learns to turn the baby on his stomach periodically to encourage him to hold up his head. And at the age when a sighted child should be sitting up she helps her child to sit up too, guiding his balance with only the slightest touch of her fingers. When he starts to creep she lets him do so freely. Blind babies, according to Dr. Titcomb, take bumps better than sighted children because they are not visually startled!

Babies who go on from the Cradle Club to the Nursery School learn to bathe, dress and undress themselves and study and play together like any other group of children. Each has his own crib, small clothes locker, drawer and cupboard for overshoes and toys. By the time they're five all the children have mastered the difficult art of buttoning clothes, tying or lacing shoes, brushing teeth and managing bathroom duties without assistance.

"A blind child must be kept busy," the Nursery School faculty explains. "There is no way to stop a child from rubbing his eyes, for example, except to keep his hands occupied. We can say 'We sit still' if a child starts to rock, but actually rocking is a form of amusement to him, and something else must be substituted. It's preferable to suggest a game of pat-a-cake or see-saw. Rhythmic exercise or marching to music can discourage walking in circles. Blind children love music."

Blind babies are more given to temper tantrums than sighted ones, but the advice of the experts is not to give in to them. Give them a warm bath, wash their faces with warm water, but don't indulge them any more than you would a sighted child.

Blind children at the Los Angeles Nursery School are encouraged always to "see" the others play, "see" the doll, "see" the flowers—never to "feel" unless for a specific educational purpose. Most of them develop wonderful senses of humor and a great capacity to enjoy themselves. Outdoors their play equipment is selected especially to build otherwise unused muscles. Indoors they model, string beads, build blocks and follow other manual nursery school schedules. They go on field trips to stores, amusemuent parks, farms and the zoo to familiarize them with activities enjoyed by seeing children. They even are given swimming lessons for recreation and future safety.

Graduates of the Los Angeles Nursery School never fail to astonish their teachers when they go on to elementary school. Not only are they far ahead of visually handicapped pupils who have not had similar training, but they keep up very well with sighted children. Besides the obvious outer manifestations of blindness, even more important *inner* blindisms—timidity, self-consciousness, the feeling of unbearable difference or isolation—have also disappeared.

"I'm blind, but we don't think about it," a five-year-old girl said recently to a visitor. The poise and cheerfulness with which she made this remark are the best tribute the Nursery School could ask from its pupils. THE END

*Special outdoor toys like this one help pupils develop muscles that might otherwise be needlessly neglected*

*Learning how to put a button through a buttonhole is as much fun for this blind child as an exciting game*

# I'm proud of my lies

by Dr. Felix Charles

*Should doctors tell the truth? Yes! argued Edith M. Stern, prominent medical writer, in the August issue of* McCALL'S. *Mrs. Stern's article stirred up a hornet's nest. Of the many letters challenging her position we felt the following, by a doctor, would most interest our readers.*——THE EDITORS

FOR twenty-nine years I have been a practicing physician. Not once in all those twenty-nine years have I admitted to any patient that his condition was hopeless. If this makes me a liar, then I am proud to be one.

It has meant juggling answers as a magician tosses balls, slipping up my sleeve what I did not want the patient to notice, keeping his attention concentrated on the nice little gold ball, the one that represents recovery, good health and a long life.

This is common procedure with doctors — because experience has taught us how important it is for the patient to have ease of mind. Even nature itself usually blindfolds the dying man. It is the exception for death to come to a fully conscious person. Doctors are not less kind than nature; only their task is harder, for they must convince a person in full possession of his senses that his condition is not as bad as he thinks.

It is a disservice to the public to tell this. But since the readers of McCALL'S already have seen the protests by a layman it seems right that an explanation should come from a member of the medical profession.

You may feel that a doctor has no moral right to meet your apprehensions with a reassuring smile and pleasant-sounding double talk. You prefer — indeed you insist upon — knowing the truth. All right. What is this truth you burn to know?

The engine of your automobile develops a knock. The garage mechanic tells you precisely what is wrong, what must be replaced before the engine can function perfectly. But the human body is not an inanimate machine into which spare parts can be inserted while you wait. Perhaps the bodily condition already has progressed beyond any known aid.

Is the patient to be told that brutal fact, to have the crushing weight of a death sentence added to the burden of illness? Such an action on the part of the doctor, to put it bluntly, would be murder. And, to put it with equal bluntness, death is not always as close as it may seem to the doctor. Especially with cardiacs.

There is nothing quite so unpredictable as a heart case. The heart may be skipping beats, like that of the sixty-seven-year-old woman to whom I once was called. A young doctor had told her she was seriously ill. He was right. Part of his treatment was to order her to bed on a careful diet. When I entered her room she was counting her pulse.

"Nice, isn't it?" she asked. "My heart stops beating every so often. When will it stop forever?"

Would you term my reply a lie? I told her that her heart had served her well for sixty-seven years and now it sometimes wanted to rest, just as when walking in the park she might like to sit down on a bench. "By the way," I said, "when were you last in the park? Go out now and take a little walk."

Ten years later I saw that woman with her "bad heart" at a concert.

On the other hand, a friend of mine —a strong man but also with an affected heart—went to his doctor for a regular checkup. The electrocardiogram was satisfactory. According to the machine, the heart was in no worse condition than it had been for some years. Yet the next day the man was dead.

What is the truth in these two cases, or in the thousands of others seen daily by doctors? That the doctor or the patient does not decide the final issue but the unseen power, God.

I assert, and this time I am not lying, that out of twenty cases which a doctor has reason to label "hopeless" at least one will recover. Faced by a seemingly hopeless case, the doctor must fight. If he does not, he is no doctor at all.

One of the best weapons the doctor has does not come out of his little black bag. It is the lie, an older treatment than the syringe or penicillin.

Fear can be the decisive factor in any illness. The doctor tries to talk the patient out of his fears into a more comfortable state of mind where the treatment has greater chance. If talk is not effective a sedative is used, not so often for pain as to quiet the mind of the invalid.

The removal of fear can be a far more exacting procedure than the use of the scalpel. Even when he insists he is about to die, the average person wants to hear that he will live. Any disturbing information is kept from him—the death of a dear friend, the falling of the stock market, or a statement of his own unfavorable condition—because the chain of reactions set up in his mind can affect his body fatally.

The opposite of fear is hope. Hope keeps the door wide open for the miracle. What matter if the miracle is five more years of life or five hours? Life is precious to all of us, and the doctor is sworn to preserve life to the last breath.

SEVERAL years ago my wife had to undergo an examination for possible cancer. Fortunately the condition proved not to be a growth, after all. But we did not know that the night before she was to enter the hospital, when she said we never had lied to one another and she did not want us to have to play games now. She wanted me to promise to tell her the truth.

There went through my mind the memory of another case, a disciplined, strong character not unlike my wife, who proved to a colleague of mine that she must know the truth. Legal arrangements must be made for her two small children, she said, beyond the power of her estranged husband to disrupt. This other doctor broke a lifelong rule. Her condition was cancer, he told her, and it was inoperable.

It was just pure hell for that frightened, shaken woman up to the day she died. "Never again," said the doctor, "will I tell a patient that death is near."

On the other hand, I remembered my own mother, whose inoperable condition I had concealed from her so that she had months of peace and, at the last, an easy exit.

I had succeeded once by lying within my own home, I told myself, and I could do it again. I looked my wife calmly in the eyes and promised to tell her the truth.

Doctors, you see, do not lie merely to patients, they lie to those dearest to them—because they know it is the kindest, the most humane thing to do.

WHAT about members of the family? They have a right to know the truth—provided they can bear up under the knowledge and keep it from being reflected in their attitude toward the patient.

Relatives have their own private reconciliation to make with a dying man. They may have to know how long to expect the heavy expenses of his illness. There may be important business matters to be settled.

But the doctor must know this family well, be sure that a sentimental mother-in-law won't sob out the knowledge the doctor has given her across the dying man's bed. The patient comes first.

"Oh, I would have been kinder if I had known death was so near" — that is the complaint most often made to the doctor. Isn't that attitude like the cramming by a lazy student in the last few hours before an examination? Apologies and repentance may soothe the feelings of the ones who are left behind, but they are of little use to the dying. Even though he seems to hear, the comprehension of the dying man is not geared to take in all that is said. And when all is said and done, the problem is not his; it belongs to the one who continues to live. It is the living who must purge his own soul as best he can and pay his debt in compensation to others who still live.

There can be one good result from these articles in McCALL'S—not what the writer of the first one apparently hoped (that her opinions would change the doctors' well-founded approach based on sound psychological factors) but that you and other readers of this magazine will realize the wisdom of living at all times an orderly life, mentally, spiritually and in your business arrangements. Death may come to any of us at any time, with or without our prior knowledge. Its coming should not find us unprepared. THE END

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# SEX EDUCATION "NO"

*Continued from page 28*

make a rough guess that if Mr. Gallup were to take a poll on the subject it would result in something like this: *Question:* Are you for or against sex education in the public schools? *Answer:* FOR—20%; AGAINST—20%; NO OPINION—60%!

Further talks with women who are active in the Parent-Teachers Association, teachers of the courses in the schools, specialists who work through mental-hygiene groups, religious counselors, served only to reinforce my original impressions. The unhappy fact which emerges is that a very large number of parents today are failing in their God-given role of helping their young to take their appointed places in the world as integrated personalities, as mature men and women of character, an influence for good in their communities instead of neurotics faced with a lifelong battle with themselves and a psychoanalyst's couch. As one of the religious advisers I talked with told me, "We are too inclined to blame all our troubles on the age we live in. The trouble is not with the age we live in but with the selfishness of the parents living in it."

ACTUALLY the sex-education programs now in effect in our public schools have been initiated by a relatively small group of specialists in child psychology and a handful of distressed parents—not necessarily because they feel it is the *best* way to handle the problem but out of sheer desperation—to force other parents to face the issue and to provide *some* instruction for the children rather than none at all.

A teacher of the course in one of our California schools told me, "I myself believe that this is a parental responsibility. When so few of the parents assumed it we were forced to institute these courses to prevent children from acquiring their knowledge in the school of the gutter."

Now these apathetic "no opinion" parents are often the ones who pride themselves on their modern attitude toward their children. They are meticulous about regular checkups with the doctor and the dentist. They spend their money on television sets, unending Hopalong Cassidy equipment and even permanent waves to keep their children up with the junior Joneses. But when it comes to educating themselves on a subject which will have an influence on their children's entire lives, they are living in the Dark Ages.

Modern children are subject to all sorts of influences that didn't exist in Grandma's day. Grandma didn't need to be ready with answers to questions suggested by television, radio and motion pictures. Obviously all of these programs cannot be made expressly for children. Nor is it humanly possible for today's parents to be on the job as censors twenty-four hours a day. Youngsters didn't have the freedom and outside activities that they have today either. Our children today need far more careful guidance *within* the home if they are to handle themselves intelligently *outside* it.

Parents who claim they do not know how to cope with the problem are merely using this as an excuse for their own laziness. For example, the P.T.A. in one of my neighboring communities recently sponsored a program designed to help parents impart sex knowledge to their own children. Preparations for 350 people were made, but only 50 attended! Your town too has a P.T.A. working on this problem, and all around you, just for the seeking, are sources of help and information. At the end of this article I shall list a few of them.

I am not ashamed to admit that I myself have had to seek the counsel of my church, familiarize myself with books and pamphlets on the subject and confer with other parents in order to talk intelligently with my daughter. It took a lot of time and effort, but it was worth it because it has proved to be undoubtedly the most important link in the chain of understanding and companionship that binds us. I want her to come to *me* with questions about life, not to other young friends as ignorant and inexperienced as herself. Nor do I want the public schools to instruct her in groups of children from widely varying backgrounds, with conflicting religious or nonreligious upbringing. Although the schools do an excellent job in the arts and sciences, I know they haven't as much time to study and understand my daughter as an individual as I have. It doesn't make sense, therefore, for an impersonal schoolteacher to talk to her about so personal a matter.

Then too, inevitably, there are good teachers and bad teachers. I don't want to run the risk of having my daughter instructed in such a delicate and important subject by someone ill-suited to the job.

Another reason I don't want the schools to assume my obligation to my child is that I believe they must, of necessity, go too far and not far enough. No two children arrive at the same point of curiosity and interest in the so-called mysteries of life at the same age. Even in the same family this holds true. One mother of three boys told me that although her children were steppingstones in ages she had to instruct each one separately. Not one of the boys had the same problem at the same time. Indiscriminate group teaching in schools must inevitably stimulate some children beyond their level of maturity, with unfortunate results.

The fourteen-year-old son of a friend of mine recently discussed with his mother films originally prepared for the Army which were being shown to boys in his school. The reckless experiments it had led to for some of the boys were something to make an Army sergeant blush. Fortunately my friend's boy had been forewarned at home about the dangers of sensuality. He knew all about the horrors of venereal disease. He viewed the films with interest but without attaching to them any exaggerated importance. But for some of the other boys, again, the education had gone too far.

IN ANOTHER direction the schools do not go far enough. (And, of course, they never can, because they are not equipped in the direction of which I am going to speak.) It is all very well for youngsters to learn about the reproductive systems of the amoeba, the frog and human beings, but a sex-education program which stops at the level of physiology has not gone far enough. The human level must include the moral and religious aspects. We cannot ignore the inborn weakness of human nature. Before, during and after enlightenment children need the spiritual bolstering of religion. Without this we simply open a Pandora's box but fail to provide the Flit gun. This is a job which the schools cannot undertake. It's my job and the job of my church.

Recently our West Coast newspapers ran a shocking exposé about dope being sold to high-school students, unwed teen-age mothers and the like. There have been similar stories emanating from other cities across the United States. Surely these children are the heartbreaking examples of sex education without moral and religious training at home.

It may be pointed out that under the present system (in the schools where they have a sex-education course) parents are not obliged to allow their children to attend these courses. If the parents feel the child is ready for such instruction and wish him to take part in the group program, they send in their approval. Otherwise the child is kept in the study room while the others take the course. On the surface this sounds like a wise and fair provision. But it has one outstanding weakness. Isn't it inevitable that a child whose parents do *not* permit him to attend these classes is going to develop an intense curiosity about what the other kids are finding out? Quite naturally he is going to question his pals after hours and receive a garbled, highly sensational account of what went on behind the mysterious classroom door, with a few imaginative details thrown in for good measure. The whole subject then becomes, as we say in Hollywood, a production. If properly handled at home it would be merely a step-by-step part of growing up.

Other schools in the same and bordering communities have no courses of this kind at all. Thus the same bad feature prevails when the children meet in the homes of friends, in Sunday schools, at Scout meetings and in the playgrounds.

As I see it sex education is a very important part of the preparation for living a well-balanced, fruitful life through realization of our full potentialities. Do you really love your child? Do you put your child first? Then you and your child must stand together. Both psychology and modern religious thinking stress that love and understanding between parents and children are the basis of mental health and happiness. You are not being a loving parent if you force the public schools to do *your* job. There is, after all, no substitute for good parents. THE END

SOURCES FOR PARENTS

*Public Health Service.*

*The school doctor or nurse.*

*The P.T.A. (Many sponsor mental-hygiene clinics to which you can go for advice.)*

*Your local or state university.*

*Adult night schools (through the Department of Public Schools in any large city).*

*The public library.*

*Your State Society for Mental Hygiene. (Films, recordings, pamphlets at small cost.)*

*Your own religious counselor or family doctor.*

*Church forums.*

*The National Association for Mental Health, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. (Pamphlets at small cost.)*

ESPECIALLY FOR CATHOLIC PARENTS

*"Mother's Little Helper"—50c—(to help tell all from the ninth through the sixteenth year). Marion Mother's Club, 5150 N. Western Ave., Chicago, Ill.*

*"Safeguards to Chastity"—35c—(for boys in early adolescence). St. Francis Bookshop, 1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

*"Into Their Company"—50c—(for the adolescent girl and young woman). P. J. Kenedy Co., Barclay St., New York, N. Y.*

*"In Defense of Purity"—Dietrich von Hildebrand, Sheed & Ward, 840 Broadway, New York, N. Y.*

## SEX EDUCATION "YES"

*Continued from page 29*

involved have had *no* sex education. The incidence of unmarried mothers has been cut strikingly when home and school worked together in developing a sound program of sex education.

Here I should like to make one point clear. Supporting sex education in the schools does not, as some people assume, mean opposing sex education at home. Sex education in the schools is never intended as a substitute for sex education at home. It is simply an extension of it. Edward Lyman, chairman of the Coordinating Committee of Catholic Lay Organizations of New York City, said in a speech on this subject last year: "Let us agree—while insisting on the primary right and duty of parents—that the teacher and the social worker have a very definite part to play, not only in sex instruction but in the broader field of what you happily call education for family living."

I agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Lyman. Sex education must be the mutual effort of parents and teacher. Sex education is also much more than imparting biological facts. It is concerned with ethics, attitudes, behavior and relationships.

TO TAKE a stand like this, however, does not remove the objections and fears raised by sincere parents to sex education in the schools. I should like to try to answer some of these objections one by one.

(1) "Sex education is the responsibility of parents alone. Schoolteachers are not qualified to do the job."

Qualifications to teach sex education depend, naturally, on the individual. As we all know, there are good and bad teachers as well as good and bad parents. It is true, however, that many teachers today are getting excellent training in all aspects of child development and the approved methods of answering children's questions about sex. The same, unfortunately, cannot be said for many parents—a fact which even the most ardent opponents of sex education in the schools will usually admit.

Although most parents are eager for their children to receive a good sex education, many of them still shy away from the job. Many admit frankly that their own backgrounds have not equipped them to handle the subject without embarrassment. Should the children of these unprepared parents grow up, then, with *no* sex education?

Even taking the other side for a moment and assuming that sex education ideally is the sole responsibility of the parents, how will this next generation of parents become qualified for the job? A scientific, wholesome classroom study of the sexual side of life is certainly preferable to the confused and distorted information most children are likely to pick up on the street.

(2) "Sex education is an individual matter. My child may not be ready for it at the same time as other children."

Your child may also not be ready for certain kinds of reading or physical education at the same time as other children. If he is not ready a good teacher or school finds this out and puts him in a group at his own level of development. The truth is, however, that even when children are *not ready* to absorb sex information they are seldom shocked by straightforward unembarrassed discussion *unless* they have been exposed to undesirable sexual attitudes beforehand at home or on the street. If this is the case, the quicker teacher and parents find it out the better.

(3) "A child should not take courses in sex education from a teacher, or with children, of different religious backgrounds than his."

An intelligent teacher respects the points at which religious opinion may diverge on sexual questions. If such questions arise he admits there are differences of opinion and recommends that the child take the question to his family and church. Sex education in the schools, as I have said, is an effort to *cooperate*, not to *compete*, with family and church.

I should like to point out that controversial sexual questions are far less frequent than the opponents of sex education in the schools apparently realize. The miracle of birth, the sanctity of marriage, the emotional-spiritual-physical constellation surrounding the act of love are, after all, concepts common to all three major religious faiths in this country.

The fact that a child learns about sex in company with youngsters from different religious backgrounds should not, I think, be cause for apprehension. Certainly his own church will already have taught him that he can respect the other religions of the world without losing confidence in his own. If differences of opinion shatter a child's religious faith, then it seems to me that the teaching methods of his church, and not his school, are at fault.

What can be done? If we are agreed that the schools can play a useful role in sex education, then the next step for both schools and parents is to get together on the subject. In my work as consultant to the National Congress of Parents and Teachers I have found most parents eager to take advantage of all the information the schools have to offer on this subject. It is up to the schools to provide an opportunity for them to see the pictures that may be used in sex-education courses and to examine books or pamphlets that will be part of the program. Reciprocally, teachers can learn a great deal from parents.

The P.T.A. is an excellent place to exchange information and to discuss the objectives and limits of sex education. A common definition, I think, should be the first aim of such meetings. Parents who think of sex education as a cold biological presentation of "the facts of life" naturally have a different attitude from those who understand that it is part of the whole subject of family living.

IN MY experience the most successful sex-education courses have been the result of mutual efforts by parents and teachers. Parents have helped outline what should be included in the courses. Sometimes they have asked for similar study themselves so that they could do a better job of answering questions at home. Always they have recognized the benefits their children gained from understanding other people's families and comparing other values with their own. THE END

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# WHAT TO DO WITH $1,500,000

*Continued from page 48*

quickly, and Perryopolis again became a sleepy country town.

Perryopolis has two main streets —Liberty and Independence—which cross at the center of town to form Washington Circle. Smaller streets radiate from this circle like the spokes of a wheel. Clustered around the circle are the town's principal stores—Palonder's for hardware, Kranick's for general merchandise, the Triangle food store and the F. and H. Dairy Bar. These and a few others are the main source of employment for the town's population, but they absorb little more than the families of their owners. The only industry today is two small factories and a sawmill.

Most workers have to travel ten, fifteen or twenty miles to find employment at the Anchor Hocking plant in Connellsville, the Clairton Mills in Elizabeth or the Republic Steel mines at Banning. More and more boys and girls leaving high school find the town offers a slim future and move away. For Perryopolis, therefore, Mrs. Frazier's millions were the dream and the promise that could put the town back on its feet.

As THE first week's excitement waned, Perryopolis began to wonder when the money would pass into its hands and who would decide how to spend it. Mrs. Frazier's will stated: "The public, charitable, literary or educational purposes for which my residuary estate shall be used shall be selected by my executors, or the survivors of them, in their exercise of their sole discretion after consultation with the Town Officials of the Town of Perryopolis."

The executors of the will were Henry Sherrerd, vice-president of the Fidelity-Philadelphia Trust Company, and Thomas Stokes, Mrs. Frazier's lawyer. But who were the "Town Officials" of the "Town of Perryopolis" whom they would consult?

The will presented a peculiar dilemma, for Perryopolis actually elected no officials of its own. Its 1,500 population, along with five or six other communities, was simply a part of the township of Perry, which had a total population of 5-6,000. The township had three supervisors elected in rotation every two years for six-year terms. But were they legally the "Town Officials" of Perryopolis?

This question exploded over the town a week later at the regular meeting of the Lions Club. A group of the town's leading citizens, including banker J. Boyd Knox, schoolteacher Paul Luce, mechanic William Stoner and merchant Robert Palonder, had met beforehand and come to the conclusion that the township supervisors could not be considered officials of Perryopolis. To comply with the terms of the will, therefore, they believed the town would have to separate itself from the township of Perry and become a borough.

Presenting this plan at the meeting in the form of a resolution, they ran into immediate opposition from Ralph Linderman, one of the three township supervisors and also secretary of the Lions. Linderman, a lean and genial man with snapping blue eyes, claimed that neither he nor Frank Frescura, another supervisor, who also lived in Perryopolis, had been told about the resolution. In addition he contended that the Lions Club had no right to consider a political issue. The resolution was passed over his vote.

This was only the first round. Stoner, Palonder and other business leaders soon called a meeting of representatives of the American Legion, the Moose, the Volunteer Fire Department and other local organizations. Forming themselves into the Perryopolis Community Planning Association, they set out to make a blueprint of how the Frazier money could best be used to develop the future of Perryopolis and to lay the legal groundwork for turning it into a borough.

Supported by the trustees of Mrs. Frazier's will, they were allotted $4,000 to pay for a planning consultant, Clifton Rodgers of nearby Beaver Falls. During the next few months Rodgers made a detailed study of Perryopolis' economy, public-service facilities, transportation and school systems. The result was a forty-eight-page report on the town's assets and shortcomings with detailed recommendations of how the Frazier money should be used.

First on the list was an allotment of $250,000 for an educational center which would provide senior-high-school facilities not just for Perryopolis but for two or three adjoining boroughs. The present overcrowded school buildings would then be used for the junior high school. A second

*Two boys seine for crabs in the stream that will be a lot healthier if Perryopolis gets a new sewage-disposal system*

major problem of the town was good sewage disposal and water distribution, and $250,000 more was allotted for this purpose. Smaller sums were to be spent on other necessities and improvements—street paving, street lighting, the planting of shade trees and construction of an approach to the town from nearby Route 51. As provided by the will, $750,000 was to become a maintenance fund.

"But the plan looks further ahead than these specific improvements," said J. Boyd Knox, who was elected chairman of the Planning Association. "Here we are with 386,000 people within a 25-mile radius of Perryopolis. We need more housing, so that new workers can enjoy the advantages of our rural life and still commute to their jobs in plants half an hour away. We want to bring some industry here of our own—not smoke-producing giants but small secondary plants that will provide jobs and still keep this a rural area. We need a hospital and a community recreation center. The Frazier money can provide the impetus that will turn Perryopolis from a static town into a bustling community and triple its population in a few years."

After the Planning Association had issued its report the next step was to fulfill the legal requirements of turning Perryopolis into a borough. According to Pennsylvania law, this necessitates a petition signed by over half the landholders of the town, followed by final approval of the County Court. The Planning Association began to circulate its petition, rousing public interest through a series of town meetings and door-to-door canvassing of every citizen.

At this point the township supervisors and their followers came out in open opposition to the borough.

"You know how they were getting signatures?" Ralph Linderman said. "They were telling people that the town would never get the Frazier money if it didn't become a borough. Now we know this is nonsense. Our township solicitor has checked every angle of the will, and there isn't a word in it that says anything about a borough."

"What's more," said William Brewer, another township supervisor, who has charge of work on the roads, "they were getting signatures from people who couldn't write their own names. There was one woman who signed for two or three people, but when we went around to see them they said they never gave permission to sign for them."

So the township supervisors and their followers began to fight back. They circulated their own petition against the borough plan. They held their own town meeting. "It's not that we don't like the things the Planning Association wants for Perryopolis," said Ralph Linderman, "we want better sewerage and better water supply too. But, as elected officers of the township, we feel we're completely capable of consulting with the trustees on the Frazier bequest. We don't need a Planning Association to take over this town and try to turn it into a borough. If you ask me, it's just five or six people who want to get their hands on the money and spend it the way they want, not the way the people want."

It was soon apparent that the disposition of the Frazier fortune had become a part of the struggle for control of the town.

"The supervisors and their followers are just scared to death of losing their jobs," said William Stoner, a soft-spoken, balding mechanic at Martin's Garage, who is vice-president of the Planning Association. "Two of the three supervisors, Linderman and Frescura, live in Perryopolis. If it becomes a borough they can't be supervisors of Perry Township any more. What with road work and other small jobs to hand out, they've had a tight hold on votes here since 1932. But they and their followers will lose all this gravy when the borough goes through."

On the opposition side James Wilkes, a retired railroad man who has lived in Perryopolis for sixty-one years, said, "I seen what happened in other towns when they become boroughs. Their taxes started climbing and never stopped. That's why I'm against the borough. They'll have us humping all the time to keep paying."

"Nonsense," said J. Boyd Knox. "The supervisors are just trying to panic the town with this talk about higher taxes for new borough officials. The only paid official we'll probably have as a borough will be the burgess, or mayor, and he won't get more than three hundred dollars a year. The seven-man council will either serve without pay or for some token fee."

"I'll tell you what this whole thing's about," said a burly ex-miner. "It's a simple case of the Haves against the Have Nots. There's no point kidding about it. The so-called better element here is trying to run things their own way. They're trying to turn this into a white-collar town."

Amidst the charges and counter-charges one issue confused all the others. Part of the Planning Associa-

tion's recommendation was that Perryopolis, if turned into a borough, should expand its boundaries to include an area roughly a mile in each direction from the center of the town. The result would be to increase the population by a good fifty per cent. This, of course, would mean spreading the legacy thinner but, in the opinion of many people, more justly, for the town has clearly grown beyond its original boundaries. Wise or unwise, this scheme obliged the people to decide not only what was good for Perryopolis but just what Perryopolis was to be.

YEARS before this strange gift was left to Perryopolis, Mark Twain wrote a story, *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg*. It told of a stranger who left a fortune in gold to a supposedly incorruptible town, provided that the man who had done him a kindness years before could identify himself. Almost every leading citizen of Hadleyburg soon convinced himself that he was the rightful heir to the fortune. In their struggle for it the once peaceful and incorruptible town was gradually torn apart by dissension.

The chances are Mrs. Mary Fuller Frazier never read Twain's story. But there was a strange similarity between what money did to Hadleyburg and what it was now doing to Perryopolis. The Frazier fortune, which at first seemed like a miracle from heaven, was gradually turning friend against friend, splitting the town into bitter factions.

Could Mary Fuller Frazier possibly have known what perverse effect her fortune might have on Perryopolis? Some think it was predestined. For in her own lifetime the money now doing such strange things to Perryopolis had done equally strange things to her.

The fortune was willed to Mary Frazier by her uncle, Alfred Fuller, who had taken the farm lands and cattle-raising business passed on by his grandfather and father, Daniel and James Fuller, and turned it into one of the largest enterprises of its kind in the country. When Alfred Fuller died, Mary inherited $1,350,000 in personal property and half of his $7,000,000 estate. The other half eventually came to her on her cousin Alice's death.

Money seems to have instilled in Mary Frazier a startling variety of phobias. She was so afraid of germs and diseases that she refused to shake hands with even her closest friends. As a further protection she wore white gloves, threw away each pair at the end of the day and replaced it with a new pair. Anyone who tried to speak to her had to keep a distance of at least five feet.

Part of her campaign against germs was her refusal to ride in an elevator with anyone else. Often she waited half an hour in the lobby until she could ride alone. She left her hotel only by the back door. Her meals were brought to her room by the same bellboy, whose clothes, fingernails and appearance had been carefully checked.

On one of the rare occasions when Mrs. Frazier ventured into a public restaurant she insisted that the men with her cover their hats on top and bottom with napkins before putting them on the rack. On her equally rare appearances at the theater she bought up a block of a dozen seats around her, so that the rest of the audience would be kept at a distance.

She was as much afraid of contamination from mail and money as from people. She never received nor opened her own mail. Her secretary performed this function at her office and read it to her over the phone. Although she carried money in her handbag, she refused to touch it. When she bought something at her hotel newsstand the clerk had to take a bill from her purse, make the change and then put it back himself.

When Mrs. Frazier decided to build a home in Philadelphia's suburbs she first set up a large shack made completely of glass, from which she could watch construction without fear of contamination. As an additional precaution she purchased all new equipment, from derricks and cement mixers to shovels. The slate tiles for the roof were imported from Europe, each wrapped separately, as a sanitary precaution. The men's clothing, down to their shirts and shorts, was newly purchased and continually laundered.

An unforeseen incident upset Mrs. Frazier's antiseptic plans. One day she discovered that the daughter of a workman had contracted scarlet fever. Over $30,000 had already been spent on the house, but she abandoned it.

MONEY was no object in Mary Frazier's battle against germs. While she was living at Philadelphia's luxurious Warwick Hotel she decided to add a third room to her suite. The workmen put newspapers on the floor to protect it while breaking through the wall. When she saw the newspapers she threw up her hands in horror. Newspapers, which came from wood pulp or old rags, were not permitted on her floor. She paid for the job but never used the third room.

One of Mrs. Frazier's strongest phobias was directed at any object which touched the floor. While living at Philadelphia's Barclay Hotel she had two expensive end tables made to order. As they brought in the crates the moving men accidentally put the top of one crate on the floor. Even though the table itself was still packed in the crate, this proximity of its surface to the floor had destroyed its cleanliness. Despite the pleas of the moving men to give the table to them, Mrs. Frazier had it destroyed.

Her fixation about the floor was thoroughly implanted in the one maid allowed to enter her room. In emptying the wastebasket the maid could raise it only six inches from the floor, carry it at the same level to the door, dump it and return it in the same manner. When cleaning a window sill the maid had to drop the used rag from the window to the street so it would not have to pass through Mrs. Frazier's rooms. In storage her furniture got the same antiseptic treatment. When she sent her things to a New York warehouse she rented the whole floor, although needing only a small section of it. Then the floor was bricked up.

Mrs. Frazier's dislike of germs was only equaled by her dislike of hospitals and funeral parlors. She once ordered lighting fixtures for one of her houses from a company in New York but canceled the order when she found it was on the same street as a hospital. Near the hotel where she lived was a funeral parlor. To avoid passing it she paid a parking lot in the rear of the hotel a large monthly retainer to allow her cab special traverse privileges. She rented one cab on an exclusive basis with the guarantee that no one else would use it. One day she asked a chauffeur who had been with her for some weeks what he did in his spare time. Not knowing all her eccentricities, he told her that he also drove for funerals. She fired him.

Strangely enough, Mrs. Frazier's first husband, Dr. Louis Posey, whom she divorced after fourteen years of marriage, died of an infection. Her second husband was Johnson Frazier,

*(Continued on page 96)*


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by Barbara Olson

# If your wardrobe needs a pickup...

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**An overskirt** . . . of drifting silk organza makes a magic change in any dress. Dress shown is full-skirted cotton for home evenings now, outdoors in summer. By Sportset. Dress about $11; skirt about $15 at Filene's, Boston; Best & Co., New York

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TED CRONER
SILVER JEWELRY BY AMERICA HOUSE
OTHER JEWELRY BY MARVELLA
CHAIRS FROM THE PIAZZA

**A striped taffeta blouse** . . . to wear with a coordinated taffeta skirt that's cut in a great circle, or to wear with your suits. Matching cummerbund can also be a stole, the skirt will invite other blouses. By Lotte of Drewyn. Blouse about $11; skirt about $13; stole about $6 at Chasnoff's, Kansas City; Sakowitz Bros., Houston

**A sheer cotton blouse** with enormously feminine bell-shaped sleeves . . . looks lovely with its full, matching sheer cotton skirt or with your velveteen skirt or slacks. By Nelly de Grab. Blouse about $9; skirt about $13 at L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn

**A jumper of denim** printed with a tweedy design . . . to go over your collection of blouses and sweaters. By Loomtogs. About $15 at Joseph Magnin. San Francisco; James McCreery & Co., New York

**A pattern-knit wool cardigan** . . . to tuck like a blouse into a dyed-to-match linen skirt . . . both to wear with other things as inspiration moves you. By Ciro. Skirt about $16; sweater about $11 at Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; The Boston Store, Milwaukee

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*(Continued from page 93)*

manager of the aristocratic Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia. His work naturally had given him thousands of friends. but Mrs. Frazier soon transplanted her phobias to him. People who had not heard of this change often rushed up to him with outstretched hand, and were startled to have him back away abruptly. This strain may have taken its toll. Mary and Johnson Frazier were divorced, and he now lives in retirement in Kentucky.

Was it possible that the Frazier money, which had been partner to such strange doings for fifty years, had transferred its spell to Perryopolis? The bitterness between the factions struggling to have their say about the spending of the fortune grew more intense as both sides competed for signatures on their petitions. The campaign was carried to homes. stores and street corners. Angry sidewalk arguments disturbed the usual quiet of the evenings. "Often it almost came to blows," said Jack Morgan. owner of the town's largest tavern.

Shop owners and merchants were pressured by both sides and soon found themselves caught in an unpleasant vise. One gas-station owner who signed the petition for the Planning Association discovered that many antihorough people stopped buying gas from him. This unpleasant type of boycott was used so frequently by both sides that merchants began refusing to sign either petition. "No matter which petition I'd signed." said John Kranick, owner of one of the large general stores. "I would have lost an important slice of business."

Canvassing from door to door. both sides often claimed the same signatures. Later, when they discovered that an almost certain prospect had signed the other petition, there was mounting bitterness. People who had known each other for years began to cut each other on the street. "Why, my dad used to be one of the most popular men in town," said Ralph Linderman, Jr. "Now there's plenty of people who pass him on the street as if he wasn't there."

Personal antagonism even reached the point of threats against Linderman's political future. His six-year term as supervisor comes to an end this month. There was plenty of talk that if he ran again the weight of the Planning Association would be thrown against him.

But at John Lucas' bar. a popular gathering place for miners and other workers, one Linderman supporter snapped, "Ralph'll win no matter how much pressure is thrown against him. He's fought for us ordinary guys for a long time, and we'll stand by him."

Linderman himself was less optimistic about the future. "I don't know what's happened to this town." he said. "This money is doing such strange things to all of us that I might be better off not running again."

BY THE fall of 1949 the Planning Association seemed to have gained a definite edge in the struggle. It had secured the signatures of over fifty per cent of the town's landholders. Now the petition was submitted to the county judge at Uniontown for final approval. But the supervisors. through their township solicitor. brought suit to ban the petition on the ground that some signatures had been secured through pressure and misrepresentation. So the final decision of whether Perryopolis would become a borough was postponed while the judge made his investigation.

Meanwhile an even more serious legal complication hit the town. The fortune, which had been willed to Perryopolis but was still in the hands of the trustees. was suddenly claimed by six men and women who brought suit in the Philadelphia Orphans' Court as the alleged first cousins of Mary Fuller Frazier. After months of testimony Judge John Boland gave his decision. The alleged first cousins, said Judge Boland, had not proved their relationship.

But there were still two more hurdles for Perryopolis. The alleged cousins now carried their claim a step further. to the Orphans' Court in banc. Even if they are defeated there they can still appeal to the State Supreme Court—a process that could keep the Frazier fortune from Perryopolis for at least another six months.

During all this time a strange ceremonial went on high above Perryopolis on the wind-swept hill where the huge Fuller mausoleum stands. For two years a trailer was parked next to it. In twelve-hour shifts the cemetery caretaker and a retired schoolteacher occupied the trailer as special guards over Mrs. Mary Fuller Frazier's resting place. This was a stipulation of her will. a stipulation that only Mrs. Frazier herself could have understood. Could she have feared the town to which she left her fortune? Perhaps she knew what peculiar effect her money would have.

IT IS more than three years now since Perryopolis became a Cinderella town. But Perryopolis has still not received its millions. Many people in the town think they may never get the money. Many others think Perryopolis would have been better off if Mrs. Frazier had not willed it a fortune.

"Sure it sounded wonderful to get a million and a half dollars," said Jack Morgan recently. "But look at all the hitterness and trouble the gift has brought us. We've lost a lot. Maybe we've lost a lot more than we'll ever get in dollars and cents. Maybe it would be better for all of us if we just take the money and throw it in the river."

THE END

## THE WHIPPING

*Continued from page 31*

community nurse served very well . . . only why did we all prefer Maity? "Hard-headed little minx," the young women sighed. "Sometimes I'd like to shake her good!"

Mrs. Miller crossed her delicate ankles. "That's why I had to let her go," she murmured. "I was so afraid I might forget myself."

"Still. what can you expect?" my mother asked. In her white dress and slippers she seemed unusually fair, and her blue eyes were briefly troubled. "Maity ought to be in school," she said. "She isn't a day over twelve."

"But you can't teach her anything!" Mrs. Drew turned the antique ring on her finger. "You remember when she worked for me. Catherine. I had just finished warning her, when she *deliberately* dropped that pan of boiling water—!"

"It's a wonder she wasn't scalded."

They all sat silent for a moment. Then my mother laughed. "After she leaves us it will be your turn. Mary Sue." she said. "She's worked for everybody else."

"Oh. I don't mind." Mrs. Waddell raised her brows with a martyred expression. "As long as the children are happy, I guess I can stand it."

MAITY was definitely a trial, but we loved her—that was the point. At Eastertime we let her hide the eggs so deep in the violet bushes and under the house that some of the prettiest were never found. When Christmas came she had her own special stocking —not stuffed with ashes and a switch, as my mother privately threatened. but bulging full and lumpy as ours. including chain firecrackers which she lit with a flourish and tossed alarmingly close to our feet. "No, Maity," we protested, "that's *bad*."

"Who say it is?"

"Maity's bad anyway," Robert Drew said. "She can't work for us any more."

"I wouldn't if your mama was to beg me!"

His dark eyes grew round and outraged. "You better, though. You haven't got many places left." he said. "if you lose this one."

"She isn't going to, Robert." I moved close beside her. "Maity works for us. and we're going to keep her!"

Then. in the disdainful way that held pride and some dream. she gave me a little shove. "Shoot. Gage! How come you think you owns me? Don't nobody have nothin' to do with where I works. I just happens to be hired out to yawl at the present." she said loftily. "It just happen to be convenient to where I live."

That was only two blocks away, I remember. and many a time my sister and I were sent to her house because Maity had not come to work. "Don't beg her, now," we were warned. "If she isn't sick she can just stay there," my mother said. not looking at us. "I don't want her around any more."

No matter how often it happened, or how warm the day, we were chilled by this thought. Not even the new house going up across the street could delay us for more than a second. "I think it's got an upstairs," Trudy said, squinting briefly in the sunlight. "I bet Maity would fall down if she tried to climb those stairs."

"Hush." I said. "Walk faster, Trudy, before Mother calls us back."

We rushed ahead, our sandals scuffing loudly until we turned the second corner. where the sidewalks came to an end. A beaten dirt path led up to the yard. and once we had crossed it we always stopped and peered at the bushes around us. "Maity," we called. "Maity—?"

Inside the two-room shack the rich, chaffing voices were abruptly checked. At night you could hear them for blocks around. but now in the lazy, droning heat there was scarcely a sign of life. Sometimes a board creaked; through the doorway we might catch a glimpse of white-ringed eyes. But nobody answered until we knocked. and then. after we waited for what seemed hours, an expressionless woman would come to the door, or a man chewing cane or tobacco . . . "You lookin' for Maity?"

"Yes. please." we chorused.

"She ain't here."

Trudy clutched my hand. "Is she sick?" she asked. "Has she gone to the doctor?"

"I don't know where she at. Belle?"

"*Whoo?*"

"You know where Maity is gone?"

"To town. I reckon." From the interior of the darkened house. two measuring eyes looked out at us. "She said somethin' 'bout it this mornin'."

We stood there, blinking rapidly. "Mother told us to ask you." I said. very meek. "On account of, she's supposed to be working for us now."

"She be there tomorrow, tell her." The figure vanished into the deep, pungent shadows, and we turned away.

In the yard the silence was absolute. A few tattered clothes hung from a

line between two trees. and around toward the back. on a pomegranate bush, some nameless garment had been spread to make a kind of umbrella. It suddenly moved, and my heart sprang up and pounded in my throat. "Maity?" I breathed. creeping forward. "I see you, Maity."

There was no answer, and Trudy, who was only five, dropped down on her hands and knees. "It is," she whispered. "I can see something under there."

"*Don't talk so loud!*" I inched my way ahead and parted the clump of bushes. "Maity," I cried, sprawling. "I knew you were here!"

She seemed to wake with a start. She lay on her back and her eyelids drooped, but there was a lump inside her jaw. "Go 'way," she drawled sleepily. "How I gonna get any rest. you come botherin' me this way?"

"We'll be quiet," Trudy said.

"No, you won't, neither. You is botb wiggleteils."

"I'm not," I said. "I'm seven going on eight, Maity."

She looked at me dourly. "You tattles, though."

"No. I don't. I promise."

"Well. then." With a sudden impish grimace she reached behind her for a stalk of sugar cane. "Here a knife—gwan, cut your finger, now. Don't matter to me."

"But you like us, though." Trudy bent forward hopefully. "You like us the best of any, don't you. Maity?"

"I just worked for you the longest, is all. Too long." Her pigtails were tightly braided and her nostrils eagerly rounded. "Some of these days I aim to quit altogether," she said.

I nicked my thumb with the knife, but I was ashamed to cry out. "You mean, you're going to work for Mis' Waddell?"

"Mis' Waddell!" she mimicked. "Gage, you is so dumb. Gimme that knife—here—" She examined my finger, which had not bled. cut two chunks of cane for us and, flipping the knife over her shoulder, began to put on her shoes. "Come on, I might as well take yawl home. You ain't goin' no other way."

IMMEDIATELY I forgot any threat the day might hold. either here in her world or in ours. There was the new house going up on the corner. and though we already knew that strangers had bought it, we were not afraid to pick up some nails and offer them humbly to Maity. While the workmen stared she ambled past, her short skirts switching from side to side and her eyes gleaming bright as a blackbird's . . .

"Well, Maity?" My mother spread out her cards. On hot summer days they played bridge in the mornings—she and the neighbors wearing thinnest cotton and nibbling fruit from a howl on the table. "I see you finally got here," my mother said with a wasted attempt at sarcasm.

Looking as if she were ahout to burst into laughter, Maity nodded. "I wasn't hardly able," she said.

My mother tried to frown. "Mr. Sibley thinks I should dock you when you're late."

"Do he?"

The other three women bent over the table and gazed steadily down at the cards. "If it happens again." my mother said, "I'm afraid I won't need you any more. Now, run along, all of you," she finished mildly. "Scat!"

Even Ella, our cook, lost patience with Maity, and Joseph, the iceman, when he thundered down the street, swept her back with his furious sawing. Yet her boundless spirits revived them too—they laughed at her capering, heedless ways and nobody ever touched her. It was Trudy and I who were frequently spanked. and then our exaggerated moaning and tears brought her quickly to kneel and console us. "Didn't I know it?" she would grieve. "Look at that!"

"W-what, Maity?"

She lifted Trudy's skirt higher. exposing brief. embroidery-edged drawers and thighs only faintly pink. "Blister," said Maity, "size of my hand."

"That's enough. Maity," my mother called from a nearby window. "You're being untruthful."

"No'm I ain't. Miz Sibley!"

"Did you hear me? Run along. now. Just stay away until I send for you—if ever."

We watched her sprightly departure with howls of protest. Once she was banished for five whole days. and until we found her hiding in a chinaberry tree we thought we had lost her forever . . . "Maity." we coaxed. "you can come back to work now. Mother's not mad any more."

"Maybe she ain't, but I is."

"Please come down. Maity. Please," we begged. "We've got a surprise."

She thrust her dark-shining face through the clusters of ocher berries. "Say which?"

"We've got some candy at our house." Trudy promised.

"Go 'way—I has candy of my own."

This was true, as her slow-moving jaws gave evidence. I cast about desperately for bait. "Well." I said, "the new people are moving today."

"Who told you that?" Hanging by her knees from a smooth, peeled limb, she turned a somersault and landed with a thud. "Is they got children needs a nurse?"

"Maity—why?" We ran after her, panting in the hot sun. "What makes you in such a hurry, all at once?"

Ignoring us. she loped ahead, straight toward the house on the corner. It had been painted yellow, instead of white. and the earth around it was still ploughed rough and littered with nails and wood shavings. A loaded van had indeed stopped before it. The front door was open. and two pallid little girls leaned forward against the porch railing. At the first sight of Maity. their blue eyes sharpened. "Hyddy!" called the youngest.

MAITY came to a halt. Her calico skirt barely covered her knees and there were holes in her stockings, but her white teeth flashed, and I was torn with an anguish of jealousy. "Maity works for us," my sister announced, "but you can play at our house if you want to."

"Hush," I said. Standing safely away from the van. I glanced across the street. Already three or four children had gathered there. drawn not so much by the men carrying furniture as by the fact that Maity had returned. "We'd better not stand around here." I said. "Mother won't like it."

"Gage always is been a coward." As she spoke, Maity continued to bewitch the two small strangers, who were not more than four and seven. They hung forward, staring, while she leaped into the air and deftly caught a bee between her palms. "You want to hold it. Trudy?"

Shaking her head. my sister drew back. "Les' go home, Maity."

"Yes," came a voice unexpectedly loud; and. whirling. we faced the new owner and his wife. They had come up behind us without a sound. and I felt some difference even then, though I could not have said what it was. Mrs. Hardin, I remember, had elaborate, reddish curls and a mouth very thin and drooping. Her husband wore a suit with broad white stripes. his hat

*(Continued on page 98)*


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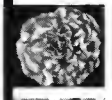

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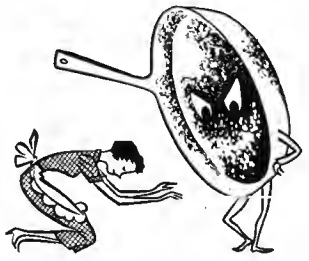

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GREEN box—pads plus cake soap


*(Continued from page 97)*

was tilted at a rakish angle and he walked with an aggressive kind of swagger. "You kids run along home," he said. "We're moving in. here."

"Wait a minute." His wife glanced toward the porch and back at Maity. "Are you looking for work?" she asked in a high. nasal voice.

A coldness went through me. Maity stood there blinking. as if caught in some spell. for their eyes were so pale and insistent. "Well. I has a place now," she said at last. "I nurses."

"For us." Trudy clutched her hand. "Don't you. Maity?"

Mr. Hardin suddenly frowned. "We're not trying to hire you away," he said. "My wife just asked you."

"We're strangers here," she put in. "We came from the Delta. where there was always plenty of help. If you hear of anybody," she added. "you tell them we pay extra well."

Before Maity could answer. they had turned and walked away. The children. though. were edging across the yard. and now Maity pretended not to see them. "I tell you what les' do. Gage. Les' us build a fire in your little cookstove. We could fry us some potatoes. if Ella'll give us one. We can set it right out in the back yard, and eat off your tea set. Trudy."

You can see from this last what a child she was—how ripe to be won, more for change and excitement than any money the Hardins could offer. Besides. as my mother reminded us when they hired her away. Maity was proud and fiercely independent. She could not bear to feel owned. and we had claimed her for so long that it was as much our fault as the Hardins'. "We'll go right on being friendly with them." my mother insisted. "After all. they are neighbors."

"Still. it was an underhand thing to do." Mrs. Miller said. "They're very strange people. I wonder where they came from?"

"The Delta." Trudy remembered. All the other children were playing across the street. but my sister and I were still deeply jealous of Maity's new charges. We sat together on the steps of our porch and watched them with bitter interest. "They lived in the Delta." Trudy repeated faintly.

My mother laughed. "Who told you that?"

"She did—Mrs. Hardin." I said. half turning. In that moment I had a swift. revealing glimpse of my mother and her friends. who were plainly doubtful of the Hardins' account of their origins.

"Not that claiming to come from the Delta means a thing." Mrs. Waddell said. very low. "There are all kinds of people. everywhere."

"But if they're going to make trouble—"

"Gage?" My mother leaned forward. "You and Trudy run along now. Get your Irish Coasters. if you don't want to play with the other children," she said. and as we trailed away: "It will be all right. We'll just have to try a little harder . . ."

Looking back. I can see what an effort it must have been. There was no way of sharing with people like the Hardins. and none of us understood them. But through the smoky fall days Mrs. Hardin was included in the neighborhood gatherings. The women sent trays when her children were ill. and even my father. on his way home from town. stopped to greet Mr. Hardin in passing. "Lawn's coming along nicely," he would say. and lift his hat to Mrs. Hardin. "Fine soil out here."

"Well. maybe so." she would whine, "but it's not like the Delta. Now. on my father's place—"

Her husband. coatless and perspiring. threw her a mocking glance. There was something cruel about his mouth. and my father's eyes grew thoughtful. "How's Maity coming along?" he asked. "Mischievous as ever?"

"Don't get me started!" Mr. Hardin pulled the head from a wild daisy. "That little Nig—if it wasn't for my children. I'd have her arrested."

In the act of replacing his hat. my father stood motionless. "How's that?"

"I'd have her arrested," Mr. Hardin repeated loudly.

"Ah. well." My father's smile was chilling. "She's young. you know. We're all very fond of Maity," he said. and Trudy and I. who had run to meet him. looked at each other.

"I don't like Mr. Hardin." Trudy said that night at supper. "I don't like Mrs. Hardin either."

"That will be enough," my mother said sternly. "If I ever again hear you say such a thing—!"


***YOU JUST THINK YOU EAT LIKE A BIRD!***

95% of the fat people are fat for the plain and simple reason they eat too much. Obviously then, the specific cure for obesity is to eat less! The approved and practical way to reduce (and remember you must have your doctor's okay) is to cut down on foods, *not to cut out foods.* Very easy to do if you count calories with . . . . .

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She invited them to her Christmas eggnog party—she even had gifts for the two Hardin children, who came empty-handed and stayed so long that I was ready to cry when they left. Only one thing consoled me for that ruined afternoon—we had a full stocking to take down the street to Maity's. "Santa Claus left this for you," my sister said after a long, breathless pause. "He put it right under our tree!"

"Say he did?" Her eyes were black and lustrous as tar. but she put out a diffident hand. "How come him to do that?" She grinned. "I ain't workin' for yawl now."

"I guess he forgot." Trudy said. She sucked in her lower lip and swallowed. "Did he leave one at Mis' Hardin's house too?"

"Sho'." Maity answered. but I did not believe her. Through the half-opened door of her house I could see a low fire. All the people around it were quiet. They seemed to be waiting for us to leave. and as Maity shifted her weight I felt them closing us out more than ever before. I put out my hand to touch her. "Come on over to our house, Maity," I whispered. "Bring your stocking and let's just *play*."

For a moment she seemed strongly tempted. Then I heard the uneasy shuffling of feet behind her, and Maity drew farther inside. "Naw," she said suddenly. "This here is Christmas, Gage! I has my presents to open."

"Will you come tonight?" Trudy asked. "Daddy's gonna shoot a lot of fireworks."

She rolled her eyes sideways to the stocking she held. Thrusting up through the top there was the package of Red Devils, and she seemed to hug it closer. "I has my own firecrackers," she said. flashing her beautiful white teeth. "Santa Claus done left them for me."

We hurried home then because it was cold on the porch and dusk was gathering fast. Once. after dark, when my father waved a Roman candle high in the air, I thought I saw her at the edge of the crowd. her whole face lighted by the bursting stars, which dwindled to nothing so quickly. I remember calling her name aloud, and how Thelma Hardin answered for her. without really turning to look. "Maity's at home," she said. "She didn't come to work today, and my papa's awful mad."

I remember shamelessly hoping that Maity had left them for good, but the holidays passed without any sign from her. Sometimes I would see her on the Hardins' front porch, a brown coat without buttons drawn over her chest and her nostrils round and stiffened. Mrs. Hardin preferred to keep her there. the two doughy children forever in tow. since Thelma, the oldest. had been sick with a cold and Mina was too young for school. Once to attract us Maity stood on her head. but even if we'd felt easy on the sky-blue porch, there was always the danger that Mr. Hardin might come home and send us rudely scattering as before. "They just don't know any better," the women said softly. "You can't hold it against them, poor things."

"All the same, they've kept Maity."

"Maybe she's afraid of them."

"Oh. for heaven's sake!" My mother gave a startled laugh. "Maity? She'll quit one of these bright days, you wait and see. Mary Sue will have her turn yet."

Swapping paper dolls in our room across the hall. my sister and I listened closely. We heard Mrs. Waddell laugh and agree. but some nameless fear had been planted by then. In spite of Maity's antics, we felt vaguely threatened. especially when the Hardins raised their voices. "Maity?" Mr. Hardin shouted one bitter-cold day. "Come back on this porch! If I have to tell you one more time—!"

Maybe she felt safe with us watching. I don't know. Maybe she delighted in annoying the Hardins, or it may have been that she just couldn't help it, being young and alive as she was . . . But the days slipped into weeks and suddenly it was February, and the unpaved streets lumped with icy mud. Thick. sooty smoke bellowed up from the chimneys, but the cold ran needles through your flesh; and even Ella. our cook, was frequently late, or did not come to work at all. We ate from trays held close to the fire. We had just finished breakfast that Saturday morning when there was a high. piercing scream, and the thin globe of warmth broke around us.

"*What's that?*" My father sprang up from his chair. "Good Lord—what's happened?"

*(Continued on page 103)*

midwinter pickup

# HOW TO GET RID OF THAT TIRED FEELING

*Without moving out of your own home, you can give yourself all the relaxing, revivifying effects of a winter vacation. It's easy*

**by Dolly Reed**

***Try the sun lamp trick for a rosy, healthy look***

Special sunlight bulbs will fit in the sockets of your regular lamps. Use two for over-all sunning, less danger of burning. Read directions carefully, then set each bulb about four feet from the floor and four to five feet on each side of you. Begin with a ten-minute exposure, lengthen time slowly, following directions. Don't forget dark glasses if you want to read as you tan

***Comfortable feet mean a happier face***

Put your feet up every time you get a chance. Use a big hassock or a chair that's the same height as the one you're sitting on. Wonderfully restful

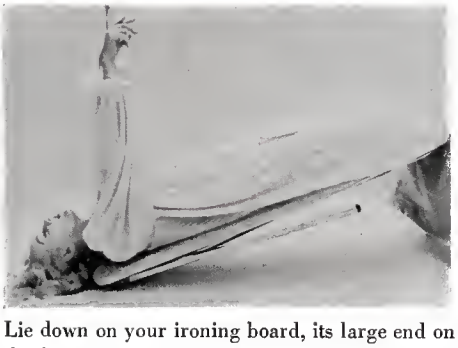
Roll arch over a cola bottle to stimulate circulation and relax muscles. Almost as good as walking in sand

STEPHEN COLHOUN

Splash hot, then cold water on feet. Then massage with cream or lotion, thumbs over, fingers under arch

***Rest is the best beauty treatment***

Sleep well, look pretty in an elasticized cap that holds your hair in place. No need for pins and curlers



Lie down on your ironing board, its large end on the floor, small end propped on the bed. Relax for fifteen minutes and you'll feel like a new woman

Turn electric blankets on before bedtime. A cozy, warm bed will help you sleep like a relaxed infant

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# Redbook

*The Magazine for YOUNG ADULTS*

## WHAT CHANCE

*has marriage when a woman doctor sacrifices love for duty?*

To Maggie, medicine was a calling, and marriage too costly a detour. But what woman, even a doctor, really *believes* that — when the man she loves has left her? Don't miss this fascinating book-length novel by Alice Lent Covert, *complete* in January Redbook!

## BABIES, USED FOR BLACKMAIL!

Here is Redbook's grim, incredible story of the *paternity suit racket*... how unmarried mothers work it... and how science can now clear at least fifty-five percent of the men who are falsely accused.

## "YOU CAN CHANGE THE WORLD!"

Do you, one individual, feel helpless to make this a better life? Then read Andre Fontaine's inspiring story of the *Christophers* — people of all faiths and circumstances — who, led by Father Keller, are really *doing things* to create a better world!

## DID MOTHER KNOW BEST?

Mary was sure, very sure, she would marry Johnny — until her parents, but mostly her mother, insisted "You Can Do Better," in Redbook's dramatic short story of this title by Gertrude Schweitzer.

## THOSE BUSY LITTLE BOYS IN BLUE

Is there a small boy in your home? Don't miss Redbook's story of the *Cub Scouts* — for one out of every three American boys now joins them sometime during his age of eligibility, from 8 to 11.

## TOO YOUNG TO DIE!

Accidents, *most of them preventable,* kill and cripple more babies, children and young people under 35 than any disease. Let Hardy Burt tell you why... and what *you* can do to eliminate them!

## DON'T BE AFRAID OF CREDIT!

Buying goods and services "the easy way" is quite safe... if you heed Redbook's tips on how to be a good credit risk.

2 midwinter pickup

# HOW TO

*Dry skin often feels tight and sensitive, looks rough and scaly. But with gentle care you can keep it soft, smooth and comfortable*

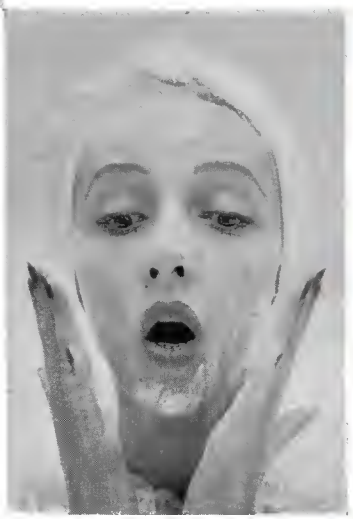
***Wash with soap and water once a day*** . . . but apply suds only with your fingertips, using a gentle rotary motion. Harsh scrubbing with a washcloth will irritate your skin and won't get it any cleaner

***Rinse thoroughly with lukewarm water*** . . . then blot dry. Never use cold water on dry skin. It will tighten your pores and prevent natural oil from reaching the surface and doing its part of the lubricating job

# CORRECT DRY SKIN

***Use cleansing cream at least once a day*** . . . being careful to choose a type that is marked for dry skins. Liquefying cream is not for you. Apply your cream on cotton saturated with skin lotion. Tissue gently

***Skin lotion helps prevent large pores*** and saggy lines . . . but pat it on with cotton very gently after removing cream. The lotion should tingle pleasantly but not be strong enough to give a burning sensation



STEPHEN COLHOUN

***Night cream is indispensable*** . . . but it can do its work in twenty minutes. Pat on generously with a flutter motion, using full length of fingers. This gentle tapping helps melt cream, makes it work faster

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# 3 midwinter pickup

# HOW TO CORRECT DRY HAIR

*It is lack of stimulation and lubrication that makes your hair dull and dry. But this simple treatment gives you a healthy scalp, shining locks*

***Massage,*** using the balls of your fingers, up from the neck, around hair line, across top of head. This speeds circulation, loosens dry, flaky scalp

***Brush hard,*** but don't scrape scalp, taking up locks of hair and rolling bristles into each section. Then pull hard with a flick of the wrist

***Part hair, rub cream into scalp*** and along hairs. Massage well. This helps clean scalp as cleansing cream does your face. Shampoo, then set

***Let hair finish drying naturally*** . . . don't sit under a dryer. Brush into shape and pat on creamy lotion that leaves locks soft and pliable

STEPHEN COLHOUN

*(Continued from page 98)*

"Oh, I was afraid—!" Before my mother had quite finished speaking, it came again—a scream so shattering that my own heart stopped and Trudy flung her hands to her ears. "It's coming from the Hardins', Tom—"

"That's impossible!"

"No. listen." said my mother in a slow, numbed way. "Somebody's—being whipped."

We sat there too stunned to move. The crescendo of shrieks thinned out to a wail. and suddenly my father leaped toward the window and began to jerk at the catch. "George!" he shouted to Mr. Waddell next door. "What on earth is wrong?"

"Seems to be some trouble at the Hardins'!"

"Wait a minute—I'm going too . . ."

The front door slammed behind him. Now the screaming had ceased. but up and down the street we could hear other windows and doors opening. My mother paced nervously back and forth and. huddled unnoticed by the open window. my sister and I saw a blighting thing. one that I have never forgot. We saw Maity dart from the house on the corner, one thin arm lifted to shield her face. and her shoulders hunched down in the child's brown coat. as curved as an old, old woman's. "Get back from the window!" my mother cried. but it was too late then—it was already too late. and even Mr. Hardin must have known it . . .

NOBODY had him arrested or asked him to move. But from the day he whipped Maity there was no other choice for the Hardins. The neighbors avoided them as if they had been leprous. Men walked on the opposite side of the street, and in the early spring months when the violets bloomed, my mother and her friends turned their backs to the house where Mrs. Hardin and her children sat waiting. "It was her fault too," Mrs. Miller said after they'd gone. "She was a disagreeable. ignorant woman."

"Yes," said my mother, "I know." She was featherstitching lace on a nainsook slip for Trudy. and she kept dropping it and sighing. "The trouble is, we must all take the blame."

"Oh, Catherine." Mrs. Drew argued. "nobody could have been more patient than you. Maity *was* a trial. But." she added bitterly. "that didn't excuse Mr. Hardin for what he did. He should have been horsewhipped himself!"

"I'll never forget the last time I saw her—" My mother moved her chair and looked down on the yard, where Trudy and I were sitting. "Gage?" she asked. "What's the matter now? Can't you and Trudy find anything better to do?"

I stood up at once. for I knew what my mother was going to tell and I did not want to listen . . .

She had sent me. alone, to get Maity one day. and I had gone with some hope that I might find her in a tree or under the pomegranate bushes. But it was still raw and cold outside. A mangy dog lay growling near the steps—there was no other sign of life—and standing alone on the splintery porch, I shivered in my thick winter coat. "Maity?" I called, knocking. "Maity!"

The door quietly opened and she stepped out. "You lookin' for me, Gage?"

"Yes," I said. and then I lost my voice for a moment. If she had looked sullen or angry. it might have been different. But she stood in the doorway. as grave as a woman. with her skirt barely reaching her knees. "Mother wants to see you, please, Maity," I said.


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"All right. Tell her. as soon as I changes my dress."

In the shadows behind her a loose board creaked. and I began to back toward the steps. "Well—thank you." I stammered. "You won't forget. will you. Maity?"

She shook her head. There was something familiar in her level black eyes—a measuring look I had seen before in the eyes of all the other, older people who had looked at me out of the darkness of this house. "You better run on home now." she said. "Your mama be waitin'."

Hurt and bewildered. I ran. I remember thinking that Maity wouldn't come at all. but a few minutes later she walked through our kitchen. an apron hanging down beneath her coat. "They sent for me," she told Ella.

"Yonder in the bedroom." The oven door banged. "I'm proud to see you lookin' so well. Maity."

"Yes'm." came the expressionless answer. That was the way she spoke to my mother too—standing in the bedroom with her arms at her sides. as still as a black marble statue. "Yes'm?" she asked. respectfully waiting.

"Maity. I wanted to talk to you." my mother began. flushing. "I wanted to tell you that those people—across the street—are moving away."

"I heard they was. Miz Sibley."

"And we are glad of it, Maity. They were never our kind."

Maity's mouth opened and closed without a sound.

"I thought maybe you'd like to come back to us." my mother said in a voice which belied the faintest hope. "You know how the children miss you."

"Yes'm." Maity answered steadily.

Trudy and I pushed farther against the wall. My mother's head had slowly drooped—she sat as if accused by the silence in the room. and her hands were clasped together. "Or Mrs. Waddell would be glad to have you with her children." she said. "Any of the neighbors would."

"Yes'm." Maity drew in her breath and swallowed. Then. with her index fingers bent. she flicked at the corners of her eyes. "I thank you. Miz Sibley." she said at last. "but I decided to do other work from now on. I'm gettin' bigger now." she said. looking straight past us. "I guess I've outgrowed children."

My mother seemed to understand that. From the bow-front dresser she brought out a package and gave it to Maity. "It's just a few things I bought for you." she said. "a long skirt and some blouses. You're so small for your age. I—I think it might help. Maity. no matter what work you find to do."

"Yes'm. And thank you. Miz Sibley." Holding the package beneath her arm. she started past us. "Goodbye, Gage and Trudy." she said calmly. "Yawl be good little girls. now."

I turned my face to the wall. "We were going to let you hide the Easter eggs." I said.

"Naw. Gage—not no more."

"Maybe you'll come to see us. though." Trudy managed with streaming eyes. "Me and Gage are getting big too . . ."

SHE did not answer. and it was hard to bear. No matter what people on the outside may think. we had tried our best in that time and place. and it was hard to see Maity leave us. My sister and I cried all the way to the corner. We stood across from the hated yellow house, and the wind was like a whip against our naked legs. and we could not make Maity hear us. In her long, woman's apron she marched away. THE END

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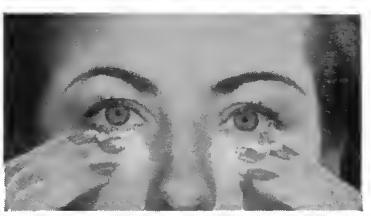

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## A WEDDING WAS ARRANGED

*Continued from page 37*

feminine needs of a ten-year-old. "Goodness, Daddy," she had said when first told the news, "that's kind of perfect, isn't it—her being all alone and needing a family like us!"

Yes, the children worst of all. They were pushing too.

WARD frowned and slid lower behind the wheel. He felt sick, deeply sick. A fine time to ask himself whether or not he wanted to be married again! But it wasn't that—he had asked himself that a thousand times before, and Lila herself had been the answer. He liked her small face with its fine etching of retreating youth, her sober, straightforward look, her deep frown of concentration when she read or thought, and he liked what she thought. She had been honest in her attraction and hope, yet quite unaggressive in her expression of them. He had been drawn to her because he felt happy and comfortable in her company, because it seemed possible to love again, in a different way, without infringing on what he had had with Ruth . . .

If only he had met her for himself, and in some other place! If only she had been his choice, someone he had seen, approached and wanted. If only They hadn't kept saying, "You must meet Lila Townsend—you two would be perfect for each other!" If only They hadn't "fixed" the meeting, and over his polite protests. And if only subsequent meetings hadn't come about with that undercurrent of manipulation, of sly prearrangement that might so easily, for all he really knew, have been shared by Lila. For all he really knew . . .

Hadn't there been a sentimental slyness on Lila's face last night, as though she had a joke on him that it would soon be permissible to reveal?

He turned into the driveway at a crawl. A thought stark and loathsome came into his mind and could not be escaped: He had been the local "catch," and the possessive little town had seen to it that he was caught.

He moved reluctantly from the car to the house, his tall, solid frame seeming almost to refuse the forward movement. At the sight of the children and Mrs. Johns's beaming face he actually flinched, and he passed his hand quickly back over his gray-dark temples to obscure his inability to smile.

"Daddy's got things on his mind," said Mrs. Johns, perceiving an unusual quietness in his manner, and distracted the children's attention from him.

He went heavily up the stairs. Everything seemed to have been arranged long ago, with an intricacy that would thwart any possible means of escape. There was practically nothing to think about except getting dressed and delivering their three persons to the church on time. He stood in the middle of his room a moment, feeling as though dark walls were closing about him. He wanted to strike out with his arms, push away the circumstances of the moment as if they were pressing physical weights. Then, with a sudden shaking of his head, he moved to his closet and began to undress. Useless thoughts, he told himself harshly, useless feelings. For better or for worse, he was a committed man. He didn't want to go through with it but he would. He must . . .

The church was filling up when he arrived, urged to earliness by the excited children. Friends, relatives, all the familiar faces wore the same expression of approving participation. He found himself hating their smug smiles, and it seemed to him that they were not only arriving and taking their places but advancing on him, surrounding him, backing him fast to the wall. He began to feel that he could not bear the sight of Lila's face when she too got there. It would be like the final slam of a great, heavy door upon his free will.

He shepherded the children into the lighted, flower-bedecked interior, then went as unobtrusively as possible to the vestry. Pete Jenkins, his best man and lifelong friend, was inclined to his usual derision in the face of sacred moments, and it was a relief to Ward to look into eyes both cynical and amused.

"Well, they've got you hooked at last, Ward," Pete grinned.

Why couldn't he laugh? He felt Pete's word choice like a small blow to the diaphragm. "Yes, yes," he muttered.

"You look like the sacrificial lamb in that getup—it's a shame—still, you couldn't expect us married men to let you get away with it forever, you know!"

"Oh, shut up, Pete." Ward lifted his coattails and sat down heavily on the maroon plush sofa. His lips and throat were going dry, and his palms seemed to have inherited all the lost moisture.

Pete raised brown eyebrows, cocked his fair, angular head and sat down beside him. "You know, Ward, don't you, that it's the best thing that ever happened to anyone—this . . ." He waved his hand airily to indicate the proceedings about them.

Ward only just controlled the desire to drop his head into his hands. From Pete it came hardest of all.

"There were never two better-suited people," Pete went on, his tone lowered to naked sentiment.

Ward forced his eyes up, put his hand briefly on Pete's shoulder. Then he jumped to his feet and began to pace about the room. He couldn't go through with it, he couldn't!

Pete watched him a moment, then shrugged and looked at his watch. "When they play that—" he listened frowningly to the organ music drifting solemnly in—"it's about time for the works." He went to the door and peeked out. "It's filling up fast."

A DEW of perspiration sprang out on Ward's forehead; he wiped it away with a violent swipe of his handkerchief and resumed his pacing.

"There's something special about this wedding." Pete mused, as if still searching for ease between them. "I guess that's because we all feel we had a part in it, eh? Our own achievement . . ." He chuckled.

Ward was glad Pete was not looking his way.

"Well, Lila should be here." Pete went on. He looked at his watch again. "One minute to go."

Neither of them spoke now, and the soft love ballad played into a hush that could be felt even where they were. After a moment or two it seemed to gather a quiet intensity like expectation. Pete opened the door just a little wider.

Presently he drew back and looked at his watch. "She's late." He smiled. "Trust Lila not to do the obvious."

What did Pete mean? It had never occurred to Ward that Lila could be considered in any way unpredictable.

"Don't worry—she'll be here." Pete grinned at Ward with paternal reassurance. A very faint prickle started under Ward's collar, a very faint excitement somewhere between his stomach and his chest.

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Pete laughed a little to himself. "They're all craning their necks like anxious chickens," he reported after another peek through the door.

Ward, with a puzzled, incredulous wrinkling of brow, came and stood beside him. When five more minutes had passed, a murmuring became audible from the pews.

"Good heavens," he muttered. He ran a finger around his collar to relieve the prickle. The excitement was no longer faint.

Pete gave him a steadying glance. "Something's happened," he whispered. "It was all set for Fred and Ann Smythe to pick her up, wasn't it?" Ward nodded mutely and Pete said, "I'll go call the house." He slipped quietly out the door.

As soon as he was alone, Ward allowed himself to name the excitement. He was still free! Perhaps—why, of course, of course! Lila had had the very same feelings he had. Lila had done what he longed to do. Lila had pulled out! A tremendous weight seemed to lift from him, a heavy blanket removed from about his brain. Free. Free!

Pete was gone for what seemed a very long time. When he returned it was obvious that he was controlling his emotions with great effort. "No answer at the house," he said. "But Fred and Ann just arrived and said the house was empty when they stopped for Lila. No sign of her anywhere, so of course they thought she had gone on ahead . . ." His voice trailed off and he looked helplessly at Ward. "Where can we look for her?"

Ward checked the desire to say, "Nowhere. Nowhere, Pete! It's no use looking for her, old man, because she doesn't want to be found." He said, for appeasement, "Ask the old woman across the street if she saw Lila start out, if she took the car . . ."

"Miss Wilburton?"

"Yes."

Pete withdrew. Another full five minutes must have passed.

There was a frank commotion outside now. The organ went on and on in dirgelike accompaniment that seemed to Ward as lacking in expectation as himself. A sudden tenderness swept over him. Poor darling, she had gone through a lot of anguish to do this—shown a lot of courage, too . . .

In a hesitant trail of mournful peals, the organ stopped. Pete came back. "No soap," he announced. "The old gal hasn't seen Lila and the garage doors are closed." He gripped Ward's arm and gazed at him in concerned alliance. "Reverend Hall's going to call it off," he said. "We'd better get right over to her house—"

Just then silence fell and a voice boomed out. Pete and Ward listened without showing themselves.

"Owing to Miss Lila Townsend's failure to appear at this time—the ceremony is postponed."

Unfettered curiosity burst out in full clamor, and Pete grabbed Ward's arm and steered him to the side door. "Go on to the car," he said. "I'll explain and join you . . ."

Ward nodded and left quickly.

LILA'S house had an air of sudden desertion. The front door was not locked and all her clothes, except her familiar brown fur jacket, were still laid out across the bed for the wedding.

Ward's heart gave a great, painful tug. It was like witnessing the process of her frenzied thoughts, like looking into her distressed eyes. Darling, he thought. Darling! Her presence seemed to stir about him, her absolute sweetness, her dear mannerisms, her laughter, the wordless things they had come to share. Lila, Lila! Why, she was everything, everything to him . . .

He pressed his fingers hard against his temples. How could he have thought his life could be anything without her! What on earth had possessed him! He loved her, he adored her! She was the very heart of his existence!

"Buck up, Ward. Look—her purse is here. She couldn't have gone far without it. That, and the car's being in the garage . . ." In spite of his uneasy suspicions, Pete's face lighted up. "Do you suppose she might just have fainted somewhere? How about the attic or the cellar?"

Ward looked at him through a haze of despair, then bounced back into sudden, determined life. "Anything's possible. Come on, let's go!" He'd find her, he thought; he wouldn't stop till he did. And then he'd never, never let her go. He'd shower her with love. He'd live for her!

"You go up," said Pete. "I'll go down."

There was no trace of her.

"The tool shed," Ward suggested.

But a thorough search of the house and grounds turned up no clue.

Neighbors and passers-by stared as the two men dressed in cutaways came out on the steps and gazed about helplessly. "I see nothing to do but go back to the church," Ward said. "and if nothing has happened, get the kids home, change my clothes and take it from there . . ."

"What in the name of reason *could* she have done?" Pete muttered as Ward drove with reckless speed back the way they had come.

"Don't you see," Ward wanted to shout. "she's hiding, hiding! That's what happens when busybodies try to run other people's lives!"

"See!" he wanted to yell to the bewildered, surprised faces still milling about outside the church. "Your cute little plan didn't account for human perversity, did it! A lot of good all that sticky sentiment now!"

No one there knew anything more. Homes had been called and searched. Everyone had questioned everyone he thought might know something. The minister made the suggestion of calling the police. "Gee, Dad," Bob said, "this is awful." Janie's eyes were red. "Perhaps she's dead. Daddy . . ."

But the hospital too had been called by Ann Smythe, and two other hospitals in nearby towns.

They all wondered at the rather strange expression of the bridegroom, who seemed more in a hurry than worried. He left Pete behind to pursue any further development and, after getting into slacks and jacket, returned to Lila's house.

HE DID not know exactly why he had the impulse to return. He walked about the empty rooms, thinking. Who would be likely to hide her? Ann was her best friend, her matron of honor—had she been putting on an act to allay suspicion? Ann, like everyone else, would be home by now.

He got into the car and drove to the north end of town. Some children were playing in the yard, and Fred was pushing one of them on the swing. It did not seem possible that their innocent behavior concealed a secret. As he jumped out of the car and went toward Fred, Ann came to the front door. She was still dressed for the wedding, her flowered hat slightly askew. Could he put his suspicions to her bluntly? He decided not to. "Thought you might have some ideas," he said.

Ann frowned. "Gosh, I haven't, Ward, that's the trouble. She was so pepped up this morning. She wanted

*(Continued on page 110)*

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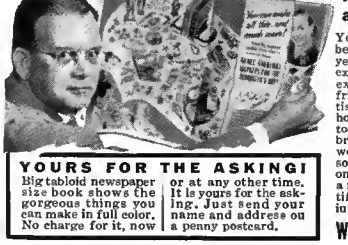

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# to make for the South...or summer

8792

Sparkling white as the crest of a breaker . . . a sun dress of cotton piqué with a deep crosshatch texture. The four-panel skirt flares to a lovely shape. The bolero has a new tab neckline . . . one tab slips through a buttonhole and both are anchored with buttons on the jacket. Think of this one made up in silk or lightweight wool for now in the North

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANDSHOFF

Tropic-sea blue . . . combined with multicolor satin-stripe broadcloth. The skirt, gathered around from the front panel, has a quaint panniered look. The neckline, cut low and square, is tied across the shoulders with a crisp bow. For winter party wear, translate this into taffeta with a band of lace or velvet at the neckline

8789

3794

Sunset-pink and midnight-black . . . in a three-piece outfit with a halter top to show off a pretty back. The neckline has a tiny Peter Pan collar that's repeated on the bolero, which can be made with short or bracelet-length sleeves. We show it in cotton, but you might choose printed and solid crepe for winter and spring in colder climes

Cloud-white and sky-blue . . . in stripes on a sun dress with a low-cut square neck, bordered by a beautifully mitered collar. Waist-length jacket of matching blue cotton has short sleeves cut in one with the back and fronts. If you live where the weather reports say "continued cold," try this in faille with a velveteen jacket

8797

Back views on last page.
More McCall's patterns on page 108

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McCall's · Patterns

# make yourself a Paris suit

8810

*With the wonderful jacket* . . . fitting the body smoothly in front, swinging out from the shoulders in back. The trick is a fitted waist-length lining, free of the back flare, that keeps the jacket front in order. Skirt is very narrow

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8811

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*(Continued from page 105)*

'something borrowed,' so she took my white kid gloves. Only stayed a few minutes, said she still had things to do. She looked happy—acted quite silly for her—you know how calm she is."

Ward's brows squeezed together. "What were these things she had to do?" His heart hammered uncomfortably.

"Well, let's see. I don't think she said. She'd been to the beauty parlor, of course, yesterday. She said her things were packed and ready."

He nodded. The suitcases had been there, labeled and ready in the hall.

"She mentioned doing something with the things in her refrigerator, and brought me a veal steak that she thought I could use—"

"Would she be likely to have gone somewhere with the other stuff? Whom did she say she'd give it to?"

"Oh, Hilda, the cleaning woman, I'm sure."

"May I use the phone?" Just another chance, he thought. But the cleaning woman told him she had taken the things the evening before. She knew nothing more.

"You know," Ann said, "she did mention getting some pearls from someone—'something old,' you know. Now, who was it?"

"Pearls. Yes, she told me that too. Someone had some beautiful ones . . ."

"But I'm almost certain she got them the other day. Still, she may have intended to and not done it . . ."

Ward gripped her shoulder, as if his urgency could force back her memory. "Who?" he asked. "Who was it?"

Ann shook her head and Fred, coming over to them, overheard. "Could it have been that old lady she's so fond of down the road?" he asked.

"Mrs. Peden! Yes. Mrs. Peden—that's who it was! I remember now. We were just—"

But Ward cut her short. "I'll get over there, Ann. See you later—and thanks!"

"Let us know . . ."

Ward waved and backed crazily out of the driveway.

MRS. PEDEN'S house was three houses down from Lila's. He rang the bell. There was no answer. Then he pounded. Mrs. Peden, he remembered, not only was quite badly crippled with arthritis, but was extremely hard of hearing. Perhaps it was the maid's day off, though usually there was someone with her.

He went to the side and pounded, and then to the back. He tried the back door, and to his surprise it was not locked. He went into the dim, camphor-smelling interior, feeling like a thief.

"Mrs. Peden!" he called. "Mrs. Peden!"

He found her dozing in a little room off the living room, stretched out on a wicker chaise in the glassed warmth from a fading sun. She looked up in shocked surprise, then pleasure.

"Mr. Tyson! You're a happy man, I bet!" Her face creased with sly triumph. "I always was one who said you two were ideal, I said. Ideal. Perfect match . . ." Her voice was husky and only just audible.

"Mrs. Peden," Ward shouted, "have you seen Lila? Have you seen Lila!"

Mrs. Peden smiled and nodded. "Lila, yes . . ." she said.

"Did she come here?" He waved his arms, pointed to his neck. "Pearls, *pearls. Did she come here for your pearls?*"

Mrs. Peden nodded questioningly. "Yes? The pearls?"

"*Did she come here for them?*" he shouted.

"Yes . . ." Mrs. Peden said slowly, "she came. Wanted something old, you know." She smiled fondly. "Thanked me, the dear thing, kissed me goodbye."

"Today? *Today?*"

"Yes." Mrs. Peden nodded, her soft tone unchanging. "Today. All excited, of course." She struggled up and cocked her head. "Why, Mr. Tyson—what's this all about?" she asked.

"Lila has disappeared. *No wedding. Lila's gone!*"

Horror came into the elderly face. "Is that so? No wedding, eh? Now what do you suppose . . . ?"

Ward gave his head a brief pounding with his fists, then returned to the effort. "That's just it, Mrs. Peden. *Can you help me? Tell me what time she came and what she did and said?*"

Mrs. Peden frowned up at the clock on the mantel. "About three, I'd say, three o'clock, thereabouts . . ." She nodded. "Goodness, what did the people do? Did the minister . . . ?"

That was just about an hour before the wedding. "*Did you see her go?*" he shouted, cutting her short.

Mrs. Peden considered. "She must have gone upstairs first. I had already given her the combination of my little safe in the dressing room."


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Lila, thought Ward, could have kissed Mrs. Peden to pretend she'd been going. She could be hiding upstairs in that dressing room, holding out until the search died down, knowing that not even Mrs. Peden herself would suspect. That was it!

Without pausing for explanation or permission, he turned and dashed for the hall. As he took the stairs two at a time, he thought he heard a faint, thumping sound. Probably Mrs. Peden calling him back with her stick . . .

Estimating that the large dark room at the head of the stairs was the master bedroom, and most likely to have the dressing room, he entered it quickly and looked around. The heavy door to the left of the bed was probably the one.

Just as he reached for the handle, he paused. Whatever he did, if he had guessed right and she was in there, he must not embarrass her. "Lila?" He rapped tentatively on the panel.

At that instant he heard the thumping again, directly in front of him, and a sound like exhausted weeping.

He reached for the handle—locked! "Lila—it's me, Ward! It's okay, honey. I'll get you out." He knew before he put the weight of his shoulder against it that the door wouldn't yield easily. It meant getting a locksmith. He called to her again, but her words were too muffled to understand.

Suddenly his eye caught the gleam of an object on the rag rug beneath him. He stooped. As easy as that . . . ?

Yes! He shoved the key into the lock and it turned. He pulled back the door and Lila, pressed to it, fell forward into his arms.

"Darling, darling . . ." He held her close, stroked and comforted her as if her slender body were a child's. When she looked up at him, her face was white and her eyes dark-circled. "Thank heavens—thank heavens I found you!" he murmured.

"I'm all right, Ward. I'll be OK in a minute—but it was such a stupid thing to do."

"No, no, my darling. No, no, it wasn't!" He raised her chin with his finger. "Honey—I understand. I understand. The strange and awful thing is that I felt exactly the same way myself. But it had nothing to do with you. All that matters now is whether or not I have a chance with you, darling. Darling, do I, do I?"

She frowned a little. "I don't understand. I don't know what you're talking about."

"I'm just trying to tell you what your running away did to me. It made me realize just how much I adore you . . ."

"Running away? Ward—I didn't run away!" Her eyes were horrified. "Didn't Mrs. Peden explain—I just came up to get the pearls—I got shut in—some kind of trick lock . . ." She pulled away, her shoulders rigid. "You didn't *want* to marry me, Ward?"

"It wasn't that, Lila—I wish I could explain . . ." In a flash the whole nightmare was back with him. She hadn't been hiding. She'd have been there, except for this accident, according to plan! "I thought for sure you'd felt it, the way we were engineered, pushed along into the thing. I was positive, when you didn't turn up, that you'd felt just the way I did—"

"Pushed, Ward?"

He saw her eyes, just how unexpected the thought was to her, but it was not until he felt the slow, stiff withdrawal of her person from his that he came sharply awake in terror.

"But it's meaningless, my darling. Silly. All wrong!" He gripped her shoulders. "I love you. I love you! I wouldn't care if they drew up a blueprint now! I wouldn't care how or what got us together, so long as it left us that way!"

She looked at him strangely a moment, then a peculiar brightness crossed her face, as if something just over his shoulder was faintly humorous. "What got us together . . ." she repeated. "I think I'm beginning to see, Ward. Funny. I never thought of it that way before. Come to think of it, though, they did rather—well—maneuver you, didn't they?" She looked at him in amused regretfulness. "I didn't mean to trap you, Ward."

SUDDENLY they were in each other's arms again, rocking with laughter, with understanding, with happiness.

"Poor darling, poor trapped darling," Lila said.

"Ah, but what a lovely trap!" Ward answered reverently.

What good friends he had, he thought. How lucky he was to have them. If it hadn't been for their kindness and judgment, he might never have had Lila. The perfect match, they had called them; well . . .

"You know, darling," he said, his lips against her hair, "I've found out that people can be wonderfully, wonderfully right!" THE END

## A PLACE OF OUR OWN

*Continued from page 33*

new house, and that won't be finished for at least six months. I called Mr. MacDonald this morning. Six months at the inside, he said. The *inside*." He paused, breathing heavily. "So now what? Exactly what?"

"Well . . ." She spoke in a small voice. "We might be able to find another apartment and—"

"In this town? Under a hundred bucks a month?" He snorted. "And the whole idea was to save money for the baby and the new house. Cut down on rent to save money. Sure!"

"Well . . ." She paused, and he knew what she was thinking. He glanced at her face. It seemed a little tired, though as pretty as ever, with the gray eyes and the too-straight nose, the hair that flopped along her forehead and the mouth that was bowed in such a way that it was impossible for her to look angry, no matter how hard she tried. "We could," she said. "We could—"

"You mean we have to."

"So, all right, Ralph." She moved forward, talked at his angry profile. "We have to live with Mother and Dad for six months. But they're not ogres, you know. They're actual human beings. And other people live with their families."

"And other people resent it. And I'm not other people." He couldn't seem to explain to her that *her* family was not *his* family.

"Dad asked us to stay there the minute we put down the deposit on the house. It was his idea."

"Sure, and everything that goes on during the next six months will be his idea too. In Rita's guesthouse at least we'd have had our own place, even if it were only three rooms. But at your family's—"

"We'll have our own room and the run of the house."

He laughed and swung into the curb beside their frame apartment building. "I never thought I liked this place. But now—" He opened the door, felt Norma's hand on his arm and turned to her fiercely. "All right! So we're going to live with your family because now we have to. But I don't like it, and I'm only doing it because we've got to save money for the house and baby. I'm sorry, but your father and mother get on my nerves. Both of them, and they always will."

"If you'd just try to understand their ways."

"Then I might get that way myself." He knew it was a cruel thing to say, but at the moment he didn't care. He jumped from the car, slammed the door and climbed the stairs to their apartment, counting the steps, realizing there'd only be a week more of privacy—and, in a sense, only a week more of Norma and a week more of marriage.

THE Ralph Salters moved into the home of Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Lester on a Saturday afternoon in early October. They put their few pieces of furniture in storage (despite Norma's insistence that they could save money by leaving it in her family's cellar), because Ralph refused to put himself under any more obligation than was absolutely necessary. He recognized the fact that living with the Lesters was, from a financial point of view, a great advantage. Paying them twenty dollars a week for room and board, he could easily save a hundred a month, or six hundred dollars over a period of six months—which would go a long way for a young man making sixty-five a week in the Jessup Manufacturing Company.

"Six hundred dollars," he said to himself. "Six hundred, six hundred." And he kept repeating it all that afternoon as he unpacked his clothes and tried to get some feeling of home into the Lesters' small guest room. He was only half-settled when his mother-in-law appeared in the doorway. She was a plump, gentle woman with still-dark hair and a perpetual smile that had always irritated Ralph because it was honest and therefore above criticism.

"We're all having coffee." Mrs. Lester beamed. "Joe's back from the hospital, and I've made your favorite hermits."

Ralph smiled thinly, told her he couldn't wait and turned his back on the still disordered room.

ALL that week he tried, tried to imitate Mrs. Lester's perpetual smile and to laugh at Dr. Lester's witticisms. He tried to pretend that he and Norma were only visiting for a week; but at the end of that week the pretense shattered. It happened on the following Saturday afternoon when, at exactly the same hour as on the previous one, Mrs. Lester popped her head into his room and said exactly the same thing she had said the week before:

"We're all having coffee. Joe's back from the hospital and I've made your favorite hermits."

"Fine." Ralph waited for her to go, brushed his hair and went down the long winding stairs to the living room. He realized his hands were trembling a little and every nerve in his body seemed to be drawn into a tight knot. He could no longer pretend they were here just for a week's visit, and he was faced with the abrupt knowledge that the second week would be no better than the first because it would be no different. The pattern was set and he was caught in it. In the hallway, however, he forgot these worries for a moment as it dawned on him that this was Saturday afternoon and the Yale game would be well into the second half. He turned, bolted for the bedroom radio, but was only halfway up the stairs when Norma appeared below him.

"Aren't you coming, Ralph? We're all waiting, and—"

"Sure . . ." He turned and trudged wearily back down the stairs and into the living room.

The hermits were very good. But now suddenly Ralph hated hermits, and was forced to realize that there'd be hermits every afternoon at five, and he'd be expected to eat a dozen or so if he wanted to keep from hurting Mrs. Lester's feelings. He also realized, munching his fourth cookie, that for six long months he would have to sit across the table from Dr. Lester, call him "Joe," wincing every time, and listen to his detailed descriptions of whatever operation he'd performed that same morning.

"The delicate part," Dr. Lester was saying as he stirred his coffee, "is to avoid the nerve. The scalpel must be held in a rather peculiar position between the thumb and forefinger—" Whereupon Dr. Lester picked up a table knife and carefully performed a delicate operation on a soft hermit, extracting a raisin with the same relish he would a gallstone.

Ralph said, "Yes, it's very interesting—Joe." He glanced at Norma, who watched him with a frown wrinkling her forehead. "Well—if you'll excuse me." And he went quickly up the stairs to the bedroom, turned on the radio and was engrossed in the last quarter of the Yale game when Norma entered behind him.

*(Continued on page 113)*


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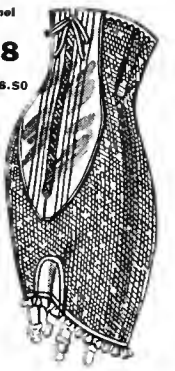

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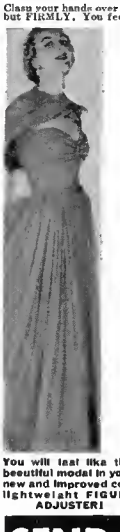

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HAT BY CHANDA

8783

8783

Closely fitted through the waist and torso, soft and flattering over the bust, with a wide, seven-gore skirt. Make this pattern two ways: in faille with long sleeves and a high, bow-finished neckline looking French as a croissant; again, in printed crepe, with short sleeves, a scooped neckline and a ribbon outlining the high waist, it's Parisian as the Rue de la Paix

Back view on last page. More McCall's patterns on page 114

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*(Continued from page 111)*

"Ralph."

"Please." he said. waving a hand. "Seven to six and three minutes to play."

She switched off the radio. stood defiantly and a trifle wearily before him. "You'll simply have to make some concessions, Ralph."

"I see."

"If you care anything about me, why—"

He looked at her slowly. "Whose side are you on, anyway?"

"Must there be sides. Ralph?"

"Yes." he said. "I'm afraid there must." Then he walked out of the house, drove his sedan to the nearest bar and caught the last minute of the game on television over two glasses of beer. When he returned, dinner was on the table. He apologized for being late. mumbled something about having gone back to the office and kept his teeth tightly clenched when Dr. Lester remarked slyly that his wife must have put beer in the soup because he could certainly smell it in the air. "And." he said. "who won?"

"Yale. Twelve to seven. The last minute was—" He finished dinner quickly and went immediately to the bedroom. He could hear Norma laughing with her mother as they did the dishes. When she finally came up it was after nine. They sat in the straight-backed bedroom chairs until ten. saying little, scanning magazines and changing the stations on the radio. "Six hundred bucks," Ralph said finally. "Some fellows save it and some work for it."

"Ralph—"

"I'm working for it." He undressed. slipped into bed and fell asleep while Norma sat unmoving in her chair, staring absently out their single window.

RALPH SALTER never became used to living with his wife's family. Every new day he was jarred by Mrs. Lester's bright smile. by the two fried eggs that stared at him through round yellow eyes. by Joe's loud guffaws over the most stupid of the funny papers. followed by such witticisms as "Ham what am!" whenever ham was served. Occasionally there was orange marmalade. Then the good doctor changed his routine. "What—" he would say gleefully to Ralph—"what did the chicken say when its mother laid an orange?"

"I don't know." Closing his eyes, he would poke a fork into the leering yolks.

"'Look at the orange mama-laid.'"

Ralph always left while his father-in-law was still laughing. He had a second cup of coffee in the drugstore. trying to stop trembling before going to the office. He worked hard, and nearly every day during lunch hour drove out to the small development where his home was being constructed. It was a small enough affair—four rooms downstairs with two bedrooms on the second floor. But by the end of October the basement was still not finished. and by the end of November work slowed even further because of the frozen ground.

"She'll get going soon." Mr. MacDonald always assured him. "They just blossom out. houses do. One day a house ain't nothing but a hole in the ground; next day. wham. it's as nice a little bungalow as you ever laid your eyes on." Mr. MacDonald was pudgy and good-natured. He always laid a fat hand on Ralph's shoulder while talking. He always said the same words, so that by mid-January Ralph had the disturbing thought that they had never really been said at all but that Mr. MacDonald had merely been rehearsing for a scene yet to be played.

He stayed late at the office. came home as close to dinnertime as possible in order to avoid Mrs. Lester's hermits. At dinner there were more jokes, along with an increasing concentration on Norma's "condition." as Mrs. Lester liked to call it. Her husband. being a doctor. liked to describe all the stages of pregnancy while they ate. using various vegetables to illustrate the changing size of the embryo, often causing Ralph to feel slightly nauseated so that he could not eat, and inevitably making him wish that Norma was not in this particular "condition" at all.

Night, however. was always the most unbearable. No matter how hard he tried. Ralph could not sit an entire evening in the Lesters' living room. So after the first few days he began taking Norma to the movies two or three times a week. and down to the Gold Ribbon Tavern on the other nights. Neither Dr. nor Mrs. Lester approved of drinking, so Norma always insisted they eat cloves before returning, and they always lied about where they'd been.

"But I don't see why," Norma often said. "The living room's big and comfortable and—"

"Don't you see why? Don't you?" But she did not answer and he did not explain. For the fact was that as winter went on he grew further and further away from her. so that eventually she did not seem like his wife at all. Except for those moments at the movies and the Gold Ribbon. he hardly ever saw her alone. And even in those moments he found himself resenting her more and more. blaming her for their present situation and relationship. "But," he always said, taking a long swallow of beer. "for six hundred bucks . . ."

"You don't like my family. You hate them. don't you?"

"No, I like them. I just don't like living with them."

"You hate them. you hate them!" The baby was only a month away now, and Norma had become subject to fits of passion and self-pity. "And you hate me too. just because they're my parents."

"No," he said. "No. Norma. no. I love you." And he took her arm and supported her home. wishing he believed in the truth of his own words.

THE baby came in early February. It was a boy and after some haggling was named "Martin" for Ralph's father, because he could not bear the thought of calling his son "Joe" or, inevitably, "little Joe." The birth was an occasion of great consternation for Mrs. Lester and of loud jovial humor for her husband. Ralph felt that he'd had little to do with the baby personally; and. on the one occasion that he did manage to see Norma alone in the hospital room, he discovered that though he'd resented the continual intrusion of her family, once alone with her he actually had nothing to say. He sat on the edge of Norma's bed. told her she looked fine, said the baby looked fine also. "A little like your father. but he may grow out of it."

"Ralph . . ." She was pale and her eyes were serious. "It won't be long, Ralph. It's six months in March and—"

"And so far they haven't even put on the shingles."

"Ralph . . ."

"Don't worry." he told her. "Please don't worry." He kissed her and drove out to the house that had no shingles. Mr. MacDonald was there. He said that houses grew suddenly from nothing. He slapped Ralph's back and said, "Wham!"

*(Continued on page 115)*


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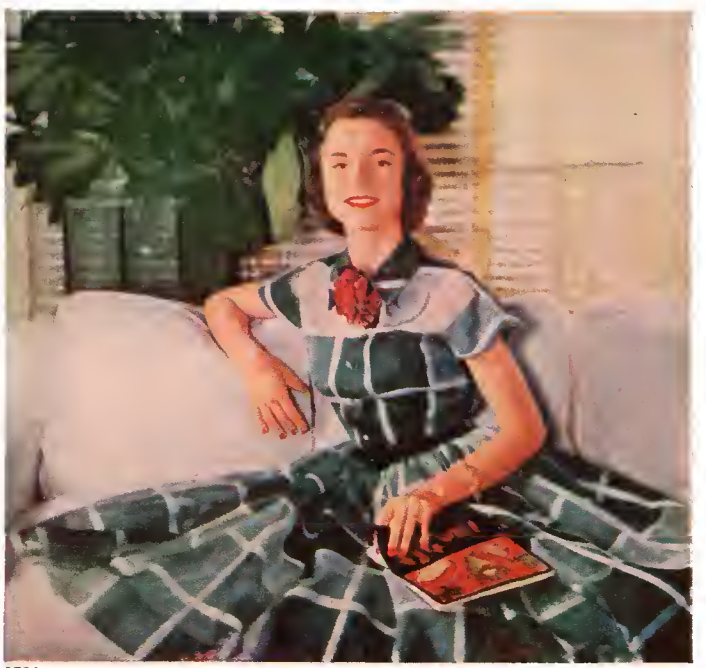
**BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"**

8795

# Make it for a date

Gay as a Bob Hope movie and a strawberry soda . . . a two-piece dress of silk pongee printed with spirited red horses. The jacket is semi-fitted, held in by a leather belt. The skirt is straight but comfortably easy

Romantic as a waltz . . . a full-skirted dress of green-and-white silk organza, with tiny faced cap sleeves, a demure pointed collar. It's a design you'll cherish to make up in lots of lovely fabrics for winter, spring and summer



8796

FABRICS BY COHAMA
PHOTOGRAPHED BY LESLIE GILL
IN THE STUDIO OF DOROTHY LIEBES

Back views on last page. More McCall's patterns on page 116

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*(Continued from page 113)*

Rita was in the living room when Ralph Salter returned to the house of his father-in-law. She looked up and said, with the familiar touch of malicious good will in her voice, "I was telling Mother that the Washington's Birthday Dance at the country club is still over two weeks off, so Norma will be well enough to go."

"I suppose so." He sat down, picked up a hermit, studied a raisin and put it down again.

"You'll be Jerry's and my guests, of course," she added, meaning that Ralph did not belong to the country club. He lived with his wife's family, had got special hospital rates through the influence of Dr. Lester, and had bought a small unfinished house that threatened to remain that way forever.

Rita stood up. "I'm so happy for you," she said, smiling. "The new baby and all." Then, in the doorway, "You see, in our guesthouse you'd never have had all the room you do here."

"How right you are," Ralph said. "Somehow it just never occurred to me." He shut the door after her, then paced the living room, finally went down to the Gold Ribbon and stayed all evening.

Ralph Salter went to the Gold Ribbon the next night too. He went every night, in fact, following his eight-o'clock visit to the hospital, during which he was usually accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. Lester. And he knew, looking into his frequent glasses of beer during that week of being reasonably alone, that life without Norma was in some ways more pleasant than it had been with her. He could keep away from the Lesters without feeling that he was hurting Norma, and could stay there until closing time without Norma's insisting that they ought to get home. In fact, when Norma returned from the hospital he felt slightly trapped, because of course he could not leave her alone at night with the new baby.

So the week before the Washington's Birthday Dance was the most unbearable of the entire six months that now threatened to lengthen into a year. Ralph and Norma sat in their small bedroom and listened to the radio. They said meaningless things to each other and heard the guffawing laugh of Dr. Lester echoing up from the rooms below.

"Six months." Ralph said bitterly. "Just six little months."

"I'm sorry, Ralph. But if the house isn't finished—"

"And now with the baby we can't even go to the movies. Can't even go out for a beer."

"When we lived in the apartment you were perfectly happy to sit home and—"

"And enjoy my *own* home." He stood up and paced restlessly in the hated room. He paused by the baby's crib, stared in at the sleeping child and said, "Hello, Martin." But the child did not seem like his, just as Norma no longer seemed like his wife. They were more like encumbrances that had turned a happy married life into monotony and drudgery. He hated himself for feeling as he did, and he tried very hard not to resent Norma and her scheme for saving money. But it was no good. Six months had been eternity. By the time the new house was finished another few months would have passed, and by then it would be too late. He would move into the new house after he'd already lost his wife and child. By then he'd be ready to pack his bag and leave—be'd be ready to leave the very name of Lester and all that was associated with it far behind.

Norma was watching him, the frown that was becoming permanent stamped there between her gray eyes. "You're not—you're not my husband any longer, are you, Ralph? You're not even Martin's father."

He ignored her. He said, "The country-club dance is next Wednesday."

"You don't even want—"

"Your mother promised to take care of the baby so we can go."

"Ralph . . ."

"And me—I'm going to make the most of it."

Exactly five days later, Ralph Salter did his utmost to make the most of their night away from Dr. Lester's. He drank more than was good for him and he danced more than he had in five years. Norma looked quite beautiful in a white strapless dress. She also seemed fresh and very young, as though she'd been away for a long time and had just returned.

"You're my baby," he told her, kissing her fiercely in a dark corner. "And we're not ever going back to your father's. We're going to stay right here and—" He kissed her again, became conscious of Rita's black eyes watching him and moved away, clutching his wife's arm.

It was twelve by then. Norma was tired; she had not recovered her full strength as yet, and occasionally went into the powder room to rest. Ralph spent those moments at the bar. He stood beside Rita's husband Jerry, a lanky, good-humored man who was not nearly so impressed with his inherited money as Rita was. They toasted each other and Jerry said, "Sorry about that guesthouse, Ralph. But you know how Rita is, and—well, I argued with her, but there wasn't much I could do about it."

"Sure, I know."

"Even so, if I were you I'd get out of the Lesters' house as soon as I could. Nice people, but—well, they manage to run your life without your even realizing it."

"They don't run my life."

"I said," Jerry smiled, "without your even realizing it." Then he moved off to dance with Rita, and Ralph had another drink. He kept one eye on the powder room, the other on his watch. It was twelve-thirty and the dance ended at one. He had Norma for one half hour more. When she came out of the powder room he moved toward her, put his arms around her, mumbled, "Cinderella. Cinderella—when the clock strikes one you disappear. Not even a glass slipper."

She clung to him and said, "This is the way we ought to be together. Always like this."

He laughed, realizing abruptly how very tight he was, and then suddenly it was one o'clock and they were walking to the car, driving home through the snow-filled streets. At the curb before Dr. Lester's house Ralph put on the brake, slipped an arm over Norma's shoulders and kissed her again, feeling as though they were about to part. He was going off to war, off to the executioner. He glanced over her shoulder, saw a light in Dr. Lester's window, and suddenly he knew with absolute certainty that he could never go inside that house again. Not now and not ever again. "Let's just drive off." He knew he was tight, but he said it all the same. "Let's get the baby and just drive away and never come back."

"Silly!" She laughed and opened the door, stepped out to the sidewalk. His eyes followed her as she moved away from him, up the walk toward the house and the lighted window—

*(Continued on page 117)*

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# Point with pride

8793

**. . . to an easily made dress** of striped cotton. V-neck is cut with facing ready to turn back on a straight grain. Skirt has four panels and unpressed front pleats

FABRIC BY A B C
PHOTOGRAPH BY LANDSHOFF
DRAWINGS BY DILYS WALL

8791

**. . . to a flattering dress** that adapts itself to many fabrics and occasions. Easy to make in cotton voile, piqué or broadcloth, in silk or rayon print. No. 8791

8790

**. . . to a slim dress** with a pussy-cat bow. Front yoke and bow are seamed together, and there's a choice of sleeves from none to bracelet length. No. 8790

8788

**. . . to a striped dress** that you can sew up in a matter of hours. Note how cleverly the front panel, little revers and shoulder yokes are cut together. No. 8788

Back views on last page. More McCall's patterns on page 118

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*(Continued from page 115)*
and the silhouette of Dr. Lester's face below the raised curtain. He watched her open the front door and glance back toward the car. Behind her was the living room where she'd crawled as a mere baby, played as a child, grown up to a woman. It was her home but it was not his. It was her family but it was not his. "So long, Norma." He shifted into first. "Thanks for the dance and thanks for the kiss, and thanks for the first three years." Then he let out the clutch and drove off through the frozen streets.

THE following morning the entire Lester family was in an uproar of indignation. Ralph had disappeared, and by eleven no word had been received of his whereabouts. A family conference was held in which various opinions were expressed. Mrs. Lester wept and said she'd done everything she could for Ralph—fixed his eggs just the way he liked them, made his favorite hermits every afternoon at five. Dr. "Joe" remarked that Ralph drank too much. "Always down at the Gold Ribbon. No feeling for home like any ordinary husband." Rita smiled her little smile and said that some people never appreciated the favors others did for them. And Norma only sat numbly, remembering the wonderful night before—Cinderella. Cinderella—trying very hard not to cry.

Only Jerry had a good word to say, and only Jerry was capable of any direct action. He phoned the Jessup Manufacturing Company but found it closed for Washington's Birthday. He informed the police of Ralph's disappearance and then, in a flash of intuition, telephoned the storage house where Ralph had insisted he and Norma leave their belongings. He returned to the family and said, "Well, one thing we do know. A truck packed up all the furniture and silver and stuff this morning."

"Selling it." Rita sneered at her sister. "Your wedding presents too, I'll bet. Ralph doesn't have any money, does he, and in joint property it's always the first one there who gets it."

Dr. Lester fumed and Mrs. Lester cried. Jerry said that if Ralph were after money he'd certainly try to get back the three-hundred-dollar deposit on his house. Accordingly he telephoned Mr. MacDonald.

"Crazy," Mr. MacDonald said. "I tell him houses go up, wham! And he says, 'All right, I'll make you a proposition. My money back or else.'"

There was more, but Jerry did not wait to hear it all. He went back to the living room, said, "Yes, he was at the contractor's early this morning." He heard Rita say, "I told you so. You'll never get that house now." He watched Norma rush upstairs, gave his wife a withering look and climbed the stairs, walked down the hall and knocked on Norma's door.

Exactly two and one half hours later Norma Salter stepped out of a taxi on a rutted, unpaved street that had not yet been named. She paid the driver and heard him say, "You want me to wait?"

"No, thank you." She stood motionless, holding the baby in her arms, holding it close in the February air while the taxi rattled off down the unfinished street. Unfinished, she thought. Everything is unfinished. Everything. Then she moved slowly up the unshoveled walk, stepping carefully in the footprints left by the workmen. She turned the doorknob and pushed, stepped carefully into the unplastered hallway. From upstairs came the sound of hammering and a man's voice singing. As she moved toward the living room to her left, a workman in white overalls passed; he nodded pleasantly and continued on up the stairs.

Norma moved on to the living-room doorway, where she stood motionless, her eyes moving slowly about the room. There was wet plaster on one of the walls but a fire raged in the fireplace. The radiators were not yet connected but an electric heater was plugged into a wall socket. The floor was covered with fine white powder but in the midst of it all was her furniture. The card table stood in a corner and on it were her china and silver.

Also, sitting in a worn leather chair by the window was her husband. He was in stocking feet and shirtsleeves; he was smoking a pipe and idly perusing the morning paper.

"Well . . ." Ralph grinned and stood up. The hammering and singing grew louder from above, and he shouted over the racket. "Welcome home, honey! Maybe it'll be a little confusing for a while, but you know how houses are. One day a shambles, the next—wham!"

"Oh . . ." she said. Then, "Oh, darling!"

"And you know that six hundred bucks we were supposed to save by living with your family? Well, we spent every cent of it going to the movies and drinking beer in the Gold Ribbon." For a moment he scowled, but his face brightened again as he moved toward her. "Stay home and save money, I always say. Or just—stay home." He kissed her lightly then, feeling that she was fresh and very young as she'd been the night before. Then he laid the baby carefully on the sofa, tickled its chin and said softly, "Hi, Martin, I'm your daddy." He turned back to Norma and was busily making quite a point of welcoming his wife to their new life and their new home when the workman passed the doorway, paused and whistled shrilly.

Norma started, but Ralph only held her closer. "Better get used to him, honey, because he may be around here for a long time." Then, starting the kiss again, he added, "But the main thing is—so will we." THE END

## NO HIDING PLACE

*Continued from page 23*

liked it here with me." There was silence for a moment; Alan swallowed hard. "Daddy," Denny said then, "do you s'pose he was scared when it happened? He did get scared, you know."

Alan caught his breath and looked helplessly at Abby. She turned. "I guess he was scared a little. Denny," she said in her usual pleasant, dry manner. "You used to get scared when you'd fall down, remember?" Denny nodded. "Well, then somebody'd come along and pick you up and the fear would go away. That's how it was with Dick. He fell down but this time God picked him up."

Denny drew a deep breath of relief and Abby turned back to her tray. "Lynn come back with you?" she asked Alan.

"No, she collapsed," Alan said without expression. He did not want to talk about his mother-in-law now. "The Browns practically carried her home."

"I presume likely." Abby gave the words the faintly humorous twist she always gave to her colloquialisms. "Well, here's the eggnog."

"Thanks." Alan said. He got up and took the tray from Abby, looking with troubled eyes at Denny. "Look here, old-timer," he said cheerfully, "how'd you like to go to camp with Ken Driver next week?"

Denny brightened. "What's camp like?" he asked.

"Oh, you ride ponies and go on hikes and picnics . . ."

He broke off as Eve called from upstairs: "Abby, I'd like some tea, please."

"Coming," Abby answered. "You take up the eggnog first," she said to Alan, "and try to get her to take some of it before I bring the tea."

Alan went up the old-fashioned, boxed-in back staircase. In their bedroom Eve was waiting for him, staring out the big picture window at the sea that stretched beyond the dunes. She turned to him and her face was paper-white against the black hat she still wore; her eyes were dark and wide and her soft mouth had thinned into a tight line. Alan put down the eggnog.

"I asked for tea," Eve said.

"She's bringing that too." Alan went over to her and put an arm around her. She drew away quietly.

"What is it?" Alan asked. "Oh, I know you're worn out, poor sweet, but . . ."

"Where's Abby?" Eve broke in fretfully. "I want her to help me pack."

"Pack?" Alan stared at her.

Eve took off her hat and threw it on the bed. "My head's splitting," she said, still in that odd, peevish tone. Alan indicated the eggnog but she shook her head. "I'd be sick," she said. "Listen, Alan, I have something to tell you. I—"

She stopped as Abby came in carrying a tray; Denny tagged at her heels. He ran to his mother and she bent to kiss him. Then he turned to his father. "Can I honest go to camp, Daddy?" he asked.

"Camp!" The word came out quietly but it was sharp as a slap. "No, Denny, darling," Eve said. "You're not going to any camp. You're going away with me."

The child looked bewildered. "But Daddy told me . . ." he began.

"We'll talk about it later," Alan said gently. "You go play with Kenneth now."

"He can't play with Kenneth Driver unless an older person's with them," Eve said tensely. "You know how I feel."

"I'm old enough," Abby remarked. "Come on, lovey."

She gave Eve one troubled glance, then led the little boy away. When she had gone Alan said: "Now, what *is* all this, darling?"

"It's hard to tell you," Eve said slowly, "though I don't know why it should be . . . I've reason enough to hate you. I wish to heaven I could."

"Eve!" Alan was now completely bewildered. "My poor darling." His voice grew tender. "You need rest so badly . . ."

"I never want to rest in this house again," Eve said.

"You mean you'd like to get away for a while?" Alan looked relieved. "That might be a good idea; we could leave next week."

"We?" Eve laughed then, and at the sound Alan shivered. Eve continued without letting him speak. "Can you possibly imagine that I'll ever live again with the man who killed my son?"

There was silence for the space of a dozen heartbeats. Alan turned white. "Eve," he said finally, "you don't know what you're saying. You know I'd never have let Dick go if I'd

*(Continued on page 119)*

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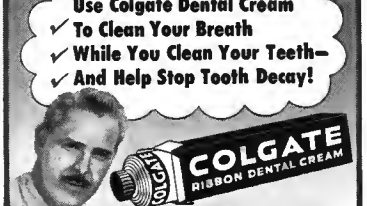


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8784

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8787

**Low-necked dress** has an eight-panel skirt, and a choice of sleeve lengths: as shown, or short or long. Select a color to go with the redingote for a change of costume

8799

**A street dress** with the Empire line . . . a set-in midriff, soft gathers below the bust. Bias-cut skirt has unpressed pleats at the side front. This too can be worn with the redingote

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY LESLIE GILL
IN THE STUDIO OF DOROTHY LIEBES
DRAWINGS BY DILYS WALL

Back views on last page. More McCall's patterns on page 106

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*(Continued from page 117)*

thought there was the slightest danger."

"I know I begged you almost on my knees not to let him go on that boat. You killed him as surely as if you'd taken a gun and shot him."

THERE was stark pain in Alan's eyes but it was mixed with pity. "My dear!" he said gently. "No one could anticipate that sudden squall: there wasn't any great danger anyway. All the others were saved; it was just frightful, tragic bad luck that Dick should have been lost."

"He wouldn't have drowned if you'd kept him on land," Eve insisted coldly. "I tell you, you killed him: every time I look at you, I see you sending my baby to his death."

Alan hesitated; he was shaking a little. His nerves had not been at their best since the war and his children were very close to him. Eve looked at him impersonally. "Call Abby, please," she said. "I want to get started."

"You can't make a decision like this in a hurry," Alan said desperately.

"It didn't take long to lose Dick," Eve told him.

Alan clenched his hard brown hands. "Darling," he said, "you're in no state to think clearly about anything. When Denny's in camp we can talk things over—"

"There's nothing to talk over," Eve said wearily, "and you're not sending Denny away."

"He can't stay here with three unhappy adults," Alan protested. "He'll be much better off with other boys, learning new things—"

"Like going in boats and canoes, I suppose?" Eve interrupted.

"Now, look here!" Alan's patience gave way suddenly. "Denny's my child as well as yours and I'm not going to let you make a sissy out of him like poor little Dick. Don't you want the kid to be a man?"

"I want him to *grow up* to be one," Eve told him.

Alan's face was set. "What do you want to do?" he asked tightly.

"I'm going to Mother's; I can decide there about the future."

"You mean she'll decide for you," Alan said bitterly.

"If I'd listened to her, Dick would be here now," Eve replied.

Alan looked at his wife. "We've had a great deal," he said. "Is there honestly nothing left for you?"

Eve's mouth trembled and she brushed at her eyes, but her voice didn't change. "If you mean, don't I still love you," she said, "the answer is I still do, may I be forgiven! I can't root that out. I can't—not yet."

"But then—"

"Wait!" Eve swallowed, and as she went on she became more and more remote. "I can never trust you again. You killed Dick just so you could brag about your great big manly son—the poor baby! No, wait, I tell you! You'd do the same to Denny. I brought Denny into the world, I gave him a—a heartless person for a father. It's my duty to take care of him. If it weren't for him . . ."

She paused and moistened her lips and Alan said: "Yes? If it weren't for him?"

"If it weren't for him I'd probably stay," she answered bitterly. "I'd know it was a betrayal of Dick and I'd never forgive you, but still I'd stay because life without you seems dark, cold . . . But never mind that. The fact remains that it's my duty to go for the child's sake and I—I have to go completely—and that's that. I never want to see you again."

"I see." Alan's voice was icy now. "Well, I'm going to ask a favor of you, all the same. I don't want to lose you and I'm not going to lose Denny if I can help it. I'm going to pay a call. If I'm right in what I've been thinking, perhaps you'll change your mind. In memory of—oh, anything you like to remember—will you promise not to leave until I come back? I'll be here by dinnertime."

Eve hesitated, then she nodded indifferently. "I'll promise," she said, "but I shan't change my mind. And call Abby anyway, please."

Abby received the news of Eve's plans with silent but obvious disapproval. "Phone Hinckes to bring over some luggage from Mother's," Eve said. "And pack for yourself too."

The older woman looked suddenly haggard. The house had been her home for ten years; at fifty-five it was hard to pull up one's roots. But she did as Eve asked her.

"Now," she said when she had phoned Hinckes, "you're going to lie down and take a sedative. Don't waste your breath arguing with me."

As she talked she helped Eve out of her dress and into a negligee. Eve, starting to protest, smiled instead and hugged her. In a few minutes, tucked up on the chaise longue, a stiff sedative firmly administered, she relaxed, and very shortly exhaustion bested her and she slept.

That arranged, Lynn concentrated on weeping over the coming marriage. Since her older daughter had died by drowning years before, she had coddled Eve until the girl was frightened of both life and death. She had had a thoroughly abnormal youth and Abby had worried for fear she might never marry. It was a great relief when she accepted Alan Dyer, a young writer with private means and a charming house above the dunes.

Lynn, however, cried until the last moment, relying on Eve's tender heart to keep her with her sorrowing mother. For once, though, Eve insisted on having her own way. Lynn was forced to give in, and Eve's radiance should have been ample reward.

The wedding was lovely. It was held in the garden where an improvised altar had been banked with roses and lilies. Alan waited for his bride with a look on his face that, as Abby remarked later, must have made every woman there envy Eve. The ceremony over, Lynn behaved in a reasonably civilized manner, kissed Alan and admitted she had always wanted a son.

"Isn't Mother being wonderful?" Eve asked Alan at the wedding breakfast.

Alan smiled at her. "Why, yes, I guess she is," he said vaguely. He


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Hinckes arrived with the trunks at this point and when he had gone Abby reluctantly opened one. She caught her breath. Its contents were light and evidently it had seemed empty to Hinckes's giant muscles. Abby fervently wished he had chosen another one. Just looking into the trunk stirred pain in her heart. What lay in there were the tangible remains of golden hours, happy days . . . Abby felt her mind racing inexorably back to the past. Slowly she parted the tissue paper on top; there lay Eve's wedding dress and veil. Abby remembered as if it were yesterday . . .

EVE had been a June bride, and to Abby she seemed the loveliest in the world. Abby helped at the wedding; she had given up nursing the year before and now "took charge" in any emergency, social or otherwise, for her friends. Lynn Parmenter, Eve's mother, depended on her always; it was she who urged Abby to work for the young couple.

"I'll feel happier if you're there to take care of the poor child," she said. "When I think of giving her up to a *man* . . ."

Abby's lips twitched but she merely said: "I'd like to go. Since Pa died and I sold the house I feel as if I'd slipped my moorings. It's nice of Eve to want me."

privately thought Lynn must be going through a bad time of life and hoped that she would soon get over it and be less dreary, but nothing really mattered except Eve and the life they were going to share. And that was to begin almost immediately. The last toast drunk, the bouquet thrown and caught by Eve's only close friend, Joan Evans, they drove off into their own land of enchantment, looking so happy that even Lynn smiled. Five minutes later, however, she rushed frantically up to Abby and pulled her into the house.

"Abby!" she exclaimed. "I just thought—that was airplane luggage in the car. Eve hid it from me. They're going to fly and I can't find Williams anywhere. You'll have to drive me—I'll phone the airport to see when the next plane leaves. They *mustn't* . . ."

"For pity's sake, Lynn!" Abby began. "You've still got guests—"

But Lynn rushed on. "You *must* get the car—oh, this is dreadful . . ."

Abby hesitated. She knew Lynn, knew that if she didn't give in Lynn would find someone else to drive her, someone who would take a less charitable view of her performance. So Abby acquiesced, but she didn't pretend to like it. As she backed the car out of the garage with a look of exasperation on her face, Lynn came

*(Continued on page 120)*


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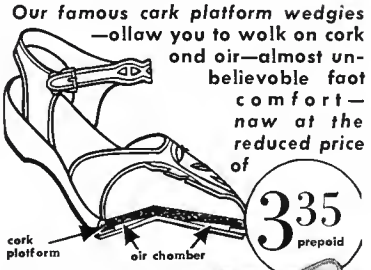


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*(Continued from page 119)*
running out and climbed in beside her. Simultaneously a siren shrieked and a police car drew up at the gate.

"What in tunket?" Abby said.

"I asked for an escort," Lynn told her. "I said it was imperative I reach Eve before the plane took off. Do start, Abby! I never saw you so *slow!*"

Biting back a few terse words, Abby pressed the accelerator down to the floor. At the airport she firmly dismissed the police car. "Don't want this all over town," she said grimly. But Lynn didn't hear; she was running across the field. Abby followed slowly. Alan and Eve were about to go aboard their plane and both started as Lynn's voice reached them.

"Mother! What on earth?" Eve said. "How did you know—"

Lynn grasped Alan's arm. "You mustn't fly," she said breathlessly. "I can't allow Eve to fly."

Eve's small bright face grew sad but Alan pushed her gently toward the plane. "Get on in," he said. "Don't worry, Lynn, it's perfect flying weather. You're tired; let Abby take care of you."

And he swung aboard the plane, leaving Lynn in tears. "Nothing is sacred to young people," she told Abby, "not even maternal feeling."

"There's maternal feeling that's sacred and there's maternal feeling that's nonsensical," Abby told her bluntly. "For mercy's sake come on home, Lynn, and try just for once to pull yourself together."

WHEN the young people returned from their honeymoon, however, Lynn was still hurt. They never noticed it; they were too happy. Alan wrote and Eve typed his copy and they explored the Cape in the car, gay and adoring in a whole new, magic world.

Alan taught Eve to drive and she enjoyed it, although she remained a little nervous. "Suppose the car should get out of control?" she asked once.

"Then, my darling," Alan said. "I will personally shoot Jack Holden, who is well paid to keep the thing serviced."

He couldn't persuade her into or onto the water, though.

"Oh. no, dearest," she always answered him. "*Please* don't ask me that. It makes me sick just to think of it."

So they compromised; Alan went sailing with friends and when he swam Eve lay on the beach and admired him and there was no friction. Then Lynn got tired of sulking and came over often. She did object to Eve's driving but Alan was adamant: Eve went on driving and Lynn decided to be charming. She liked Alan, as a matter of fact, and was proud of the small success his first novel had brought him. For a while they got on well.

Then Alan's mother and father arrived for a visit from California. Professor Dyer was a geologist and spent most of his time wandering around the countryside hunting specimens. and Alan was turning out reams of copy; this threw Lynn, Eve and Mrs. Dyer together for most of every day.

Madge Dyer was a short, plump. placid woman who got on beautifully with Abby and loved Eve, but she and Lynn had nothing in common. However, they managed to fill in the time with small talk and everything was fine until one morning when they were all in the garden having eleven o'clock coffee, and Madge said suddenly: "Eve, honey, when I get home I'll send you Alan's silver mug and spoon and his first rattle."

Eve laughed. "So Alan told you!" she said. "I was going to tell Mother today. How'll you like being a granny, Mom?"

Lynn's look changed and Abby muttered, "Drat!" under her breath.

"Oh, no!" Lynn said almost imploringly. "Surely not so soon! How could Alan?"

Madge Dyer grinned, and Abby said: "I guess he had some encouragement. That's fine, Eve. I'll be glad to take care of a baby again."

"I think it's wonderful," Madge chimed in. "Ideal to have your babies while you're young . . ."

"But the suffering!" Lynn protested. "And afterward so much care and worry! Abby, you're a nurse—you *know!*"

"I've never seen a mother I didn't envy," Abby said flatly. "Don't you worry, Eve. Doc Henderson and I are pretty good at this sort of thing if I do say so." She gathered up her sewing and rose, glancing at Eve's pale, distressed face. "Help me," she said. "My hands are full with this mending. Bring in the coffee cups." In the kitchen she touched Eve's shoulder. "Your mother has her good qualities, Lord knows," she said, "but she's warped. Look out she doesn't warp you."

Eve tried to smile but her eyes were brimming as she turned away, and Abby frowned. Going to her own room that night as she passed Eve's door she heard her say: "But your mother's not sensitive, Alan. Mother says there are certain types of peasants—"

"Well, if you want to know what I think of your mother—" he broke in.

Abby quickened her pace; she felt she didn't care to hear what Alan thought of Lynn.

The next morning there was an atmosphere of acute strain preceding the guests' departure; Eve was red-eyed and subdued and the Dyers seemed ill at ease. Their taxi had hardly started down the drive when Lynn put her arm around Eve. "Oh, baby," she said, "you come in and lie down this minute. I'll take care of you from now on."

"Which will make everything just dandy!" Alan said bitterly over a supplementary breakfast in the kitchen.

Abby nodded. "There ought to be a way to hog-tie Lynn," she said. "There certainly ought to be a way to do it."

In the days that followed, Abby's patience wore thin at sight of what she mentally described as "Lynn's zany carryings-on." She arrived every day bright and early and, once arrived, took over completely.

"You ought to put your foot down, Alan," Abby said one day after a particularly annoying episode.

Alan shrugged. "Lynn's a mother." he said. "I'm not. How do I know she isn't right? Maybe Eve shouldn't go out in the car with me. Maybe she should be kept in purdah till the infant gets here. If I throw my weight around and anything goes wrong . . ."

So he accepted the situation but he grew nervous and tired, and when he and Eve began to snap at each other Abby took a band.

One day she said to Alan, "I made an appointment for you to see Doc Henderson at two o'clock. Talk to him about Eve. Maybe you'll take advice from him."

That evening all were around the fire in the living room laughing at the size of the sweater Lynn was knitting.

"You insult us!" Alan said. "Do you think we're going to produce a midget?"

"Alan, what a frightful idea!" But Lynn smiled. "I must be getting along," she said. "I'll just get *my* baby into bed and then I'll be off."

"Eve's not going to bed until after the Dan Arden program at eleven-fifteen," Alan said with less than his usual geniality.

"Why not the bedroom radio?" Lynn looked disturbed.

"It's more comfortable here. Oh, by the way," Alan added casually, "I went to see Henderson today."

Lynn stiffened. "Something wrong?"

"Yes." Alan ignored her gasp. "You're wrong."

"Oh, Alan—" Eve began.

But he ignored her too. "Henderson says the way you keep Eve fussing about her health is ridiculous and also very bad for her. He says she needs to lead a normal life—"

"She *is* leading a normal life!"

"The heck she is! It's completely unnatural to be in a continual tizzy about symptoms," Alan said heatedly. "I don't mean to seem unfeeling, Eve . . ."

"I know." Eve smiled up at him. "I'll try to take things easier."

He took her hand. "Do that, darling. Have fun. *Be* fun—you used to be."

"And I'm not now?"

"Not much," he told her frankly.

"Well, I will be again, dear," she promised. Then she looked at Lynn and her face clouded. Lynn was fighting back tears as she put on her coat.

She left with only a murmured good night but Alan responded cheerfully and casually. "Come again soon," he said. "Just let Abby look after Eve. It'll take a weight off your mind."

At this point in Abby's reflections Eve stirred in her sleep, and the older woman returned to the bleak present. She shook her head; the hands of the clock were moving much faster than she liked. Her own hands continued to move deftly as she folded Eve's things into the trunk, but her thoughts turned back again to the past . . .

AFTER the night when Alan spoke to Lynn it was like old times. Eve and Alan went for drives, entertained mildly. There were a lot of young people nearby and the Dyers were popular. Their special friends were Joan and Ron Driver, who lived next door. Joan was the girl who had caught Eve's wedding bouquet; Ron was a reporter who had decided that the pace of city life was too rapid for his tastes and had settled on the Cape, buying into the local paper.

Joan was slim and plain and tranquil. She had always been as much of a balance for Eve as Lynn would permit, and both men got on well also. Ron. stocky and sandy-haired, hid a good brain and a great heart under a thin layer of cynicism; he was always fun to have around. Between them and Alan, Eve began to lose some of her timidity and even to laugh at herself.

She was worried about her mother, all the same. "She says she won't come where she's unwelcome," she told Abby.

"Well, you can always go over there," Abby said practically. "Anyway, she *is* welcome as long as she minds her own business, and she knows it. She'll be back; she needs you more'n you need her."

"That's so sad!" Eve protested.

"Facts are facts, sad or not," Abby said, "and that's something Lynn's never learned. Now run along. for mercy's sake. How I ever work with everybody underfoot . . ."

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They were more underfoot than ever during the next week: Christmas was on the way and the Dyers and the Drivers were preparing for it together. Even Lynn forgot her resentment and joined wholeheartedly in the plans. The old kitchen, large as it was, strained at the seams.

"She's laying off Eve, but good!" Alan told Abby with relief.

"If she just doesn't break out somewhere else!" Abby said. She was afflicted with a profound skepticism where Lynn was concerned.

However, all went well until Christmas Eve, when Eve wanted to go to Watch Night service at St. Mary's-by-the-Sea. "I'm not too tired," she told Alan, "and I do want to go because Christmas is a birthday and we're having a birthday soon."

Alan kissed her gently. "Wrap up warmly, sweetheart," he said. "It's starting to snow."

Abby came into the hall as they were leaving. Eve looked, she thought, very much like a Christmas angel in her white woolly coat with the hood, which only partially hid her bright gold hair; she also looked more like a lovely woman and less like a pretty girl than she ever had before.

Lynn sighed as the door closed behind them but she stood quietly enough beside Abby, looking through the window after them. The snow was falling in big lazy flakes and the porch light made jewelry of the icicles on the trees. The car started slowly down the drive. There must have been an ice patch hidden by the snow, because suddenly the car skidded and slewed around in almost a full turn. Eve slid to one side but not hard. Lynn, however, ran shrieking onto the porch and Eve jumped and twisted sharply around as if to reassure her mother. Just as she turned, she crumpled helplessly.

Abby rushed past Lynn to the car and in a matter of seconds she had Eve in her arms.

DURING the unusually bad winter weather that followed, Abby was restless. Generally she liked the cold months, liked being in a solid house with fires on the hearths while outside the sea rolled gray and the storms beat in alongshore. It was splendid as long as there was happiness in the house, but the roar of the surf and the tear of the big winds team up badly with fear.

And fear was in the house, Eve's terrors were back, and stronger than ever. She was literally in a panic over her baby. She hadn't hurt herself seriously Christmas Eve and the moment of danger to the child had been brief, but the doctor couldn't absolutely swear it wasn't the skidding that caused the trouble. Lynn *had* said a hundred times that Eve shouldn't ride and there the household was, with Lynn holding the reins again, Eve nervy and Alan in a state of ill-suppressed fury.

Naturally life wasn't miserable all the time; Eve, nervous or not, was sweet, Alan was more in love with her than ever, and Lynn could be delightful if no one crossed her. But things weren't right and everyone but Lynn felt it.

Alan spent hours at his writing, but more pages went into the trash basket than to New York and he was worried. That was when he first talked to Abby about it. He came into the kitchen one afternoon and slumped at the table, looking moodily out at the bleak roll of the snow-touched dunes.

"I've always despised these temperamental ninnies," he remarked presently, "who can't write unless the wind's in the east or there's a smell of pine or sage brush all around them, but, by gosh, I'm darn near beginning to be one myself. Lynn means well. I guess . . ."

"Maybe," Abby said drily. She poured out a cup of tea for him and put a plate of fresh cookies on the table. "Does all right for herself," she added.

He laughed. "I'm a fool," he said, "but I wanted Eve to enjoy the baby. We're young and—well—happy . . ." He flushed a little and stopped.

"She'll enjoy the baby when it gets here," Abby said gently, "but if you eat all those cookies you won't enjoy my pot roast tonight."

"Heaven forbid that I should miss your pot roast," he answered, eating three more cookies. "Hang it all," he said, returning to his problem, "my agent, Johnny Meyers, is raising the roof because I'm not producing and I don't blame him: it's not fair to him. Same time, I don't see myself writing just when Lynn kindly allows us a peaceful moment. By golly, I always thought mother-in-law trouble belonged in the comic strips, but now—" He stopped again as Eve came into the kitchen and joined him at the table. She waved toward the window.

"Joan's on her way," she said. "She just called."

A MOMENT later the door opened and Joan flew in. "I've got news for you," she announced. "We've taken a boarder."

"Yeah?" Alan pushed a chair out for her while Abby brought more cups and joined them. "What's wrong, the paper in the red?"

"No, we're still half a jump ahead of the sheriff." Joan said. "We took this boarder as a favor to your Johnny Meyers; you know of her—Martha Lowell."

"The gal that writes all that lousy rich, fragrant prose?" Alan asked.

"Right," Joan replied. "She's got nerves and wanted country and Johnny thought you and she might collaborate." She said this last with some hesitation and Abby looked up curiously; she had heard Alan expound on the subject of books written by what he called "an author with two heads." He reacted as she expected.

"Johnny did that to me?" he all but howled. "I'll murder the such-and-such! I'll cancel my contract—I'll—listen!" He grew a trifle calmer. "You go tell Miss Poesy-and-Lavender Lowell that I have a virulently contagious skin trouble, that I give formal readings of my own copy, that when the moon is full I arch my back and bay like a wolf—"

"Tell her yourself!" Joan giggled. "I only came to warn you."

"Well. I think it's a marvelous idea!" Eve said. "It might get you out of the rut you're in. Do start right away, darling; it'll be fun."

"Fun!" Alan made a face but Abby's keen eyes saw that he was already looking interested. She frowned. She wasn't much given to premonitions but she didn't feel it was right that Alan should be brought back to life, as it were, by a woman other than his wife. She was wary of rash judgment, however, and decided not to start worrying until she had met the newcomer.

This occurred a few days later. It was one of those days when it is impossible to keep a Cape house warm on more than one side no matter what fuel is used. The kitchen half had failed that day at the Dyers' while Lynn's house was wholly unlivable, so she had come for refuge, and they all were sitting as close to the living-room fire as they could manage with-

*(Continued on page 122)*


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STEVENSVILLE, MICHIGAN

*(Continued from page 121)*

out getting singed. Abby had just brought in a jug of hot buttered rum when Joan and Ron arrived with their guest.

"Our furnace is bust," Joan said, "so we fought our way across."

"Why, you poor things!" Eve went to meet them. "Sit down and have a hot drink . . ."

During the flurry of settling and introductions, Abby sat quietly at one side with her knitting. When Alan came to Abby the guest beamed. "So this is the faithful retainer!" she said.

Abby looked blank but patient; she was used to outlanders. Then she saw Ron grinning. "What's a faithful retainer?" she asked him.

"The hired help, my pet," he told her.

"Oh," Abby said. "Well, that's what I am, but I never heard it called so fancy before."

"You are quite right," Lynn unexpectedly and rather sharply interposed, "to call Abby faithful. Miss Lowell. She's been a friend to me ever since our schooldays."

Abby's needles stopped clicking and she looked across at Lynn, recalling for the first time in many years the shy, devoted Lynn of those distant days; the Lynn who turned to handsome, strong Abby whenever her own strength needed bolstering. For a second the gray eyes were dim, then the dark head bent again over Eve's new sweater.

When the conversation again became general, however, Abby carefully surveyed the newcomer and saw that she was almost beautiful—slim, dark and glowing. In spite of that, Abby looked at her without enthusiasm; she was too sweet over these "dear people," too gushily entranced with the "drama" and the "wonder" of the Cape. Abby's own instinct told her that Martha Lowell was ruthless and the type to be a troublemaker, but she said nothing as she listened to the talk.

Martha had, it appeared, led a widely varied and adventurous life and excelled in all forms of sport.

"I declare I don't see how you ever found time to write," Abby said finally.

"I've got all kinds of energy—nervous energy," Martha told her. "Anything I make up my mind to do, I do."

"That's praiseworthy," Abby admitted, but her heart was heavy with what she still acknowledged to herself might be a completely groundless foreshadowing of evil to come.

As it turned out, Martha adapted herself well to the ways of the community and won the liking of her hosts and their friends. She was on the go constantly.

"I don't see any signs of those nerves you said you had," Abby told her one day when she had come over to borrow a recipe for Joan.

"I keep them for women," Martha said, laughing. "Women make me want to scream. I'm a man's woman."

Abby nodded indifferently. The vagaries of Martha's temperament did not interest her; she merely wished to know whether or not the woman was going to be of any use to Alan's work, and thus indirectly help Eve. And it turned out that she was.

"I'm sick and tired of turning out tripe," she told Alan one morning on the porch of the Dyer house. "I don't say I'm any genius, but I have some flair; you have ideas . . . or haven't you any right now?"

Abby's eyes were cold as she saw the glance at Eve which accompanied that last question, but Alan noticed nothing. "I've got a book outline blocked," he said. "The main characters are a self-willed, ruthless woman and a spoiled fool of a man. The theme is the value of courage; for my dough courage is the greatest of all virtues because it's positive."

"Meaning which?" Martha asked.

"It's positive obviously because it's alien to all man's impulses and instincts; chastity, temperance, self-control of any kind—they all depend on negation. Courage means forcing your heart, your mind and frequently your muscles into action from which you justifiably shrink."

Martha developed the idea in what was probably a very professional fashion but Abby paid her no heed; she was looking at Eve, whose eyes were incredulously fixed on Alan, her mouth held firm with an effort.


**Midwinter Beauty Pickup**

To banish puffs under your eyes, saturate pads of cotton in ice water or chilled witch hazel, place them on eyelids and lie down for 15 minutes

Abby bit her lip. She knew that Alan wasn't thinking of Eve at all but it seemed to her he ought to be.

Suddenly Eve said, "Is courage really the quality you admire most, Alan?"

He turned vaguely, then something in her tone must have reached him. "Well, I admire it, darling," he said. "I admire honesty too. Still, when I'd eaten beans for a week before I discovered you had bought yourself luster cups with the house money, I didn't feel as revolted as perhaps I should have."

All the trouble left Eve's face then and Abby was relieved—until she looked at Martha. Martha's big dark eyes were fastened on Alan in a look of speculative appraisal; right then and there Abby mentally braced herself for battle. However, it soon seemed that she was wasting her energy. From that day on, Eve seemed happier than she had for some time, more rested and relaxed, and the lush and early spring provided a fitting background for her mood.

That year the children came back from the woods with their hands full of arbutus at a time when, in other springs, the backlands had not been fully thawed. April was like June; the Cape was painted with the rich colors of ramblers, tulips, daffodils and hyacinths.

Eve, her tranquil mood wearing thin with time, was getting jumpy and tired of waiting. Alan kept coming into the house from his workroom to ask: "Are you all right, sweetheart?" And she would answer, both crossly and lovingly: "Too darned much so, darling!"

But it was a nice normal atmosphere and one of which Abby thoroughly approved. The book was going well too, and Alan brought pages in to Eve every day for her to type. Even Martha was proving to be no problem, and Abby lectured herself about jumping to conclusions. But apparently her speculations had at least been shared. She and Joan were talking one day about nothing in particular when Joan asked suddenly, "Martha made any passes at Alan?"

"No passes," Abby answered. "Not that I've seen, anyway, but she uses a terrible lot of that energy she's always talking about just showing off with her horseback riding and her golf and all."

Having said that much, and not being gossips, Joan and Abby dropped the subject. But Abby still thought about it a good deal.

Then one afternoon toward the end of the month, the Dyers, the Drivers, Martha Lowell and Abby were sitting on the Dyers' side porch when Lynn's car drove up and Hinckes unloaded a pile of bundles before he went away again.

"It's such a beautiful day," Lynn said as she joined them. "I thought we might have supper at the grill. I brought all the things."

The motion was carried unanimously, with Martha voicing her enthusiasm more loudly than the rest. "What fun!" she said gaily. "I like this place more and more—all I could ask for now would be a sailboat. What a day for it! Why haven't you a boat, Alan?"

"Too much trouble," Alan said, and no one outside the family would have noticed he hesitated before he answered.

"I'm afraid that's my fault," Eve said a little heavily. "I don't like sailing."

Martha shrugged. "You can't help being a bad sailor," she said. "It's just a matter of plain luck that I never get sick."


**Midwinter Beauty Pickup**

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"There's always our boat," Ron said quickly. "The Jenny P. Or didn't I tell you they put her in the water last week? You can go down there now, have a sail and be back just in time to avoid any work and still eat."

Martha made a face at him. "If you'd ever tasted my cooking, you'd be glad to have me miss the work. But do I have to go alone?" She stood up, handsome and vital in her tailored slacks and leaf-green T shirt, looking from one to another.

Joan shook her head. "Too comfortable here," she said, and Ron echoed her. "I wouldn't move if you paid me."

"Then how about you, Alan?" Martha asked, more urgency in her eyes than her voice.

"Got to think of posterity," he answered, waving a sheath of manuscript copy at her.

"I'm doing that for the family right now," Eve told him. "Go ahead, darling; you love to sail."

So presently the two headed for the Drivers' dock and the others sat on talking a little, listening to the soft nostalgic murmur of the radio. Abby thought it one of the pleasantest hours she could remember and was almost sorry when it came time to go down to the grill. But when they got there the mood was not broken. The grill was at the end of the orchard and Hinckes had, by the time they arrived, set out table and chairs and started the fire. Abby sliced onions and seasoned the steaks while Lynn made the salad.

"We'd better light the hurricane lamps," Lynn said presently. "It's beginning to get dark."

Ron lit the lamps, which glowed like torches against the shadows, and Eve said: "Don't you want a highball, Ron?"

"I'll wait for Alan," Ron answered. "It makes me feel as if I'd crashed a lady's boudoir to sit drinking coarse, manly whisky by myself."

"You'd hate crashing a lady's boudoir, I suppose!" Joan said.

"If I did crash one I'd rather she wasn't a lady, if you know what I mean," Ron told her.

"Oh, I know what you mean all right," Joan answered. "My family warned me enough, goodness knows, but I was young and innocent . . ."

Eve, drowsy and contented, was only half-listening to their sparring. Presently she roused herself. "I'm starving," she said. "Let's eat and keep the sailors' steaks warm."

The food was delicious, the scented dusk and the pale stars enchanting. After supper Ron played the guitar and Eve and Joan sang. Suddenly Lynn jumped up with a cry, shattering the peaceful mood completely.

"What's wrong?" Abby asked.

"It's half past eight," Lynn said in the bell-tolling voice she sometimes affected. "Alan and Martha aren't back yet."

"Well, you know how boat people are," Eve sounded both amused and puzzled. "They lose all track of time."

"But when you're not well . . ." Lynn began.

"They could be becalmed," Abby said shortly. "The breeze died an hour ago and the Jenny's engines have always been tricky."

While she was speaking, Hinckes came down to clear the table and Lynn hailed him. "Run back to the house," she told him, "and phone the Coast Guard station; tell them we think the Jenny P may have been becalmed and her engines failed."

Hinckes pounded off obediently and Joan said with restraint: "Lynn, Martha and Alan swim like fishes and they can handle a boat, even on a rough night—"

"Possibly you're right," Lynn said coldly. "*I* don't like to have Eve worried."

That was too much for either manners or self-control, and everyone, including Eve, started to laugh. Lynn turned away from them in hurt silence and began gathering up the remains of the meal.

The phone was ringing as they reached the house and Lynn took the call. "That was the Coast Guard. They found the Jenny P riding at anchor off Lonesome Cove," she said when she'd hung up. "Her engines are in working order."

"Oh, fine!" Eve said. "They're probably ashore collecting their precious local color."

"You don't think Alan might have phoned?" Lynn asked.

*(Continued on page 124)*

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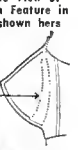

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*(Continued from page 122)*

Eve stared at her and Abby, in spite of herself, stopped on her way to the kitchen. For the first time she saw something appraising in the look Eve gave her mother.

"He may have remembered that there is no telephone at the grill." Eve said in clipped tones quite unlike her usual.

Lynn flushed. "Sorry, darling," she said, "I'm a silly old mother."

Eve nodded, smiling, and suddenly she gasped. "Abby!" she said sharply.

Lynn was beside her in a second and Abby had to pull her away forcibly. She settled Eve on the couch and told her to watch the clock. Lynn stood by, clutching her throat.

"You look as if you'd swallowed a bone." Abby told her not unkindly. "Eve's having the baby, you know. You watch her while I call Doc and bring down our grips." She had arranged to go on day duty at the hospital. She came back in a few minutes. "Wait till they're five minutes apart," she said. "and then we'll get going."

Eve nodded, then smiled as there were steps on the porch and Alan rushed in. "Well!" he said. "I'm not very flattered. I thought there'd be a little weeping and wringing of hands over my being so late."

"Don't worry," Abby said. "We've had the Coast Guard after you."

He grinned. "Funny, aren't you?" he remarked.

He and Martha had gone ashore, he explained, and Martha, walking ahead, had come across some children around a bonfire. One of the girls' dresses was afire. By the time Alan had caught up, Martha had beat out the flames and her hands were badly burned. It had taken some time to return the children to their families and to get a doctor, who had taken Martha in his car to the hospital. Alan had seen her off and then had got a lift back home.

"And was she plucky!" he said. "She must have been suffering like I don't know what but never a word out of her. It was wonderful . . . *Eve*, what's the matter?" He had had his arm about Eve but had just turned to look at her.

"She's going to have a baby," Abby said curtly. And she listened with great satisfaction while Alan swore at himself for being a blind, insensitive fool.

Half an hour later they were in the hospital and there everything went rapidly and well: an eight-pound boy was born at seven-thirty in the morning and, as Abby later told Joan. "Alan looked just as he should have—worse than Eve."

He saw his wife for five minutes, manfully admired the baby and announced that he was going to have larks' tongues for breakfast and dance the rumba with Lynn. As he left, Abby turned back, smiling, to her patient, her fine face under the nurse's cap registering pure joy. Then she sobered; Eve was crying.

"Feeling a little weak, dear?" Abby asked.

Eve shook her head impatiently. "No," she said. "No, it's—oh, Abby, Abby . . . I didn't really suffer; I didn't suffer at all!"

Long after Eve was home Abby worried about her remark. It was pathetic. There was Eve, officially timorous, and there was Martha, completely intrepid and heroine of the bonfire episode. And Abby could think of no way in which to make Eve into a heroine. Something needed doing, though. Because of loneliness or half-unconscious resentment, or both, Alan was turning more and more toward Martha and Abby felt helpless.

Despite human mix-ups, however, the seasons continued to put on a show. The harbor was calm as a mill pond, flowers bloomed with almost tropical luxuriance and the sunrises and sunsets were aflame with rare color.

The baby thrived. He was a beautiful baby. Abby thought; his hair to her was like a halo and he had a way of smiling up at her, his huge eyes wise and understanding . . .

And his coming, of course, changed the routine of the household, the major change being that Lynn moved in "temporarily." She was, however, no longer preoccupied with Eve, except as the mother of "that precious baby." Still, being a mother according to Lynn's ideas seemed to be about all one woman could do and live.

Eve not only gave Dickie the routine care, but at Lynn's insistence read books on child development, went to lectures, played records to train the infant ear and made designs with blocks and tied balloons to his crib to teach him form and color. She had to "reassure" him by being on hand to speak to him at frequent intervals. In short, Lynn gave her endless chores, all excellent in their way but taken together they left no time for Eve to be with her husband.

"I can stick a record on the phonograph," Abby finally said, "and I can mess around with balloons too. I can also say 'hello' to Dick if he needs reassuring—which I doubt. Why don't you go out and enjoy the summer, Eve?"

But Eve couldn't bring herself to do so. She believed in Lynn, she wanted to be a good mother and she almost wore herself out keeping up with her sense of duty. Alan was shoved out of the picture.

The answer to that was obvious. He and Martha were together morning, noon and as much of the night as convention permitted. At first he asked Eve to join them but she seldom would. "You and Martha go ahead," she would say. "Don't let me spoil your good times. I'll be back with you when Dickie's older; be patient, darling."

Alan was patient in that he didn't make scenes, but the marriage was in danger and Abby knew it. Lynn, however, was content: the situation left Eve and the baby and her alone together. She wasn't consciously evil but she made good use of everything that came her way, even Kenneth, the little boy the Drivers adopted. Ken was the most active two-year-old Abby had ever seen, bright and affectionate and sweet—but busy. He proved to himself that bees stung, fires burned and cats scratched if provoked; he was red-haired with a redhead's quick temper and he was completely tireless. Everyone loved the child except Lynn, who regarded him both as a menace and as a horrible example, and by using him as the latter she soon persuaded Eve that anything could happen to a child who was left to himself for two minutes.

And in that manner Dick's first summer passed. Eve a slave to Lynn's jitters and Alan and Martha growing closer and closer. Martha, in fact, didn't hesitate to show her infatuation for Alan whenever the impulse took her. Even Eve's naturally sweet disposition curdled somewhat with the strain, and she was irritable and easily moved to tears.

Toward midsummer the book was finished. Lynn, Eve and Abby were sitting around Dickie's pen on the lawn late that afternoon. Dick had just found his feet without his grandmother's help and the women were slavishly admiring him when Alan and Martha ran exuberantly across the lawn to bring the good news that the manuscript was in the mail.

"I think this calls for a celebration." Eve said, and if there was a strain in her voice only Abby was aware of it. "How about some of that sparkling Moselle?"

Abby half-rose but Alan said: "Not for us. We're going to paint the town red, forget about writing . . ."

"I'll go dress." Martha put in. "What shall I wear to do you proud?"

They all looked at her; tired as she probably was, she was glowing. Abby felt a prick of resentment as she saw how colorless Eve seemed beside her.

"Wear the aqua." Alan said. "It makes you look exotic." She smiled at him and went off toward the Drivers'. "I'll have to dress too," Alan said.

"Have a good time," Eve said, and at something in her voice Alan swung around toward her.

He flushed. "I knew you wouldn't come," he said.

"I might have liked the privilege of refusing." Eve told him.

He laughed shortly. "I've given you that plenty of times!" he said. "I'm a little tired of it; most wives don't have to be begged to keep their husbands company." And without giving her a chance to answer, he strode into the house.

"Well!" Lynn exclaimed furiously. "Of all the—"

"Oh, hush up!" Eve cut her short and ran up to the house, leaving her mother gasping.

Relations were strained for a time and Abby hoped Lynn would stay mad, but the situation blew over and life slipped back into its recent unsatisfactory pattern again. Abby was in despair until suddenly Eve decided to go to the Artists' Ball in Provincetown and grew as excited as the girl she used to be over her costume. She went as a sun-goddess (possibly because of Alan's remark about Martha's being exotic) and she looked wonderful in cloth of gold all aglitter with paste gems.

## Where To See Betsy McCall's and Barbara McCall's Dresses

The Joseph Love dresses shown on page 126, *Betsy McCall Goes to a Wedding*, are at the stores listed below. All dresses come in sizes 3 to 6x. Most stores also carry sizes 7 to 12 • **Betsy McCall's flower-girl dress** comes in white dotted swiss, buttoned down the back, with an aqua, navy or bittersweet cotton broadcloth jumper. Sizes 3 to 6x about $6; sizes 7 to 12 about $7 • **Betsy's shopping dress** is a red-and-white, blue-and-white or green-and-white checked gingham jumper, worn over a blouse-petticoat of white lawn with puffed sleeves, round collar. Eyelet-trimmed ruffles on petticoat hem. Sizes 3 to 6x about $6; sizes 7 to 12 about $7 • **Barbara McCall's daisy dress** is of navy or bittersweet lawn, has a white organdy bib trimmed with daisies. Sides of skirt and hem are also white organdy. Sizes 3 to 6x about $5; sizes 7 to 12 about $6.

**ARIZONA**
Phoenix, Korrick's Inc.
**ARKANSAS**
Batesville, Stokes
Blytheville, Hays Store Inc.
Little Rock, Gus Blass Co.
Warren, Imogene's Fashion Center
**CALIFORNIA**
Fresno, E. Gottschalk & Co., Inc.
Los Angeles, Bullock's—Downtown
Sacramento, Weinstock Lubin & Co.
**COLORADO**
Denver, Denver Dry Goods Co.
**CONNECTICUT**
Hartford, C. Fox & Co.
Middletown, Wrubel's
New Britain, Raphael's
**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**
Washington, The Heebt Co.
**FLORIDA**
Ft. Lauderdale, Charles Debuteen Shoppe
Gainesville, Ruddy's Department Store
Jacksonville, French Novelty Shop
Ocala, Tots & Teens
**GEORGIA**
Atlanta, J. P. Allen & Co.
Valdosta, Luke Brothers Inc.
**IDAHO**
Boise, Andersons
**ILLINOIS**
Anna, The Bib & Tucker
Chicago, Mandel Bros.
Evanston, Lord's
Geneva, The Children's Shop
Glenview, Young Age
Highland Park, J. B. Garnett Co.
La Grange, Lowry's
Springfield, Myers Brothers
Sullivan, Jane's
Waukeegan, Hein's
**INDIANA**
Indianapolis, The Wm. H. Block Co.
**IOWA**
Des Moines, Younkers of Iowa
**KENTUCKY**
Danville, The Cinderella
Louisville, Stewart's
Paducah, Looks Children's Shop
**LOUISIANA**
Alexandria, Weiss & Goldring
Arendia, Juvenile & Gift Shop
Minden, Wee Moderns
Monroe, The Palace
New Orleans, D. H. Holmes Co. Ltd.
Ruston, Lewis & Co.
**MASSACHUSETTS**
Lowell, Bon Marche
Marblehead, Chez Simone
Salem, Salem Baby Shop
Springfield, Forbes & Wallace
**MICHIGAN**
Detroit, The Ernst Kern Co.
**MINNESOTA**
Minneapolis, Powers Dry Goods Co.
**MISSOURI**
Columbia, Turners
Kansas City, Emery Bird Thayer
St. Louis, Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
Sedalia, C. W. Flower Dry Goods Co.
**NEBRASKA**
Lincoln, Gold's of Nebraska
**NEW JERSEY**
Elizabeth, Levy Brothers
Englewood, Wee Moderns, Inc.
Newark, L. Bamberger & Co.
Paterson, Karteb's
Perth Amboy, Youth Fashion Shop
Plainfield, Rosenbaum Brothers
Trenton, Swern's
Woodbury, Peter Pan of Woodbury
**NEW YORK**
Geneva, The Toggery
New York, Macy's
Peekskill, Rusauls Youth Center
Syracuse, E. W. Edwards & Son
Troy, Denby's
**NORTH CAROLINA**
Charlotte, J. B. Ivey & Co.
Greensboro, Ellis Stone
Wilson, Leder Brothers Inc.
**OHIO**
Akron, M. O'Neil Co.
Cincinnati, The John Shillito Co.
Cleveland, The Higbee Company
Dayton, Rike's
Lima, The Leader
Salem, Strouss-Hirshberg
Warren, The Rappold Co.
Youngstown, Strouss-Hirshberg
**OKLAHOMA**
Ada, Brown's Children Shop
Enid, Jack 'n' Jill
**PENNSYLVANIA**
Chester, Speare Bros.
Easton, Eagle Youth Centre
Ellwood City, Garson Company
Johnstown, Penn Traffic Co.
Philadelphia, Lit Brothers
Pittsburgh, Gimbels
Upper Darby, Lit Brothers
**SOUTH CAROLINA**
Greenville, Ivey Keitb Co.
**SOUTH DAKOTA**
Rapid City, The Children's House
**TEXAS**
Amarillo, White & Kirk
Houston, The Fashion
Kilgore, Suzilee Shop
Marshall, Joe Weisman & Co.
Paris, Ayres'
San Antonio, Joske's of Texas
**VIRGINIA**
Richmond, Miller & Rhoads
**WASHINGTON**
Spokane, The Crescent
Tacoma, Rhodes Bros.
**WEST VIRGINIA**
Elkins, Jack & Jill
**WYOMING**
Rock Springs, Jack & Jill Shop

*(Continued from page 125)*

She showed nothing of what she was thinking; her shadowed eyes were infinitely sad, a little pulse beat in her throat. Actually, the scene outside the window was invisible to her; a picture had come unbidden to her tired mind: the picture of a little girl standing by a garden gate, tears running down her face as she watched a group of Brownies swinging gaily down the lane.

As she stood there a pretty, anxious young woman came running down to her. "Don't cry, Eve, baby," she said. "You wouldn't like an old farm picnic, all dirty animals and dogs that bite. You stay here with Mummy. We'll have a party, just you and I."

And as the vision faded, another with no apparent relevance took its place. The same child, grown and married, was gazing terror-stricken at a sharp incline in the foothills of the Adirondacks during her honeymoon. "I can't climb that," she gasped. "I'll wait here." And a strong voice answered: "What, and miss the view? I should say not! Don't be scared, darling . . . Surely you don't think I'm going to risk losing my wife after all the trouble I had getting her? I might not like the next one." And their hands and their laughter were joined as she clambered victoriously over the dizzy, soaring stretch of rock before her.

No more pictures then, but for the first time in a week her mind awoke sluggishly and functioned, emotions ebbing for the time being, as she gravely considered her problem.

After a long time she stirred, smiled faintly and almost impersonally. Then she reached for the telephone.

"What are you going to do?" Alan asked.

"I'm calling Mother," she said. She didn't notice Alan's look of defeat as she dialed. When she got the connection she said: "Mother, I'm not coming to your place tonight; I'll be over in a day or two and explain. No, I can't talk now . . . I'm tired."

She hung up on possible protests. Alan gazed at her silently, as if he dared not hope. "I've been thinking," she said slowly. "Thinking about my life—oh, way back. And it came to me that I never *had* any life until I met you. Not just loving you and the change marriage made. I don't mean that . . ."

"What do you mean?" Alan asked as she paused.

"I mean what I said: I literally had no life. I was afraid, always so afraid. And Mother was afraid. We were like two refugees—refugees from living—hiding, dreading . . ."

"Poor sweetheart!" Alan said.

She smiled again, her little remote ghost of a smile. "I remembered that," she said, "and I wondered if it would have been like that if my father had lived, if he wouldn't have helped me to be stronger." She shook her head as if to clear it. "And then I thought," she continued, "that Mother couldn't bring Father back from the dead but I *could* keep you with Denny; that if you had brought me to life, you and only you could keep me from . . . hurting Denny, if it's true that I am hurting him."

"Eve—" Alan began eagerly, but she stopped him, one slim hand uplifted.

"You see," she said, "it was quite true, what I told you this afternoon. I believed that it was my duty to take Denny away from you whatever it cost me, however much it hurt you. But if you are right, if I am doing to Denny what Mother did to me—oh, she didn't mean to—"

"I know that, Eve," Alan said.

"And I never realized it. It's so strange," she said wonderingly, "how all of a sudden you *see* when you've been blind so long. Well—what I'm trying to say is that if I am hiding Denny from life and only you can stop me, then it's my duty to stay with you."

"Only your duty?" Alan's voice shook a little.

"No, I want to. I love you; I told you that. Only I thought it was my duty— However, I think—and I hate to think it and it makes me angry with you and with me—but I have to believe that you may be right, and if you are I cannot risk hurting Denny. And without you I will. Because it's going to be harder than you have any idea of for me to change; you can't break a habit of fear all at once." Suddenly her quiet voice broke. "Only you can help me, Alan," she said. "Only you . . ."

At the agony in her voice Alan's eyes filled with tears and he took her in his arms.

She wept pitifully then but Alan didn't try to stop her; she needed release. After a while she pushed him gently away. She sighed, then smiled. "Call Abby, dear," she said. "She's been so miserable."

When Abby came upstairs she took one look at Eve and said, "Well. I see you've come to your senses. And about time, too."

Eve's eyes brimmed again but she looked at the older woman affectionately. "All that packing for nothing," she said penitently.

"Work never hurt me . . ." Abby began. then her face suddenly crumpled and she swayed.

Alan sprang up and caught her. Eve said: "Oh. she's worn out; she's worked and taken care of us all and I worried her so . . . Get her some brandy, Alan."

But Abby was herself again. "I don't need to take to drink to show my pleasure," she said firmly. "Will you eat here or downstairs?"

"Downstairs," Eve said. "with you and Denny and Alan—all of us together."

In the kitchen Denny and Ken were playing store. "We've made kind of a mess," Denny said dubiously.

Abby looked at him and her firm mouth worked. Then she stooped and kissed him, a rare demonstration of affection for her. "It's all right, lovey," she said. "As long as it's still *our* kitchen, that's all that counts."

THE END


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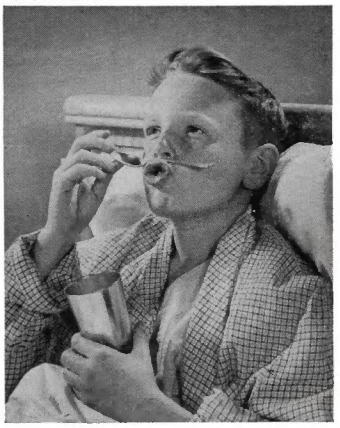
***Pete, age 12, asks:***

***How do you keep from going batty when you are sick and have to stay in bed? I can sit up some now, but they won't let me get up yet. I get awfully bored just listening to the radio or reading.***

# what'll I do now

RUTH NICHOLS



WHETHER you are in bed for two days or two months, the secret of not being bored is—start a project.

One boy started a doll house for his sister's birthday. He cut away one side of a big carton and divided the box with cardboard partitions to form four rooms. He papered the walls, put in cellophane windows, snipped furniture out of little paper boxes and used paper clips as faucets for the sinks.

There are lots of things to do that just take up time, such as playing cards, working jigsaw puzzles, carving things out of soap, cutting masks out of paper bags, making animals with pipe cleaners—even doing odd jobs for Mother, like shelling peas.

But if you want something that will hold your interest all the time you are in bed (and maybe after you get up), start something that you can work at and think about from one day to the next—like that doll house.

Do you like to draw and make up stories? Create a comic strip. Is soap carving and clay modeling fun for you? Then plan a zoo or circus, complete wtih cages, tents, hot-dog stands. Cut up old magazines to make scrapbooks of jokes, animal pictures, car models, and so on. Make a stock of greeting cards for holidays and birthdays. Make a model airplane. Put all the family's snapshots into an album and write titles.

This is a good time, too, to learn the Morse code, how to tie knots, how to play chess — hobbies and games which will give you pleasure for the rest of your life.

Here is a good book to read: *It's Fun To Make Things*, by Martha Parkhill and Dorothy Spaeth, published by A. S. Barnes & Co., 232 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

**by Edna Mitchell Preston and Beatrice Schenk De Regniers**

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| 8789 | 10-18 | .65 | .75 |
| 8790 | 12-20, 40-48 | .50 | .60 |
| 8791 | 12-20, 40, 42 | .50 | .60 |
| 8792 | 12-20 | .85 | .85 |
| 8793 | 12-20, 40, 42 | .50 | .80 |
| 8794 | 12-20 | .85 | .85 |
| 8795 | 11-17 | .50 | .60 |
| 8796 | 11-17 | .35 | .40 |
| 8797 | 12-20 | .50 | .80 |
| 8799 | 12-20 | .75 | .85 |
| 8810 | 12-18 | 1.00 | 1.00 |
| 8811 | 12-18 | 1.00 | 1.00 |
| 8817 | 11-17 | .35 | .40 |
| 8830 | 12-20 | .35 | .40 |
| 8835 | 11-17 | .50 | .60 |
| 8841 | 12-20, 40, 42 | .50 | .60 |
| 1676 | 4, 6, 8 Blue | .45 | .50 |
| 1677 | 2, 4, 6, 8 Blue | .45 | .50 |
| 1678 | 8 mos., 1, 2, 3 Blue | .35 | .40 |
| 1679 | 4½-5½, 6-7, 7½-8½ | .45 | .50 |
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